March, 1943

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FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

THE ARMY'S NAVY . . . . . *By Critchell Rimington*
"A RATHER AMUSING SEQUEL" . . . . . *By Warwick M. Tompkins*
THE POST-WAR SMALL BOAT . . . . . *By Robert J. Woods and John S. Barnes*

Salute
TO AN EAGER TEAM !

You'd never think that that looking-for-trouble skipper and his war-boat were once a yachtsman and his play-boat.

But today, scattered up and down the coastline, on America's lakes and broad rivers, is a great fleet of Owens owners and their seaworthy personal craft . . .on Coast Guard Patrol duty.

Seaworthy, yes . . . for Owens designers, back in the days of peace, gave her steam-bent white oak ribs, solid mahogany planking . . . a *Monocoque* hull. They built more than usual sea-ability into every ounce of her 9000 pounds! This was just in case her new owner would turn out to be one of those avid adventurers who foresaw the possibility of having to take her out in dirty weather. It was a good thing they did, too . . . for it's now paying dividends in security to the Nation.

Right at present, Owens' huge plant is turning out a tremendous fleet of landing boats and aircraft rescue boats for the Army and the Navy. We're learning new things every day . . . things that are going to give you an even finer Owens when Victory's won!

OWENS YACHT COMPANY

Dundalk, Baltimore, Maryland

YACHTING, March, 1943. Vol. 73, No. 3. Published monthly at 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial, Circulation and Advertising Offices, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. $4.00 a year. 50 cents a copy. Entered as Second-Class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N H., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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where the going's the hardest!

With our Army and Navy—and with the British Navy—Hall-Scott INVADER and DEFENDER engines have demonstrated from Dunkerque to the isles of 'way down under' that they have the *dependability* and the *sustained power* to meet the heaviest calls of the hardest service. Singly, or in multiple, Hall-Scott INVADERS and DEFENDERS power small military craft of many types, including landing boats, picket and patrol boats, aircraft rescue boats, and motor torpedo boats.

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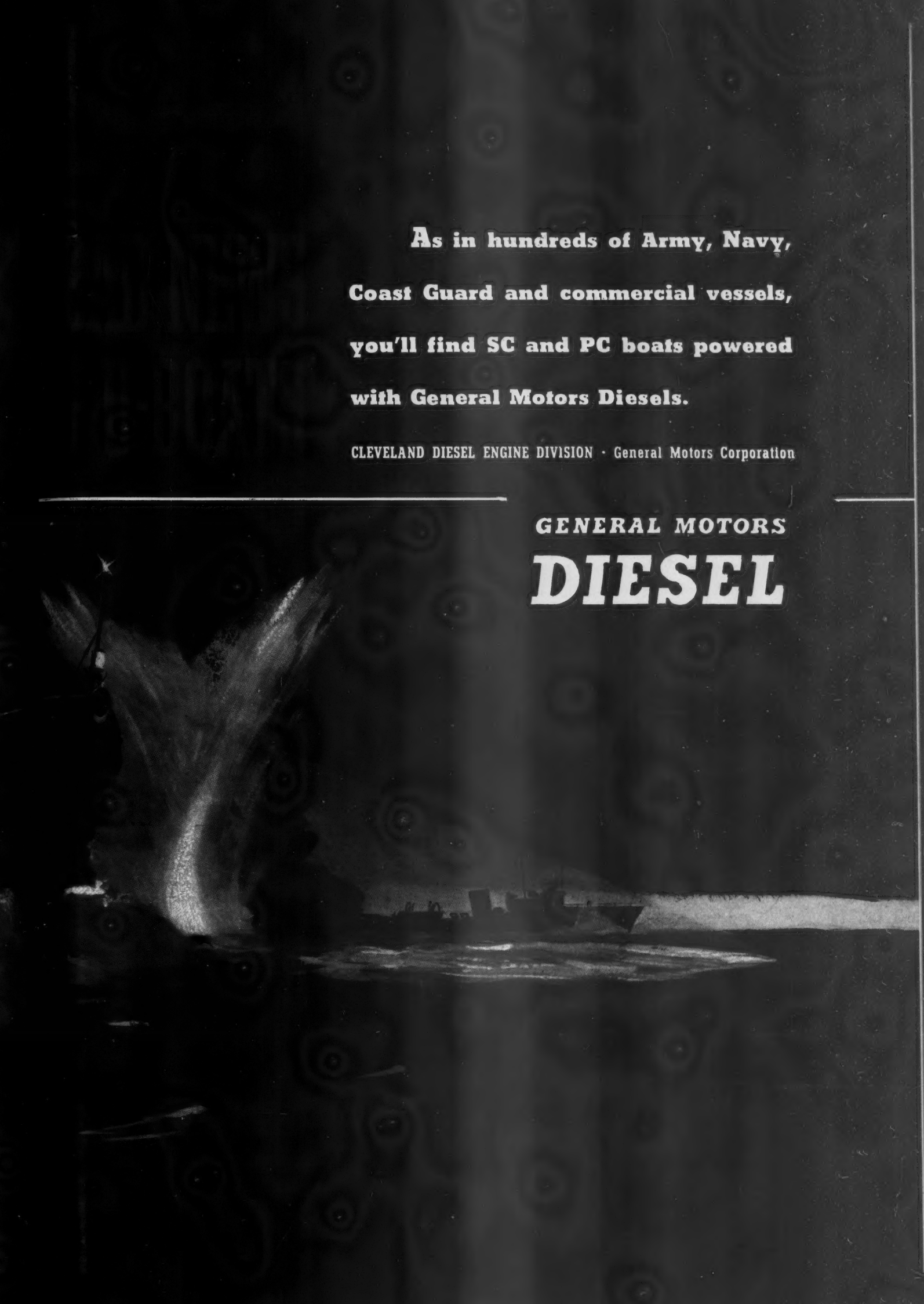

As in hundreds of Army, Navy, Coast Guard and commercial vessels, you'll find SC and PC boats powered with General Motors Diesels.

CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION · General Motors Corporation

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More KERMATHS—FOR *More* COAST GUARD PICKET BOATS

THOSE WHO KNOW MARINE ENGINES BEST APPRECIATE *KERMATH* MOST

TO HELP BEAT THE AXIS

LONG before World War I, Kermath marine engines were used regularly by the United States Coast Guard to aid this important branch of the Service in the discharge of its impressive range of duties along thousands of miles of coast and inland shore lines.

Confronted with the expanding responsibilities created by war time conditions and the menace of submarine warfare, the Coast Guard is now meeting new problems of protecting our coastal waters with expanding fleets of picket boats. These staunch, seaworthy, fast-stepping, 38 foot craft are not much for "looks" but are certainly long on seagoing ability and performance.

To augment the effective work of the Coast Guard on our far flung Pacific shores, a large order for these Kermath powered cabin picket boats are being produced by the Ballinger Boat Works, Incorporated, prominent boat builders of Kirland, Washington. Significantly, this new fleet is powered with 225 horsepower Sea-Wolf valve-in-head sixes driving through 2 to 1 reduction gears. When it comes to specifying marine power—"Those who know marine engines best appreciate Kermath most."

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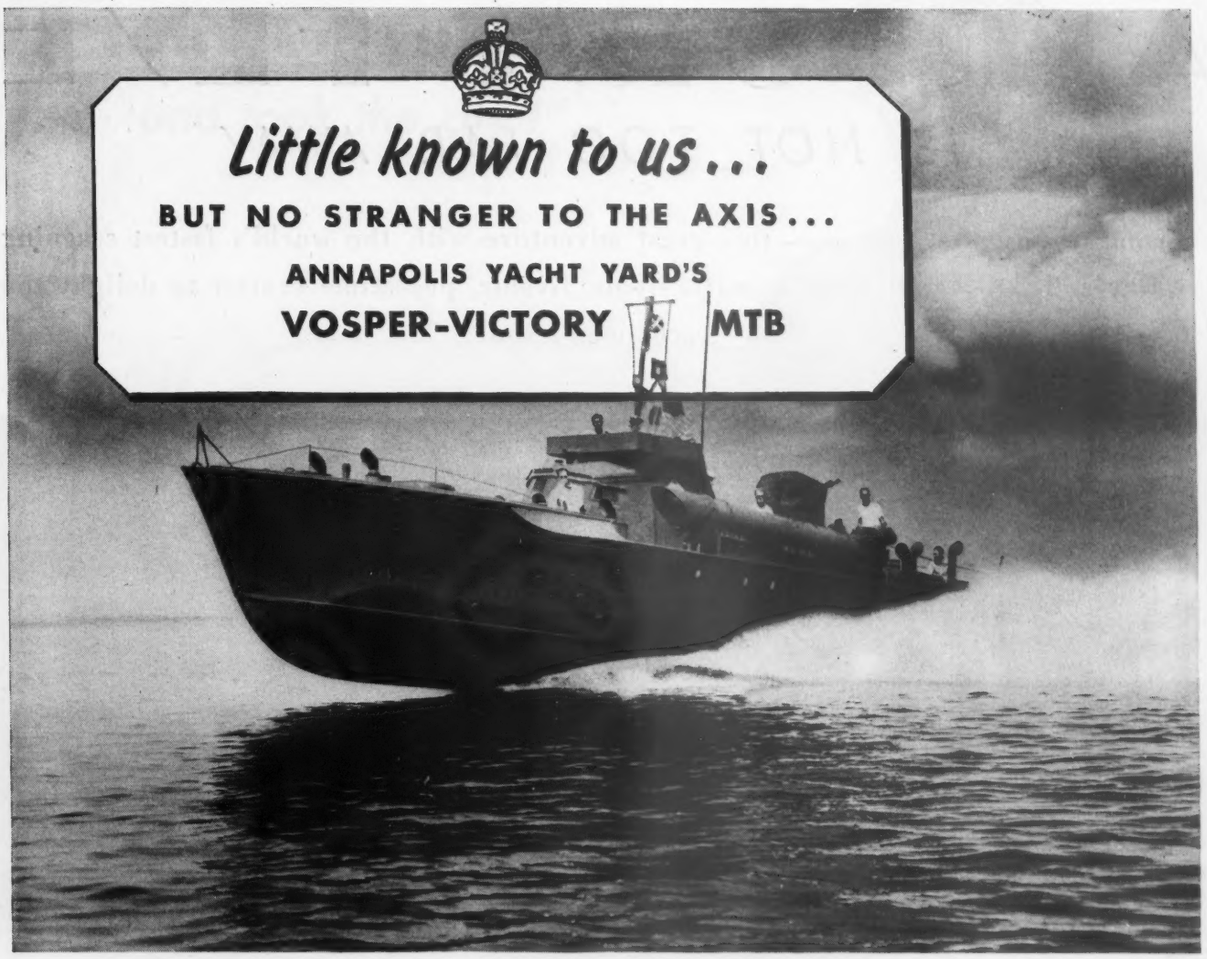

Like Her American Sisters, the PT's, She's Equipped with Rugged, Rustproof, Anaconda Metals

Darting about the coastal waters of Great Britain are swarms of these deadly torpedo boats... made by Americans, Annapolis and others, for their British allies. Like their American counterparts, the famous PT boats, they have many vital parts which require tough, rustproof copper and brass. Brass and Everdur* screws, sheet brass, copper burrs, copper nails, bronze bolts, and brass rods... all contribute to the solid, sturdy construction of this MTB.

Of unusual interest is the Vosper-Victory's use of flexible low-tension shielded conduit. This product, made by The American Metal Hose Branch of The American Brass Company, is standard equipment on radio-equipped planes. Its purpose: to eliminate static interference which would otherwise garble radio conversation.

Naturally, we're mighty proud that these Anaconda Products are helping to make the Vosper-Victory MTB's the scourge of enemy ship movement.

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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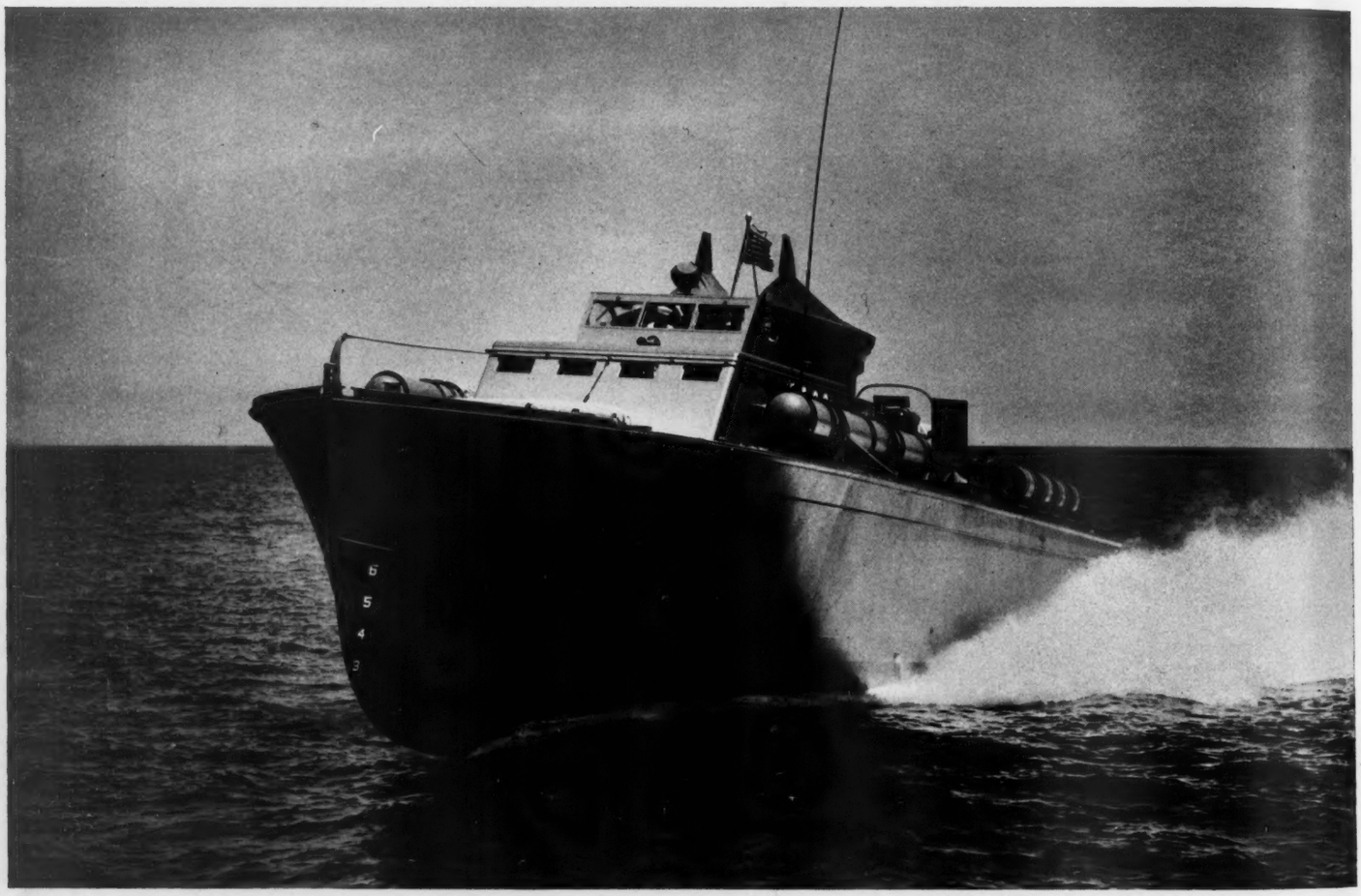
THE POST WAR
FAIRFORM FLYER
IS NOT TOO FAR AWAY

From all this research —— this great adventure with the world's fastest seagoing war vessels —— will come a swift, silent, livable, peacetime cruiser to delight the yachtsman's soul

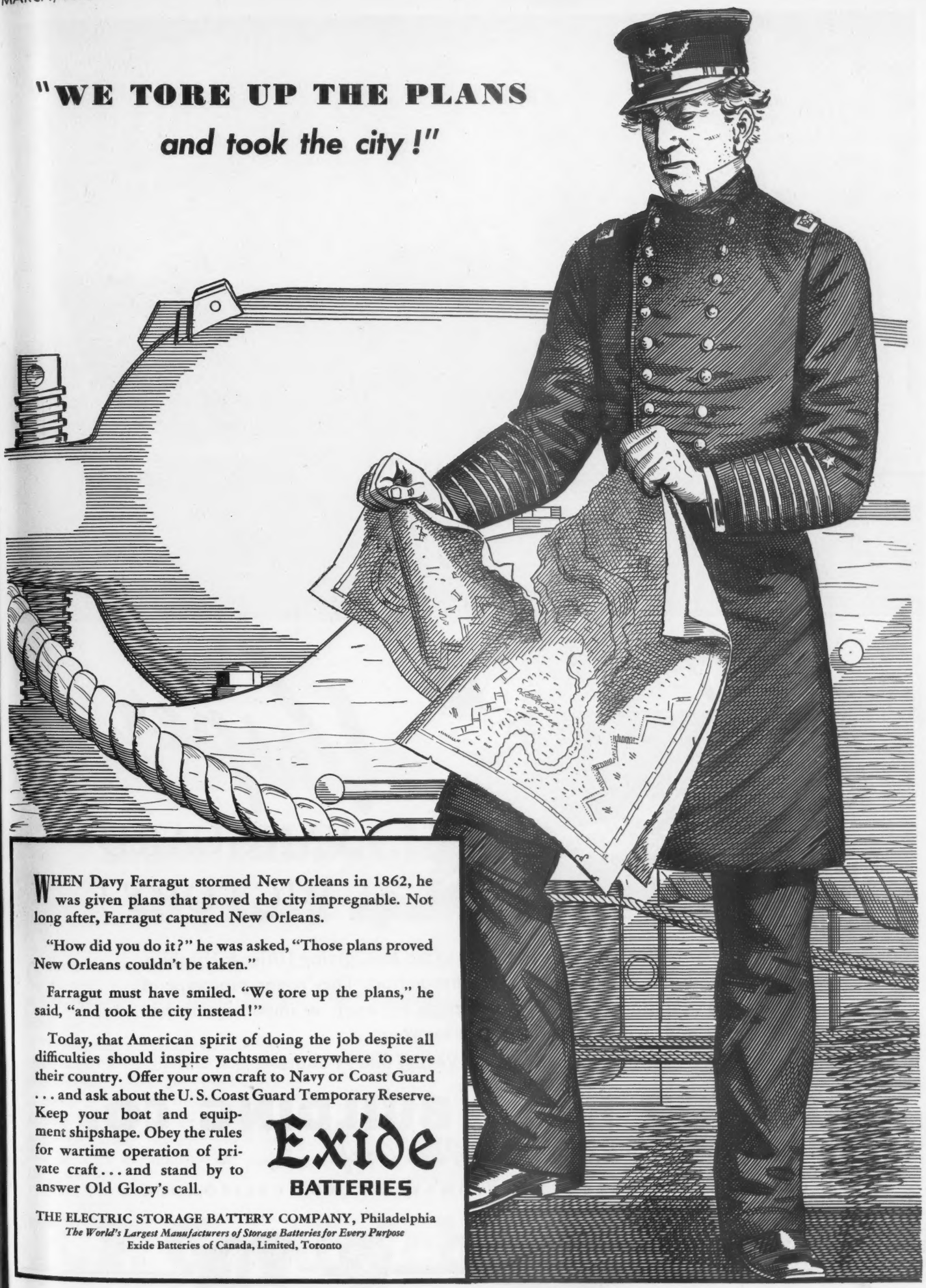


She will be Lighter on the Water and Lighter on the Pocketbook than ever before —— a fitting reward to the men and women on the home front and battle front whose efforts won the war

If you yearn for such an Avenue to Health and Happiness after victory, let us know —— and as plans develop, we will tell you about them

HUCKINS YACHT CORPORATION, JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

"WE TORE UP THE PLANS *and took the city!"*



WHEN Davy Farragut stormed New Orleans in 1862, he was given plans that proved the city impregnable. Not long after, Farragut captured New Orleans.

"How did you do it?" he was asked, "Those plans proved New Orleans couldn't be taken."

Farragut must have smiled. "We tore up the plans," he said, "and took the city instead!"

Today, that American spirit of doing the job despite all difficulties should inspire yachtsmen everywhere to serve their country. Offer your own craft to Navy or Coast Guard . . . and ask about the U. S. Coast Guard Temporary Reserve. Keep your boat and equipment shipshape. Obey the rules for wartime operation of private craft . . . and stand by to answer Old Glory's call.

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The World's Largest Manufacturers of Storage Batteries for Every Purpose
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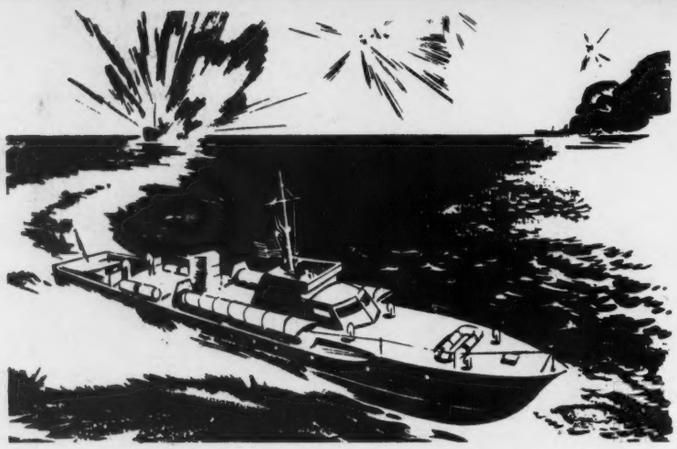

Vosper ...VANGUARD of VICTORY!

These Harbor-built Vospers are bad news to the Axis, giving Hitler & Hirohito, Inc., a mighty jolt whenever they go into action. They're the prototype of tomorrow's peacetime craft, in which design efficiency, so important now in winning the war, will make better boats for you.

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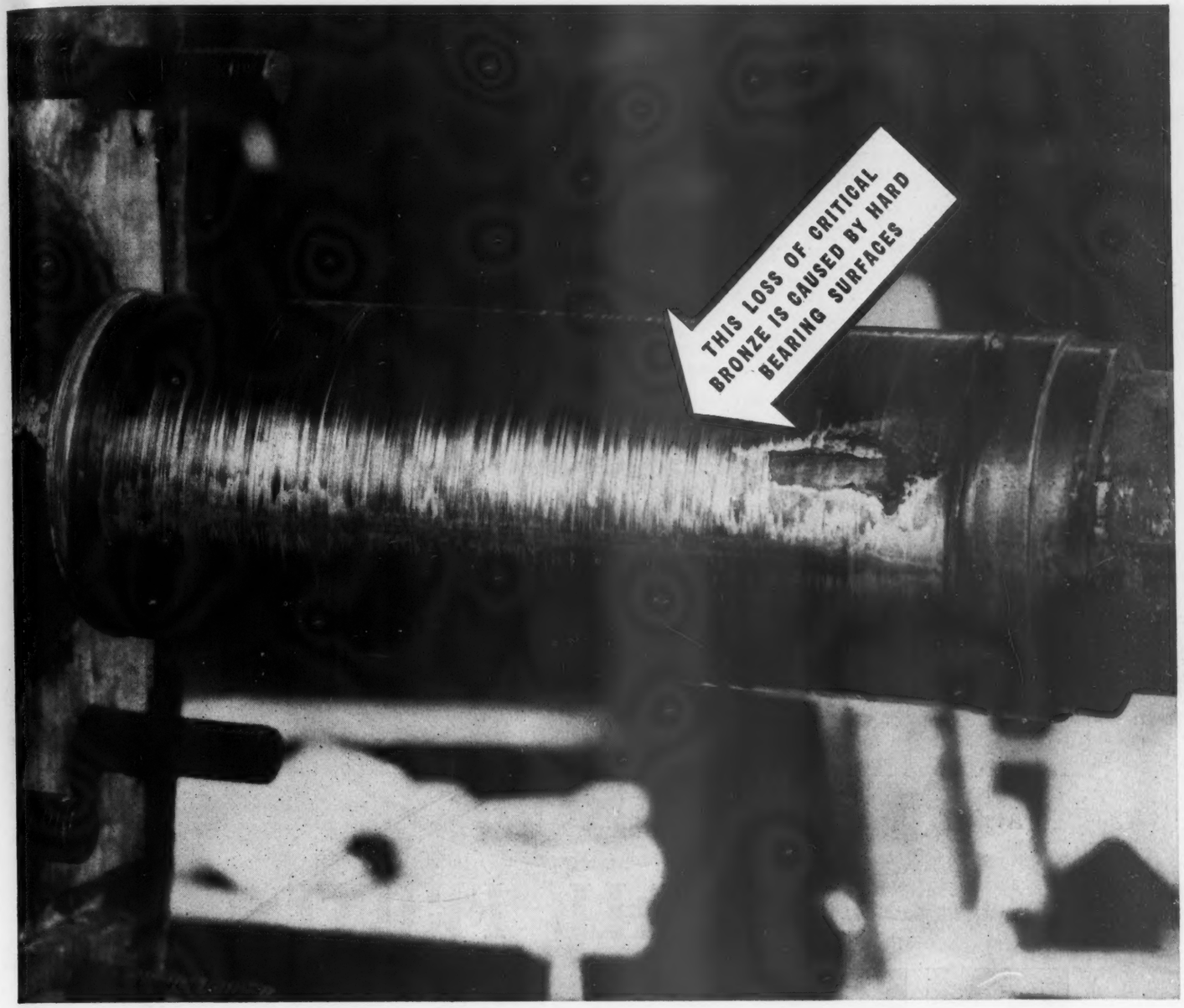

How rubber bearings help save drydock space for new ships

CUTLESS bearings are saving big tonnages of critical bronze, saving drydocking time and drydock space — thus helping faster ship production and repair.

They do these things because, when they are used, both the bearings and propeller-shaft liners last so much longer. Time and expense of replacing them are saved. Abrasive little particles that cause wear are cushioned by the soft, elastic rubber. No other kind of bearing —wood, metal or phenolic — can make this saving.

At the same time they make boats smoother in operation; they can even take care of slight shaft misalignments caused by accidents or by rushed work during construction, which might ruin any other bearing.

These are the reasons why Cutless bearings are being constantly furnished for all types of ships, including new mine sweepers, new sub chasers, all types of high-speed craft, not to mention big warships of every class. One set of bearings recently made will carry propellers weighing over 20 tons each.

Cutless bearings are made by The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio. For full information about them and their use write to

LUCIAN Q. MOFFITT, INC.
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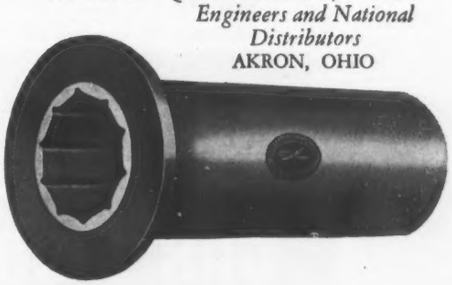
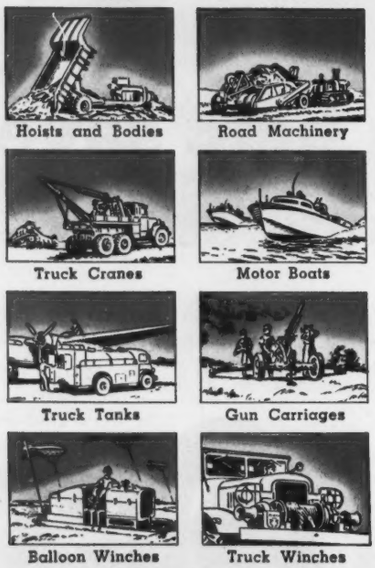


B. F. Goodrich *Cutless* PROPELLER-SHAFT Bearings

ON ALL FRONTS!



The mightiest aggregation of fighting men, completely equipped with armament produced by the United Nations—**and by industry in America**—will provide unstoppable power for our fighting men on all fronts.

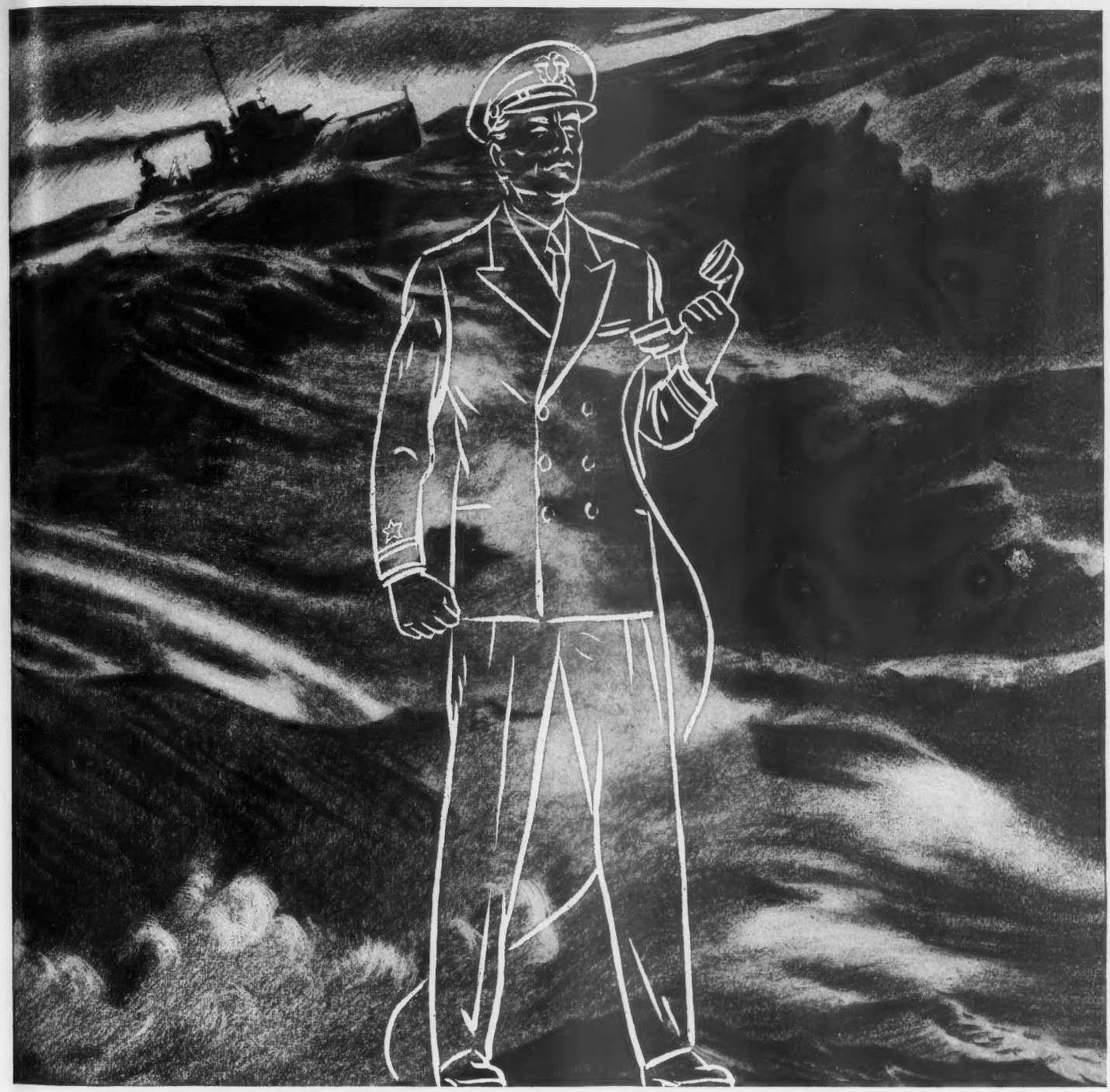
GW is in the war! Its products, "on all fronts," are geared to this gigantic thrust for freedom. 100% war production—that's been the GW status for a long time—in fact, Gar Wood Industries, Inc., was among the *first* group of manufacturers to convert all its production into war work.

GW products comprises essential equipment, such as: Gun Mounts, Barrage Balloon Winches, Wire Reels, Troop and Cargo Bodies, Mobile Machine Shop Bodies, Truck and Trailer Equipment including Dump Bodies, Hydraulic Hoists, Winches, Cranes, Derricks, Refueling Tanks and Water Tanks—Road Machinery, such as 20-cubic-yard Scrapers, Bulldozers, Road-builders, Tamping Rollers and Rippers—also automatic Heating Equipment, and fast, powerful Boats for the Army and Navy.

OUR ONLY JOB NOW IS TO
WIN THE WAR

Protect Freedom
BUY WAR BONDS

GAR WOOD INDUSTRIES, INC., Detroit



Wherever man goes . . . even at sea, his voice can be carried over the tumult of storm and wave by means of the two-way radiotelephone. Long before the war, it was used for ship-to-shore and ship-to-ship contact. When peace comes, this modern form of communication will touch your life in many ways, not only as a safeguard, but as a convenience and business advantage. Jefferson-Travis pioneered in the radiotelephone field years before Pearl Harbor and our many new and exclusive contributions to the science of electronics are now being employed by the United Nations in every fighting zone throughout the entire world.

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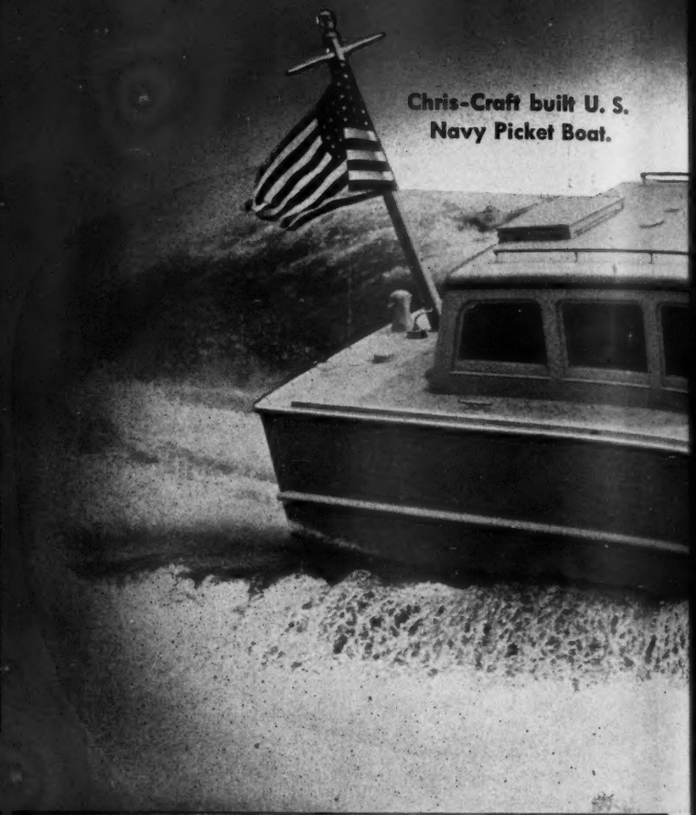
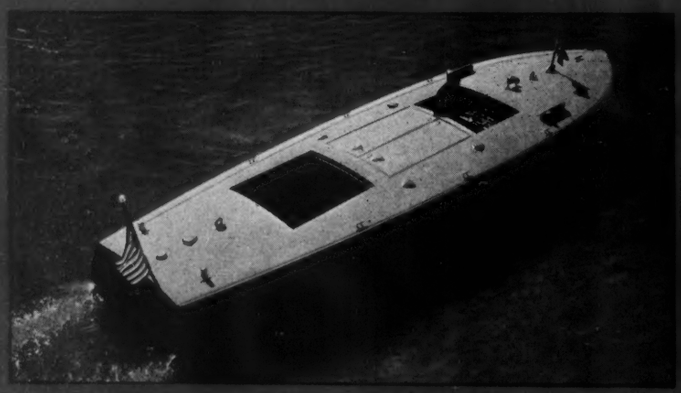
Radio Controlled Boat for the Army Air Forces.



Chris-Craft built U. S. Navy Picket Boat.



Chris-Craft built Army Target Boat.

Chris-Craft built Navy "Ramp" Landing Barge.

Chris-Craft built Navy "Spoon Bill" Landing Barge.

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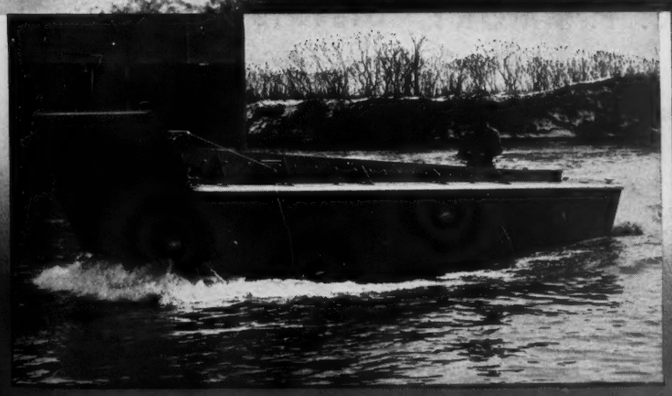

Chris-Craft built Navy L. C. V. P. Landing Barge.

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Chris-Craft Army Quartermasters Boat.

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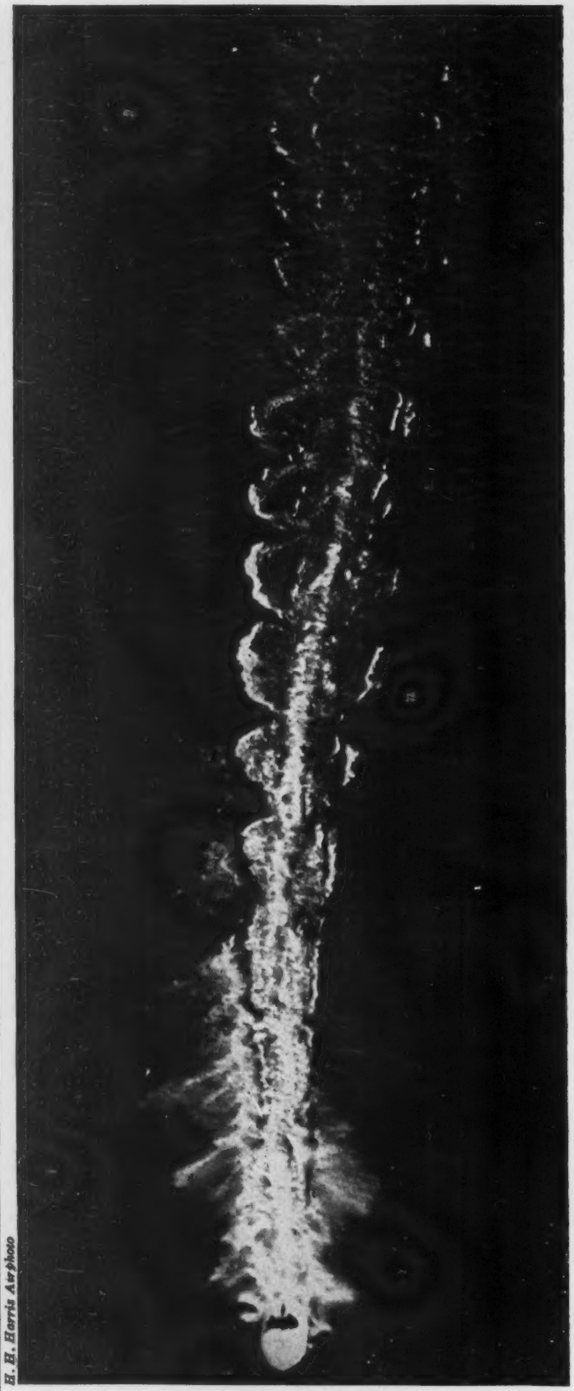

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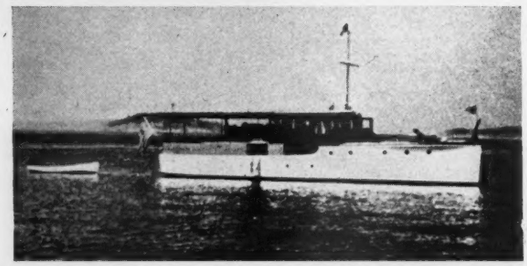
No. 1769—For Sale or Summer Charter—37′ Casey shoal draft C.B. yawl, powered with Gray 4-cylinder motor. Comfortable accommodations for four or six. Cruising equipment complete. Boat in excellent condition. For further particulars, communicate with YACHT SALES & SERVICE, Inc., 1528 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



No. 2085—For Sale—50′ Elco cruiser, powered with two Lathrop 150 h.p. motors installed new in 1941, and run less than 25 hours; 32-volt generator, electric refrigeration, electric windlass. Will stand rigid survey. For further particulars, communicate with YACHT SALES & SERVICE, Inc., 1528 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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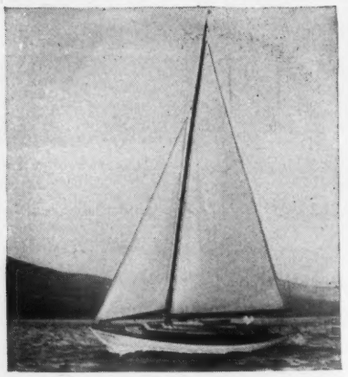
36′ Alden Coastwise Cruiser, two cabins, fine galley, new sails, perfect condition. C. P. Amory, Distributor, Inc.



58′ length, 15′ beam. Splendid twin-screw ketch, condition excellent, sails good, unusual accommodations, well equipped. Take advantage of this offer. C. P. Amory, Distributor, Inc.

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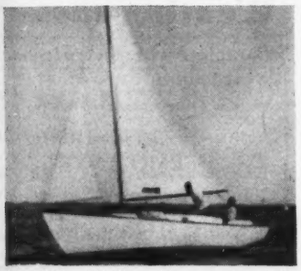
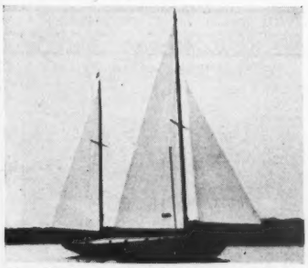
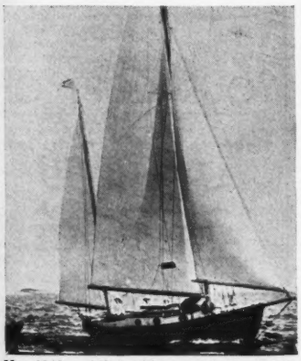


No. 5247 — 20′ 6″ o.a. Marconi cutter, built 1935. Nice equipment. Grand little cruising boat for two. Price $1000.



No. 5246 — Auxiliary centerboard ketch, 41′ 9″ x 12′ x 3′ 11″. Sleeps six. Ideal boat for Cape waters. Located in Massachusetts.



No. 1340 — 34′ Auxiliary yawl, located in Maine. Popular type with good accommodations for four. Few others available.

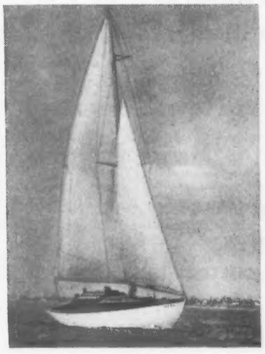
No. 5245 — Auxiliary sloop, 28′ 6″ x 9′ x 4′ 7″. A quality boat. Built 1938. Sleeps three. Fast, dry and able. Reasonably priced.

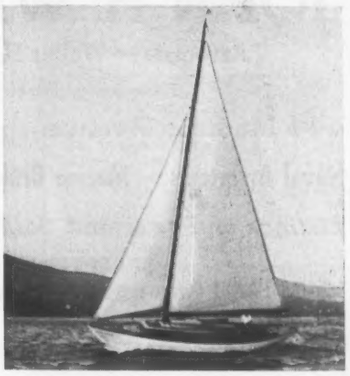
John G. Alden
Naval Architect
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

● **No. 2472** (*right*) — Probably the most desirable of the Marblehead 30 Square Metres. Built 1936, 42′ x 28½′ x 8′ x 5′. Good cabin with two berths, lockers, etc. Winner Marblehead class Championship 1941, also numerous other prizes. Last year used, four sets of sails, three parachute spinnakers, five jibs.

● **No. 655** (*lower right*) — Fast cruiser, 36′ x 25′ x 9′ 9″ x 5′. Our design 1937. Little used. Main cabin, double stateroom, galley, toilet room. Gray motor. Mahogany planked and finished. Fast and able. Location Maine. Sister boat available Chesapeake Bay.

● **No. 691** (*below*) — We have several of our 1939–41 Malabar Jrs. for sale at moderate prices. 31′ 4″ x 22′ x 8′ 6″ x 4′ 8″. Over 6′ headroom in raised cabin, 5′ 9″ lower house. Sleeps four. Toilet, Gray motor. No better small cruisers have been turned out.





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FOR SALE

31 ft. approx. by 9′ 8″ by 5′ 4″ Alden designed sloop; sleeps three on permanent berths with inner spring mattresses. Sail complement and condition excellent as is all standing and running rigging. Large cockpit. Many extras included. Boat now on Lake Ontario, fully found and sound throughout. Address Box 306, care of YACHTING, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

FOR SALE Auxiliary centreboard keel sloop, 27′ x 8′ 1″ x 3′ 8″ x 6′ 6″. Built Peterson, Nyack, 1933. Blue Jacket Twin, new 1942. Cedar planked, brass screws, mahogany trim, hollow spar. Well kept, centreboard inspected 1942, topsides refinished 1942. Dink, outboard, most equipment new 1941–42. All the best, nothing to buy. Equipped for cruising, ideal for two. Can be in commission in week. *Write for description.* 51 Willowdale Avenue, Port Washington, N. Y.

NEW AUXILIARY SLOOP

Built by Luedtke of Toledo. 28′ overall by 7′ 6″ beam, 325 sq. ft. sail area. Cabin accommodates four. Red Wing 18 HP motor, screens, bilge blower and many other extras. C. W. Andrews, 240 N. Fountain Ave., Springfield, Ohio

WANTED

48- to 60-foot pedigreed yacht. Moderate power. Sound but not over-groomed. Extremely complete year-round accommodations for two. Fully found. Price not over $5000. Send complete specifications, photographs, lowest cash price. Reply Box No. 301, care of YACHTING, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

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Early MALABAR JR. 30 x 9 x 5. Fine condition. Gaff rig. Ford motor under specially vented bridge deck. Sleeps four. Fine galley, coal and kerosene stoves. Very complete equipment. Dory. Graceful, fast, able, roomy, economical. Near New York. Write Box No. 303, care YACHTING, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

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for immediate purchase 38-46 ft. Auxiliary

MODERN MARCONI YAWL

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205 East 42nd Street, New York

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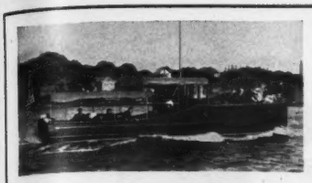

47′ Post-Built Power Boat. Heavy construction, twin-Chrysler Motors. Make good small freight or passenger boat.

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47′ Motor Sailer Type Ketch. Good cruising boat, comfortable, priced very low.

Large assortment of good power boats, auxiliary sailboats, small day sailing boats, and marine motors. Several of the power boats would make good Coast Defense boats or small freight or passenger boats.

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!! WANTED !!

SAIL YACHT — 22 ft. to 32 ft. o.a. length. Must be in good condition, moderately priced, on or near Long Island Sound. Reply Box No. 308, care YACHTING, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

$1500 to $2000 CASH

For best cruising auxiliary keel boat, less than ten years old. Approximately 30 feet overall. Must be outstanding buy and located near New York, Boston or Portland. Reply Box No. 300, care of YACHTING, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

WANTED

Elco "53," or equivalent. Must be: Bargain; fully equipped; remain in storage for duration. Reply Box No. 302, care of YACHTING, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

POSITION WANTED by middle aged man, 25 years' experience sailing on inland lakes. Desires position as sailing master, or what have you? Sober, reliable, good education, can furnish best of references. Prefers position on inland lake with family whose members (including children) wish to learn to handle sailboats. Address Box No. 307, care of YACHTING, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

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8 cents a word — $1.50 minimum
Please send remittance with order

Will swap cash for: hull 25 to 30 feet keel sloop, reasonable. Box 3–1.

Wanted: Barometer, ship's clock, yacht log, pelorus, course protractor, light 8–10 foot dinghy, 16 feet 3/8″ stainless steel mooring cable, Pullman or pipe berth. Swap cash. Box 3–2.

Wanted: parachute spinnaker and other sails or 30 square meter. Box 3–3.

Sail, spars for 8′ dinghy; dinghy propeller, shaft, stuffing box; 30 Square Metre light canvas. Swap or cash. Box 3–4.

Send Replies to Swap Chest, Care "Yachting"
205 E. 42nd St., New York

For Sale
Auxiliary Cutter
GENEVA II

A grand little ship for the cruising man. Able, comfortable, and roomy. Raised deck construction gives large cockpit, water-tight cabin, and full head-room. Double stateroom forward and two berths in main cabin. Large hanging locker and toilet, well arranged galley, and unusual stowage space.

Built in 1936. 30′ 8″ x 9′ 2″ x 4′ 6″. Complete equipment. Three of the sails are new including Genoa. Spare mainsail and staysail. Reliable 20 h.p. Universal engine. Boom gallows. Bumpkin and permanent backstay. All outside ballast. Everything in excellent condition. Owner has always taken pride in keeping her shipshape.

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● Laid up, inside storage, Westchester County on Long Island Sound. Ask any broker or write Box No. 305, YACHTING, 205 East 42nd St., New York City.

WANTED
A NAVAL-MINDED SECRETARY

Again, for the third time in my life, a four-star secretary is passing me up for motherhood and again I seek a worthy successor, within a month or so.

I want a well-bred, well-spoken, well-educated, alert, responsive young woman of pleasing appearance and personality, not afraid of hard but interesting and varied work, capable of earning top secretarial salary for this part of the country.

She should have good memory because mine is poor; be keen to aid in our war work of building PT motor torpedo boats. If she has a yen for the water and boats and their design, so much the better.

Frank Pembroke Huckins, *President.* Huckins Yacht Corporation
600 East Fourth Street Jacksonville, Florida

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NAVAL ARCHITECTS
YACHT BROKERS
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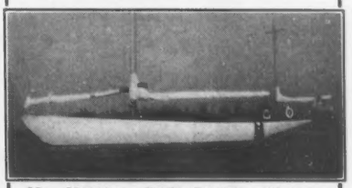
11 EAST 44TH ST. NEW YORK



No. Y-8368 — FOR SALE — Modern cruising yawl, 56′ 7″ x 40′ 3″ x 13′ 2″ x 8′ 1″, built in 1936 from designs by Alden. Four berths in main cabin and three berths in double stateroom provide sleeping accommodations for seven aft. Double planked hull, teak decks, hollow spars and Ratsey sails. Price attractive. SPARKMAN & STEPHENS, Inc., 11 East 44th Street, New York.

No. Y-7500 — FOR SALE — One of the popular N. Y. Yacht Club 32-Footers, built by Nevins from our designs. Double stateroom aft, main cabin, lavatory, galley and forecastle forward. Generally considered one of the most successful all around racing-cruising and day sailing auxiliaries ever built. SPARKMAN & STEPHENS, Inc., 11 East 44th Street, New York.

No. Y-7996 — FOR SALE — Auxiliary cutter, 35′ 11″ x 27′ 11″ x 10′ 5″ x 5′ 3″, built by Casey from Alden's designs in 1936. Large main cabin, double stateroom, lavatory and galley. An able cruising boat. For further data consult SPARKMAN & STEPHENS, Inc., 11 East 44th Street, New York.

No. Y-4218 — FOR SALE — Auxiliary sloop, 30′ x 27′ 2″ x 10′ 3″ x 4′, built from designs by Warner in 1937. Sleeping accommodations for four, lavatory and galley. Snug rig makes her an easily handled cruising boat. SPARKMAN & STEPHENS, Inc., 11 East 44th Street, New York. Tel. VA 6-2326.

No. Y-8246 — FOR SALE — Auxiliary ketch, 30′ 8″ x 27′ 1″ x 10′ 2″ x 5′. A development of the well-known TIDAL WAVE. Mahogany planking, lead keel, hollow spars. Everdur fastenings and teak decks. SPARKMAN & STEPHENS, Inc., 11 East 44th Street, New York. Tel. VA 6-2326.

From the New York Times - Jan. 25 1943

PT Boats, 3 Months in Solomons, Smash 250,000 Enemy Ship Tons

By The United Press.

A U. S. MOTOR TORPEDO BOAT BASE, Somewhere in the Solomons, Jan. 15 (Delayed)—United States torpedo boats have sunk or damaged an estimated 250,000 tons of enemy vessels, including a battleship, two cruisers and thirteen destroyers since they went into action on the Solomons front a little more than three months ago, authorities said today.

Night after night the speedy craft roar into Japanese convoys, ramming home their "tin fish" and disappearing into the darkness almost before the enemy ships are aware of the attack. The torpedo boats, better known as PT boats, also have suffered losses, but they are negligible in comparison with the damage inflicted on the enemy.

Prior to the PT boats' entry into the battle of the Solomons the Japanese used to send ships loaded with reinforcements and supplies to Guadalcanal with monotonous regularity.

Traffic over this route now has been practically stopped. The PT's have instilled such fear in the minds of the Japanese that they no longer stop to unload their supplies when running the American blockade but hurriedly heave their cargoes overboard in floating crates.

The high scorer of the PT's is Lieutenant L. H. Gamble of Fresno, Calif., who has torpedoed one cruiser and two destroyers. Close behind him comes Lieutenant H. S. Taylor of Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., with hits on a battleship and a destroyer, and a possible hit on another destroyer.

The first of fourteen actions in which the torpedo boats took part

PT BOATS IN PACIFIC TAKE BIG SHIP TOLL

Continued From Page One

occurred on Oct. 13, when Lieut. Comdr. Alan R. Montgomery of Warrenton, Va., torpedoed one Japanese cruiser, and possibly another, in a daring attack against an enemy task force shelling Guadalcanal off Lunga Point.

The PT's had ringside seats in the huge naval battle of Nov. 12-14, in which American forces destroyed more than a score of enemy ships attempting to retake Guadalcanal.

The PT's entered the decisive battle on Nov. 13. Lieutenant Taylor got a destroyer that night and Lieutenant Jack Searles of Englewood, N. J., hit a battleship, earning the Navy Cross for himself and Silver Stars for his crew.

On Dec. 7 eight Japanese destroyers were intercepted by PT's off Cape Esperance and Lieutenant Marvin Pettit of St. Louis hit one and Lieutenant Frank Frealand of Brooklyn, N. Y., torpedoed another.

On Dec. 11 three out of eight enemy destroyers were hit. Lieutenants Gamble and Taylor and Lieutenant Bill Krainer of Buffalo, N. Y., were credited with hits that sank at least one of the Japanese vessels.

The torpedo boat flotilla started the new year with a bang on Jan. 2 with Lieutenant Gamble getting a direct hit on one destroyer in an attack against a squadron of eight or ten Japanese vessels attempting to land troops at Guadalcanal.

The latest action occurred early today, when the Japanese, taking advantage of a moonless night, attempted to land reinforcements on Guadalcanal from nine destroyers. Lieutenant G. E. Richards of New Jersey torpedoed one destroyer. His craft was hit, but he managed to make shore safely.

Women in ... jobs

The Motor Torpedo Boats referred to in the news release reproduced here are ELCO PT's . . . built by the Elco Naval Division of the Electric Boat Company, Bayonne, N. J. . . . and powered by Packard Marine Engines.

Elco

Makers of the famous PT's that are making history

VOL. LXXIII
NO. III

YACHTING

MARCH
1943

Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps

A Higgins type landing craft, after disembarking a load of troops on the beach, leaves for the return trip to a transport. Note the anchor rode out astern which, automatically hove in by a winch, aids the boat in backing off into a confused sea

FRONT COVER, WINTER PATROL . . . . . *From a painting by Tore Asplund*

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AROUND THE CABIN LAMP

▶ "I see," said the Old Man, as he started to read the paper which he had just brought aboard, "that there is greater promise of remuneration in raising chickens than ever before. I have always thought that when I retire from the sea I would like to own a small, but tidy, chicken ranch where I could gather my own eggs and broilers every morning. It is a coincidence too," he continued, "that several men who are going into the service or into war work are advertising good, well-established chicken-ranches for sale. Opportunity seems to be rising to spout right dead to loo'ard!"

"Huh!" grunted the cook, whose indigestion always made him grouchy after eating corned beef and cabbage, "if you'll take my advice, which you never would, you wouldn't even read an ad in the newspapers! Advertising is the curse of the nation and I can prove it! Why, hell's bells, I've known a man to lose his property and reputation just through reading ads and trying to carry out the instructions in 'em!"

"The big business men of the world all believe in advertising," argued the Old Man, "and it must be all right."

"Maybe," conceded the cook, "if you want to get rid of something. But, take it from me, if you want to buy a thing, don't pay no attention to ads; they ought to be prohibited by law!"

"How did you come to suffer through ads, anyhow?" invited the Old Man.

" 'Twasn't me, 'twas Captain Abe Salter, my first skipper. He probably died on the town, just on account of an ad.

▶ "Captain Abe sailed the three-master *Hattie S* out of Machiasport for years. He owned the vessel free and clear, he had money in the bank, and was regarded as a sound citizen. Why, hell's bells, he even used to pass the plate at the Balls Hill Meeting House when he was home and I dunno but what he'd taught Sunday School on occasion.

"There was one thing about him that attracted attention. He wore whiskers. He wasn't over fifty at the time, but he had a beard that was long enough to sag out to loo'ard in a stiff breeze — and it would ice up something awful in a winter easterly, too. It didn't have any gray in it to speak of and he kept it more or less trimmed and shortened-down, but still it was a whisker and whiskers weren't popular or stylish.

"One day I braced him on the subject of whiskers, hoping that I could get him to trim 'em off. Says I: 'Captain, why the devil should a man no older than you hide his face astern of a bunch of whiskers, anyhow? Why, good Lord,' says I, 'you're young, and good looking too, as far as anyone can see, and yet you let those cussed whiskers disfigure you.'

" 'Well, Steve,' says he, 'I'll tell you the truth. I'm the poorest hand with a razor that ever lived! Ashore, it's no chore to drop into a barber's and get a shave but afloat, it's handle your own gear. I can't stand it. I used to try to shave and, every time I did, I wound up just clear of bleeding to death. Finally, I got scared and quit altogether.' 'But why, for Gosh's sake, didn't you use a safety razor?' "

" 'Oh, I tried 'em,' says he, 'I tried em. But either they were weak in the rigging and carried away, or they wouldn't cut, or some other thing went wrong. I gave it up, disgusted all around, and wear whiskers.'

The Captain's Whiskers

"Three-four weeks later, as we laid to an anchor down the coast, the mate came back aboard with a magazine. He hadn't any more than started to read it when he gave the Old Man a hail. 'By Judas, Capt'n,' says he, 'here's something that ought to interest you! Listen: "Superfluous Hair Speedily Removed!" he read. "Just rub on our Anti-fouling Depilator at night, let her lay till morning, then sluice her off with the draw-bucket and swab down. Repeat this process through four watches. If you are not fully satisfied with the results, your money will be refunded. If you really want to git rid of superfluous hair, here is the remedy."' Maybe I haven't got the wording just exactly as it was, but that was the drift of it and me and the mate went to work on the Old Man.

▶ "Well, he didn't weaken right away. He hung in the wind and argued. Probably it wasn't intended for any such case as his and wouldn't work, anyhow. Finally, it got down to the point where he merely said that he would feel foolish going into a place and asking for such a thing with his whiskers waving in the breeze, so I volunteered to get it.

" 'Whiskers?' says the druggist when I boarded him, 'I dunno, but I don't see why not. Most of our customers are womenfolks who run to mustaches or have silk stocking troubles. They never kick about results. If your friend wants to discourage his whiskers, it won't cost him much to try, anyhow.' So I got a big jar full of pink-looking goo and took it back aboard.

"The Old Man rubbed his whiskers full and then swore because everything around him smelled and tasted of perfume. His dinner, his pipe, the marline that he was using, and even the wind, by Godfrey, stunk of the stuff, he claimed.

"Results didn't occur according to the ad. The Old Man rubbed on the stuff a second night and maybe two or three more, I don't recall exactly. Then his whiskers begun to break off. Some, close up to the hide; some longer; and pretty soon he just looked as if he needed a shave. But, after a spell, his face suddenly popped out at us, all bare and Lord! what a shock!

"The mate finned up to me as I stood to the wheel and, says he: 'I think I'll ship for a trip to the suther'd when we get to New York.' 'What,' says I, 'leaving the *Hattie*?' 'Gawd! says he, 'I gotta!'

▶ "I wondered why for a few days and then I begun to feel goose-pimples up and down my back and I begun, too, to think of another berth. 'Twas the Old Man. Without his whiskers, he looked just like a dogfish, and human flesh and blood couldn't stand it!

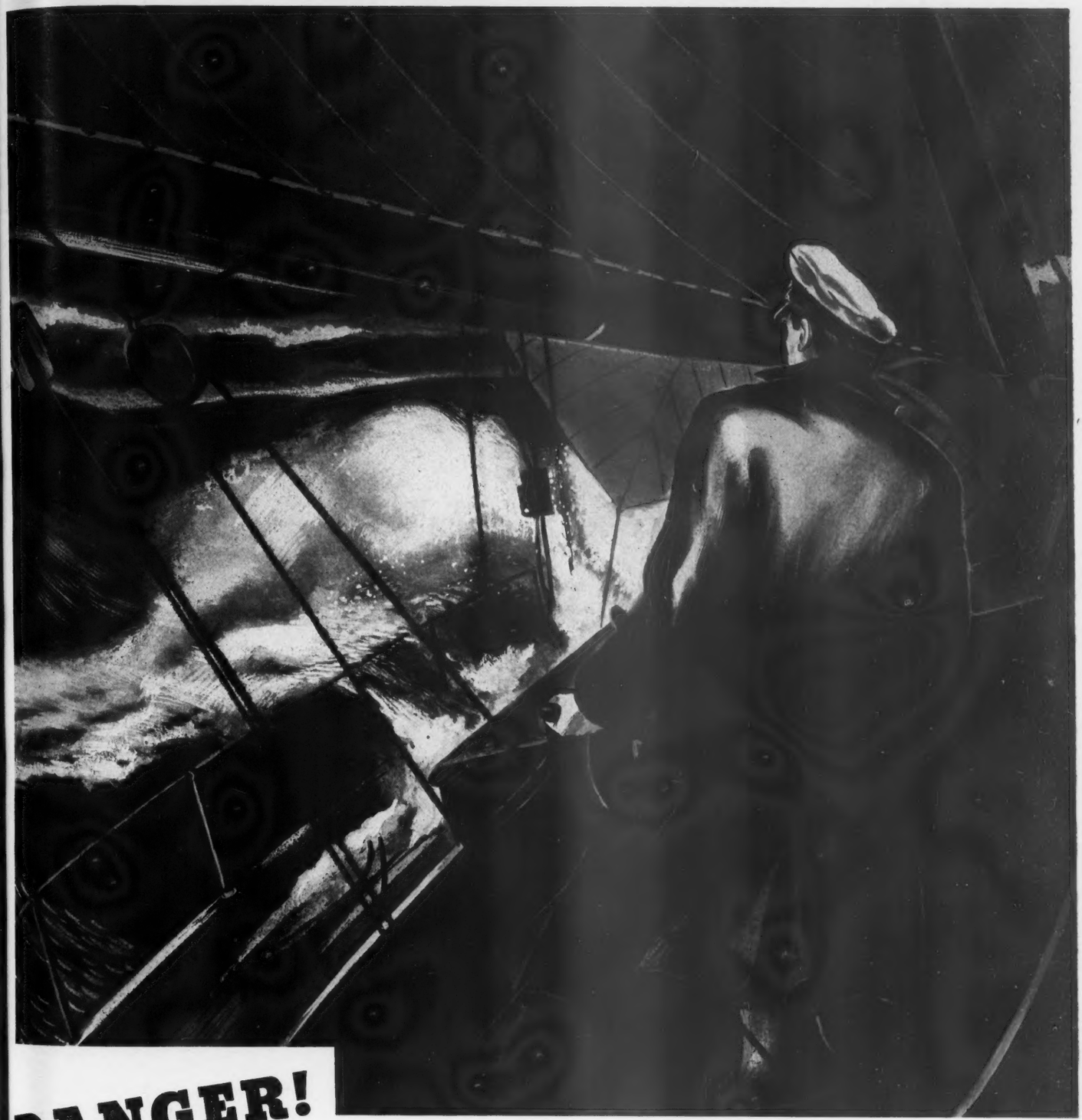
"When he inquired about a freight in New York, the agent looked him over and demanded references, and bonds! From Abe Salter, who had freighted for him for years! He wouldn't believe it was the same man, by Judas! Abe got back to Machiasport and folks avoided him; even the kids ducked him if they could. So he raised his whiskers again and looked as natural as ever — but he couldn't regain the confidence of people, never again. They didn't say much, but what they said was right to the point. 'We know what kind of a mug he has in back of them whiskers, and 'tisn't trustworthy.'

"That's how come he lost his vessel and his money, and most likely died on the town; just through an ad!"

"But I don't see how you could blame the ad for his misfortune," says the Old Man. "After all, it didn't mislead him as far as I can see."

"No?" says the cook, "I forgot to mention the rest of it. 'It says: Be Popular, Be Admired, A Fair Skin is Your Greatest Asset!' What do you say about it now?"

JOSEPH CHASE ALLEN

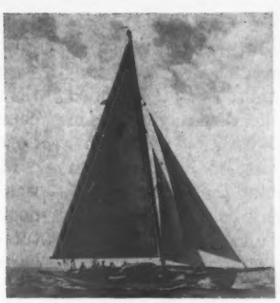


DANGER!

Bad weather ahead all right. But that's only a challenge to a seasoned sailor. One of the hundred hazards that take the measure of a yachtsman and his boat. He's learned to keep his head, and a steady course, and bring his ship in safe through bedeviling seas.

Lucky for him. Lucky for us. He didn't know then that the bad weather ahead was going to be War. But America's yachtsmen were ready when the storm struck. They didn't have to spend precious time training. They knew navigation, they knew deep-water sailing, they volunteered by hundreds in all branches of the service.

Today, on battleships and minesweepers, on convoy duty and shore patrol, these amateurs-turned-heroes are helping to bring ships and men and weapons through, for all the Allies. Danger is no stranger to them. They come through...or die trying!



LIEUTENANT ALEC M. WHITE, U.S.N.R., *has sailed his cutter SHEILA in numerous ocean and coastwise passages. Now he's turning his sportsman's skill to active war use, as Commander of a minesweeper. We are proud of the job he is doing, and honored to be charged with the care of his yacht while he is helping to sweep the seas clean.*

JAKOBSON SHIPYARD, INC.

OYSTER BAY • NEW YORK

IN THE WIND

▶ Now we're being instructed in the lost art of slicing bread. . . . This war may yet bring back the good old days which, only in retrospect, look so good. . . .

▶ The merchant mariners, who seem to be so little appreciated despite their gallant contribution to the victory effort, startled everybody when they came through with an exhibition of their paintings, drawings and prints, proving that they were capable of gentler and more cultured things than knocking off Axis raiders, swimming in mid-Atlantic and taking torpedoes as a matter of course. . . . The exhibit, at 24 West Fortieth Street, was sponsored by the United Seamen's Service. . . .

▶ Defying the law which had ruled that their unique home be destroyed, Mrs. Ann Winsor Sherwin and her son, Bill, had been living *into* the 234-foot derelict schooner *Snetind*, stranded on a mud flat in Boston Harbor for the past six years, when the Army broke up the arrangement. . . . Bill was slated for induction. . . . A police boat called for him, shoved off and started for the port — but Mrs. Sherwin from the quarterdeck shrilled: "Billie, you forgot to kiss me good-bye!" . . . The boat turned back and Bill embraced his mother who has, incidentally, given no indication that she intends to abandon her odd way of life. . . .

▶ Gallantly, the State of Ioway, famed for the pulchritude of its gals, has taken steps to insure that when they go boating they'll be able to keep themselves and their powder dry. . . .

"Motor boats passing sail boats on the windward side," declared Representative Henry W. Wormley at a session of the legislature in Des Moines, "spray water on the beautiful girls." . . .

So the House immediately adopted a measure which requires that motor boats pass to loo'ard of sailing craft. . . .

There's no law against the mechanized Lotharios from taking becalmed lovelies in tow, however. . . .

▶ A bunch of high pressure businessmen, representing such fascinating enterprises as International Business Machines, Armstrong Cork, United Gypsum and the Chase National Bank, to name only a few, are currently busy about the business of the United States Navy under the tutelage of some eminent captains and admirals. . . . Included in the course are occasional all-day cruises in surrounding waters aboard PY boats. . . . We predict that this part of the curriculum will make yachtsmen for the future out of those students who may be unfamiliar with that most beguiling of all sports. . . .

▶ Eddie Hall, who used to be a yachtsman himself but who is now patriotically expediting for the Navy, was en route to Norfolk the other day *via* the Cape Charles Ferry. . . . Several lads in the garb of apprentice seamen were aboard and he was amused at their conversation, which hadn't yet had the benefit of nautical blood transfusion. . . .

"Let's go upstairs and see the view!" exclaimed one youth. . . .

"Let's go up in *front* and see it," parried another, leading several of his shipmates in a dash for the *stern*. . . .

Still another, staring out over the rolling deep, sighed: "I declah they's as much water raoun heah as they was raoun Boston!"

▶ A farmhand I used to know out Portsmouth way on the tight little isle of Rhode Island, was wont to look fondly on a tub of a skiff in which he occasionally went fishing and remark: "She's a good water boat, she is." . . .

▶ Hail Stillman Taylor of *Baruna* and, now, South Pacific fame! . . . The Cold Spring Harbor yachter is credited with hits on a battleship and destroyer, with a possible hit on another destroyer. . . . He's a lieutenant (j.g.) and in command of a PT. . . .

LAMENT

Calypso is a dipso-
Maniac, I fear.
She drinks her weight
In whisky straight
And chases it with beer.
If Calypso
Didn't trip so
When I take her
Out to dine,
I'd long since
Have made Calypso —
I mean, made her
Mine.

— CALEB BILGEWASSER

▶ We used to think the Panama Canal was pretty important but now all you hear about is Guadalcanal . . . where we've been ditching the Japs. . . .

▶ Short on shipping, the Nippon nippers are reported to be building Chinese junks. . . . They're inevitably stealing ideas from other peoples, apparently considering larceny simply grand. . . .

▶ Judge George C. Corson, of Norristown, Pa., does me the honor of confiding that he enjoys this compartment, "particularly when it includes remarks gotten off by Ralph Wiley, the sage of Oxford, Md." The eminent jurist, it appears, stores his boat at Ralph's yard and, the other day, wit Wiley told him that Mrs. Wiley had offered to loan some copies of YACHTING to the County Prison at Easton for the edification of the inmates. . . .

Much to her surprise, the kindly gesture was rudely rebuffed by the warden who declared that copies of YACHTING constituted *escape literature* and as such must be barred from circulation in the jail. . . .

▶ From Chic Stodgell comes the yarn of the young naval officer who was handicapped by an impediment in his speech. . . . In spite of which he achieved command of a division that mustered abreast of the turret on the battlewagon's quarterdeck. . . . One day, at general muster, our hero, with great élan, gave the order: "Squads right!" His men executed the maneuver smartly and started marching aft. . . . At the proper moment, he attempted to order "Squads left!" but all he was able to evoke was the sibilant stutter "S-s-s — ."

Meanwhile, the perfectly trained division kept marching steadily aft at a normal cadence, too well disciplined to think of disobeying a command no matter where it might lead them. . . . Finally, in desperation, the bosun's mate roared: "For God's sake, Lieutenant, say *some*thing, if only 'Good-bye'!"

▶ Seagoing skipper Irving Johnson wrote a piece for the paper about Cap'n Harry P. MacDonald who is taking the four-masted schooner *Constellation* to sea after she's been overhauled and refitted. . . .

He quoted the ancient mariner as saying, with some asperity: "Modern ships are no good. . . . These are the real ships. . . . What I can't do with one o' these can't be done!" . . .

That's the stuff, Cap'n! It'll take more'n a torpedo to sink your *spirit*, anyhow. . . .

▶ You probably saw that astounding story that broke a month ago about the salving of Seabury Cook and eight shipmates who, after their ship had been torpedoed, clambered onto a raft, next day sighted a water-filled lifeboat, managed to bail her out, found a plentiful store of provisions in her, repaired her and made port in her — after thirty-nine days of by guess and by God navigation under a jury rig. . . . They'd sailed some 2,000 miles. . . .

The yarn held particular interest for me since Seabury, a retired lieutenant commander, U.S.N., was my division officer aboard the old *Vermont*, and they don't come any better. . . .

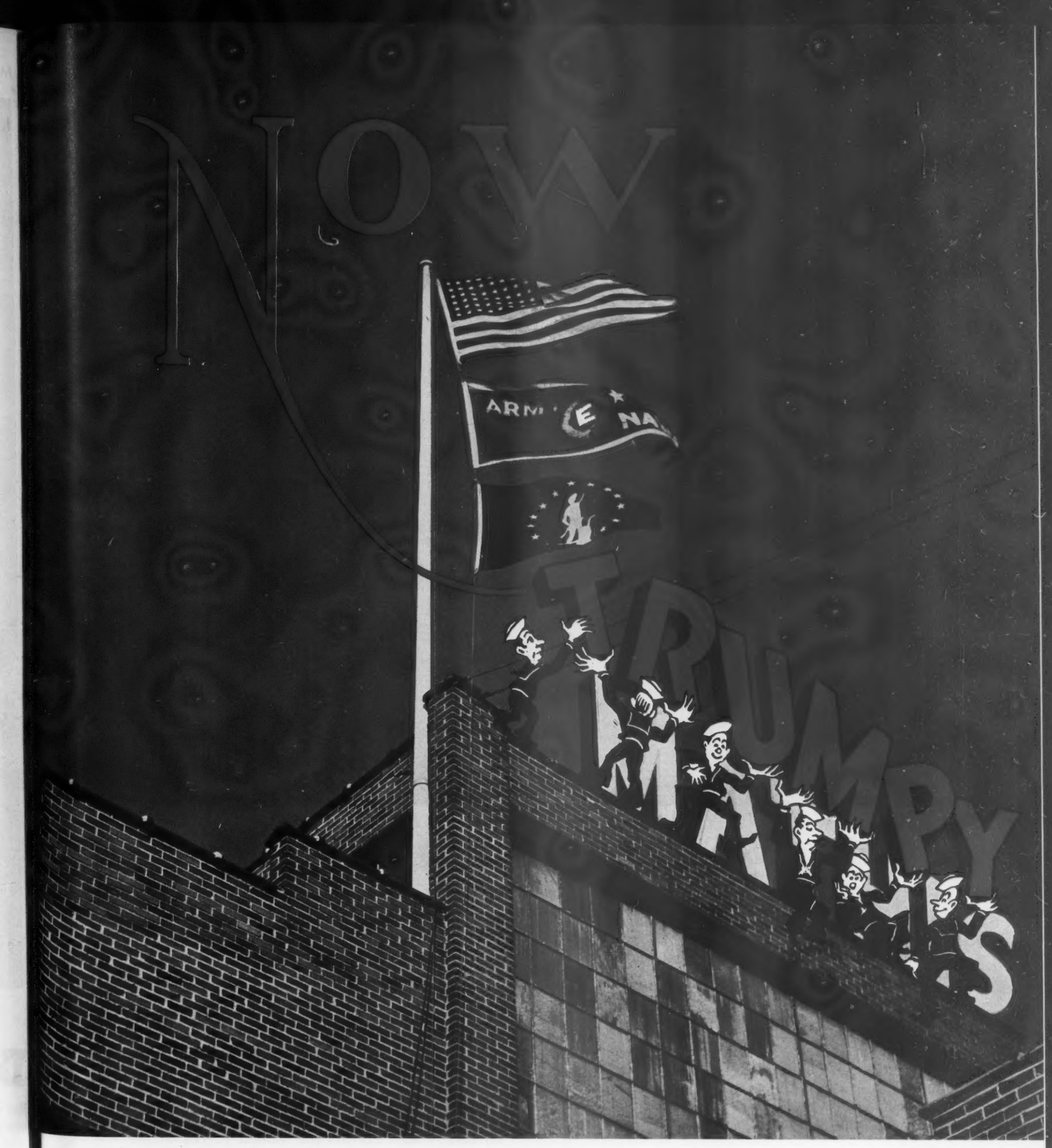
Tiring of his landlocked job as communications analyst for the WPB, Seabury tried to get back into the Navy but was rejected on his physical. . . . He qualified for his master's papers in the merchant marine, however, and shortly got a berth as second officer aboard a cargo vessel which sailed from New York last November. . . . All aboard were listed as missing and presumed lost by the Navy Department on December 26th. . . .

Cook said that, after they had transferred from the raft to the lifeboat, the captain, E. E. Greenlaw, of Searsport, Maine, a veteran who had served in sail and steam, contrived a makeshift sail out of some odd pieces of canvas. . . . A couple of oars lashed together served for a mast. . . . They had no navigation instruments, not even a watch, but they knew their approximate position at the time of the disaster and set a course for South America with the neutral stars as their compass at night. . . .

He expected to ship out again around the middle of last month. . . . What a glutton for punishment! . . .

▶ And speaking of jury rigs . . . I have *mine* on at the moment — for the Grand Jury. . . .

— TELLTALE



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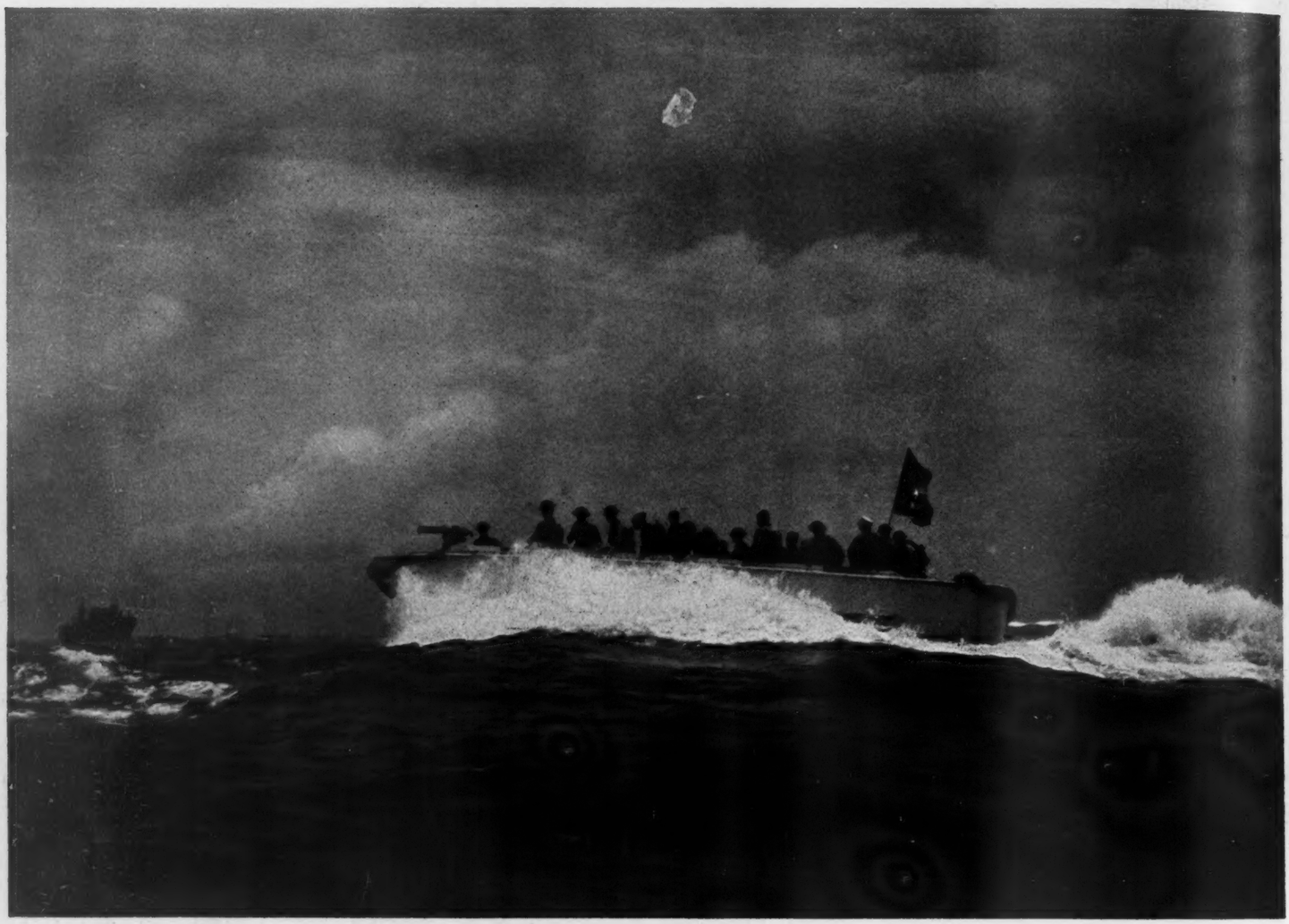


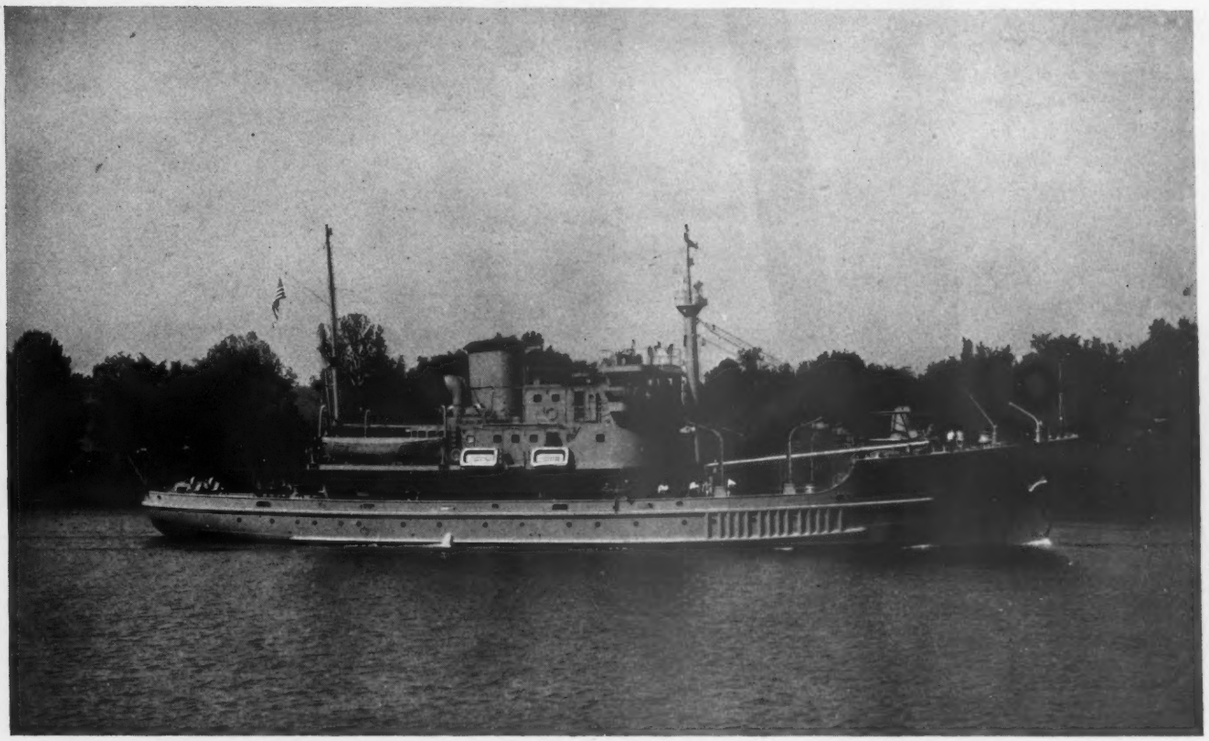
BEACHHEAD OR BUST!

One of the most difficult and complex of military operations is the ship-to-shore landing of troops on enemy held coasts. The Armed Forces of the United States have developed their amphibious operations to a high degree, and in them have been notably successful. Here a fully loaded Higgins landing boat, with troops tense and ready for action, heads for the beach

U. S. Army Signal Corps Photo

YACHTING

Volume LXXIII MARCH + 1943 Number III



Queen of the Army's fleet. One of the new 188' mine planters which are being built for the Coast Artillery Corps by the Marietta Manufacturing Company. These sturdy seagoing vessels are designed to take the weather at its worst

THE ARMY'S NAVY

Crewed by Its Own "Soldier-Sailors," the United States Army Today Operates One of the World's Largest Fleets

By CRITCHELL RIMINGTON

THE modern American soldier is a highly efficient cog in an equally efficient and highly complex combat organization. Yet the public often fails to appreciate what an amazingly versatile fellow this Private John Doe really is. His abilities, in addition to his fighting prowess, are legion. For example, he flies, glides or floats through the air with the greatest of ease. He is equally at ease in the desert, on a mountain top or in the steamiest of jungles. Snowshoes, skis, trains, trucks, tanks, jeeps, tractors and even camels are but a few of his many means of achieving surface transportation. But most surprising of all is the fact that countless thousands of our soldiers are first class sailors. For, odd as it may seem, the Army has a "navy," and one which is daily increasing in size and fleet strength.

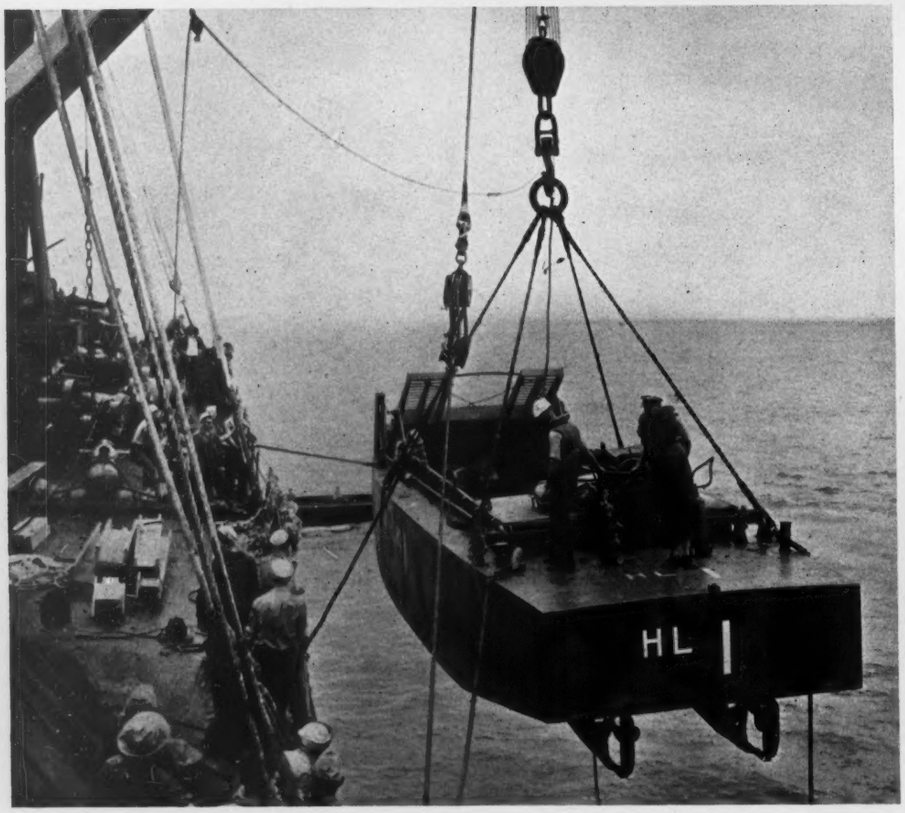
This "Army's Navy," with the possible exception of the Engineer Amphibian Command, is little known outside the Service itself. Secrecy is not the reason for the public's ignorance. The facts of the matter are that, with the exception of those operations which are carried out by either the Engineers or any of the other semi-amphibian Corps, the tasks of the various water divisions are basically "behind the scenes" activities; not always dramatic, perhaps, but vitally important. Moreover, many of the Army's ship types are newly developed products of World War II, and their history is now in the making.

In round numbers, the Army's rapidly expanding fleet now totals more than 4000 vessels, ranging from 13' assault boats to transports such as the recently launched ocean-going *Frederick W. Funston.* Twelve months hence, this fleet will be nearly twice its present size.

"Why," one asks, "does the Army employ boats? Would it not be far more sensible if all military vessels were operated by the Navy?" Offhand, it would seem a sensible question; actually, there are a hundred reasons why such an idea is impractical. Simply stated, ships employed by the Army are designed principally for the transport of either personnel or supplies and hence relatively few are combat vessels. A great majority of all Army boats are attached to the Transportation Corps, which is responsible for all Army transport on land as well as by sea. Although the amphibious craft

Right, arrangement of tank lighters on deck of the Army Transport "Hunter Liggett." Center, lowering a tank lighter from a transport. Lower right, a jeep and anti-tank guns stowed in a Higgins-type landing boat. Lower left, small craft (of which many are landing boats) waiting to unload their cargo at an Iceland harbor

U. S. Army Signal Corps Photos



LANDING BOATS

The ingenuity of American boatbuilders has never been demonstrated more effectively than in the planning and construction of the modern landing boat. Designed to achieve easy stowage and disembarking, to carry both men, guns and mechanized units, and to operate both efficiently and effectively in all types of sea conditions, they have proven outstandingly successful in North Africa and the South Seas.

U. S. Army Signal Corps Photos

ARMY MINE PLANTERS

Laying shore-controlled mines is a man-sized job, and requires carefully coordinated operations of more than one vessel. Here are shown various phases of inspecting and planting mines under ideal weather conditions; when there is a heavy sea running it is not quite so simple

"The seizure from the sea of a defended shore area is probably the most difficult, involved and hazardous of all military operations." The Army's ingeniously laid mine fields, protecting strategic coastal areas, are among the reasons for this military axiom. Right, a businesslike distribution box boat of the Coast Artillery's fleet laying poison for Axis ships

employed by the Engineer Amphibian Command, the pontoon and other special types used by the Engineers, and the miscellaneous small boats operated by the Air Corps are designed for many uses, they are in no sense offensive vessels. Hence such craft must be designed, built or procured, manned and operated for the specific job for which they were intended.

World War II is of necessity a global operation and, because of this, an often used but rarely understood term plays a dominant part in all military calculations. That word is "logistics" and, according to no less an authority than Mr. Webster, it is officially defined as "that branch of the military art which embraces the details of transport and supply." This is also a war of supply, with many theaters of war in the far corners of the globe and the lines of transport and communication are long and tenuous. As a result, vessels in the "Army's Navy" are of two kinds: *logistical vessels*, which are media of transport of both men and materials; and *tactical vessels*, which, while not necessarily combat craft, are subsidiary to an offensive action. A transport, be she one of 100 or of 20,000 tons, belongs in the first group; an amphibious tank or an assault boat is one of the second category. To carry the point further, either type may be a *strategical vessel*, since strategy requires the operation of a vessel in such a way that she achieves her absolute maximum of utility and efficiency.

A new note in cargo carriers. The Army Air Force's 99' Diesel-powered cargo boat is a vessel of many uses. (Equitable Equipment Co.)

For reasons of operational efficiency, the Army is divided into numerous arms of the Service, each of which constitutes a small army of specialists who are experts in their particular fields. Of these, no less than four Corps operate innumerable types of floating equipment, and collectively these vessels are dubbed the "Army's Navy." These units are: the Coast Artillery, the Army Air Forces, the Corps of Engineers and the Transportation Corps (the last two named are divisions of the Services of Supply). The Quartermaster Corps, long one of the largest operators of floating equipment, has now merged its fleet with that of the Army Air Force. Because of its wide diversification, the Army's fleet is consequently a heterogeneous one which fulfills functions as varied as its many craft. In addition, each Corps maintains extensive dock and shore establishments.

Only 115' in length, but designed for heavy duty, are such vessels of the Army's growing fleet of freight and passenger carriers. (Northwestern Shipbuilding Co.)

Among the best looking vessels in the Army Air Force's growing flotilla are the 83' aircraft rescue boats. (Ventnor Boat Works)

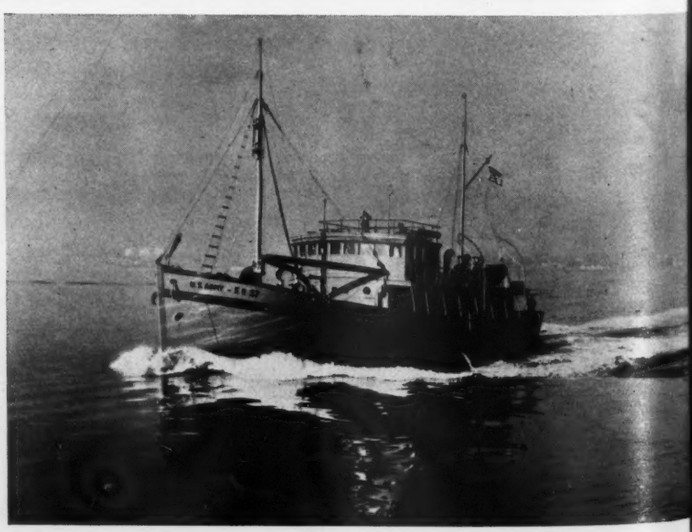
The Corps of Engineers

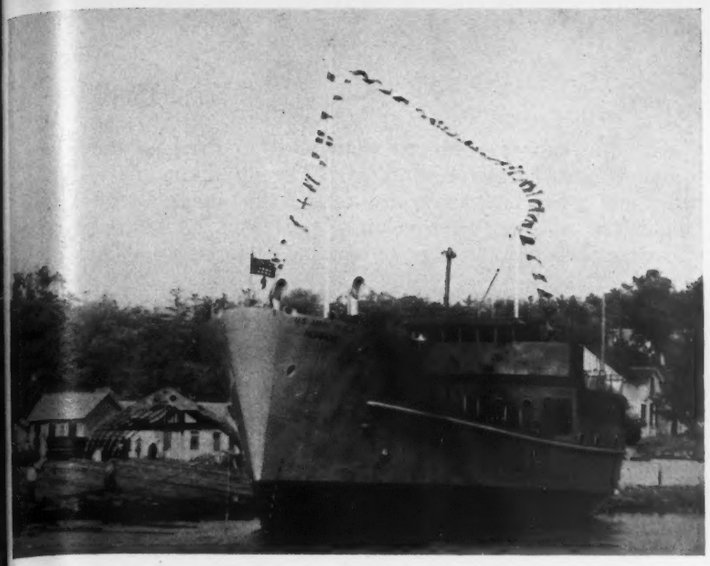
Of all the Army Corps with floating equipment, the Engineers are perhaps the best known. From the very inception of warfare there has been the task of fording and bridging streams and waterways, of establishing and repairing harbor installations (other than naval bases or depots) and of supervising the maintenance of waterways. Perhaps another reason why their peacetime activities are well and affectionately known to yachtsmen, is because it is the Engineers who have been largely responsible for servicing the nation's vast network of lakes and rivers. And in times of war this all-important work is continued, for inland water transport plays an all-important rôle in the movement of war materials of all kinds.

The peacetime fleet of the Corps of Engineers is necessarily a conventional one and includes tugs, dredges, survey ships, as well as small utility craft of all kinds. Conversely, a state of war directs its attention to small craft, such as assault boats, pontoon boats, floats, and a myriad assemblage of rubber rafts — some so small that they resemble seagoing washtubs, others so large that they are propelled by giant outboards and can easily carry a fully loaded motor vehicle. Interestingly enough, it is this corps which was among the first to utilize plywood in small boat construction, for weight and compactness are essential considerations in all of its wartime operations.

An Engineer, like a Marine, is an amphibious soldier. He is equally at home afloat or ashore; in fact, so much of his time is spent in the water, as well as on it, that careful examination might show him to be web-footed!

A recent reorganization within the Army has, as of February of this year, detached the Engineers from the operation of





"Colonel Jos. C. Morrow," a 150' steel Retriever type aircraft salvage vessel, is similar to many such ships being built for the Army Air Force. (Sturgeon Bay Shipbuilding and Drydock Co.)

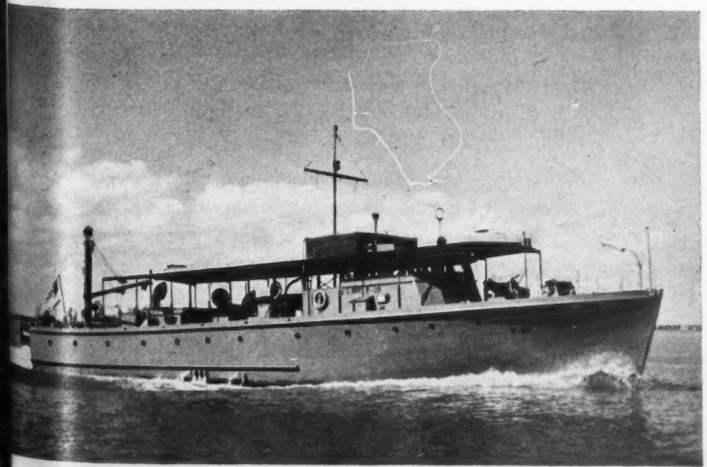
any vessels other than those employed by the Rivers and Harbors Division (harbors and inland waterways), small craft used in combat operations (such as pontoon boats and assault boats), and the amphibious craft operated by the Engineer Amphibian Command. The very mention of this Command causes sea-loving young Americans to perk up. Next to the Navy itself, no Service has captured the interest of the yachtsman as has this newest and most colorful of the Army's combat forces.

The Engineer Amphibian Command is organized into regiments of three types — boat, shore and maintenance units. Each regiment contains one boat and one shore battalion. The boat battalions are offensive units, while the mission of the others is to carry the war to the enemy's shores wherever he may be located. The Shore and Maintenance Battalions also have the all-important task of keeping all equipment in first class operating condition.

Men who enlist in the Engineer Amphibian Command, regardless of their specialty, are given a thorough course of instruction in their prospective duties. The course of training for members of the Boat Battalions includes rules of the road at sea; nautical terms, nomenclature of parts and construction of boats; technical navigation; signals; meteorology; tides and currents; the compass and its action; chart interpretation; and keeping the log.

Shore and Maintenance Battalions are divided into four principal parts, called echelons, each with a definite mission to perform and each with personnel technically trained to meet its particular needs.

The first echelon is responsible that the boats are "ready for action." It is the duty of the personnel of this echelon, comprising the coxswains, or drivers, to keep constantly on the alert and maintain a continuous check on oil, gas and electric systems.



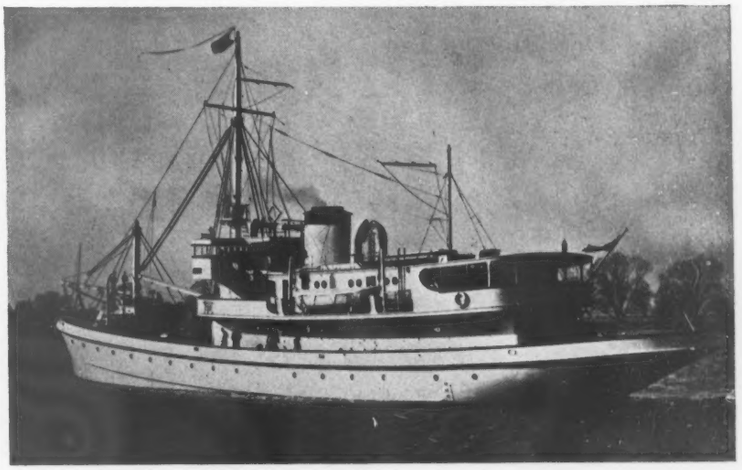
The Army Air Force's 100' aircraft rescue boats are fast, seaworthy and equipped for every contingency. (Brownsville Shipbuilding Co.)

It is the duty of the second echelon of the Shore and Maintenance Battalions to put the boats into first class condition for the first echelon. When the boats return from a mission, they are turned over to the second echelon where they and their equipment are inspected in minute detail. Second echelon boat crews are located on stationary or floating docks or even on barges, all of which are equipped with hoisting cranes.

When heavier repairs, such as replacement of propeller shafts or the installation of complete new motor assemblies, are needed, the boats are turned over to the third echelon, which is especially equipped for this work both in point of equipment and trained personnel. These crews, like those of the second echelon, are located on stationary and floating docks and on barges.

When a boat is turned over to the fourth echelon, she is checked by experts from stem to stern and from keel to bridge, and any repairs needed, to include almost complete rebuilding, are made. The shops of the fourth echelon, comparable to those of large commercial manufacturing concerns, have special departments for the various types of repairs, and also have assembly lines for speeding up work.

Camp Edwards, Massachusetts, is one of the principal training centers for officers and enlisted men of the EAC. Not long ago, amphibious and amphibian troops stormed across Vineyard Sound, smashed "enemy" installations, disrupted "enemy" communications and forced the "foe"



The Coast Artillery Corps' mine planter "Ellery W. Niles" is an unusually handsome and efficient vessel. (U. S. Army Signal Corps Photo)

back into the sea in the most extensive land and sea maneuvers ever staged in that section.

Command boats are among the most interesting types of the vessels of the Engineer Amphibian Command. These are especially adapted for going to the rescue of other boats that might be disabled at sea. These boats, as well as those used for transport, are heavily armed, ready for a fight any time anywhere. All other floating equipment — floats and barges — are provided with guns and armor, and all boats are equipped with radio sending and receiving sets as well as with visual signalling devices.

Every new development of the war has created a new job for the Army Engineer and, at a recent demonstration at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, this Corps revealed a wide variety of new floating equipment. In the field of bridge-building, new types

of synthetic rubber pontoons were used to displace the aluminum boats heretofore employed. The aluminum boats, with their great buoyancy, are needed for the pontoon bridges that will carry the heaviest loads, but the inflated rubber supports can take bridge sections designed for loads up to twelve tons.

The Coast Artillery

"The Coast Artillery Corps," to quote the authoritative *Coast Artillery Journal*, "has been branching out in all directions. It has not only served big guns on fixed seacoast positions, but has mounted them on railway mounts and has accompanied armies in the field. The Corps has gone into new dimensions with barrage balloons, and has gone to sea in its own mine planters. *In the CAC's newest undertaking, Coast Artillery soldiers are protecting merchant ships with Coast Artillery and naval guns on all the seven seas.*"

Today, fourteen months after Pearl Harbor, it is no longer necessary for the CAC to furnish gun crews for merchantmen. Yet the fact that they were asked to "double in brass" during the first critical months of the war is indicative of the professional skill and versatility of the personnel of this famous branch of the Army.

Time was when the favorite question of any Coast Artillery officer was to ask the layman what service was it that laid and serviced the mine fields guarding our strategic harbors. "The Navy" was the usual prompt answer of the unwary citizen and "You're wrong; it's the Army!" was the prideful reply of the officer. Today, that fact is more commonly known yet rarely does the uninitiated realize that the task of laying and servicing these mine fields necessitates a sizable fleet of special service vessels manned by crews rugged enough to stand one of the most difficult and dangerous of military operations. Such mines are of the controlled type; they are detonated by shore controls, and for that reason they are wired — one to another, and from the mine field to shore — by a cable arrangement which suggests an electrician's nightmare.

The vessels employed in this service are the CAC's mine planters which are of varying sizes. All are seagoing vessels (as indicated by the fact that, in the days before the Panama Canal, mine planters of the CAC went around the Horn) and the newest types are of a design and appearance of which any naval architect would be proud. Included in this mine fleet are the distribution box boats, which plant and service the control boxes which are wired to groups of mines and thence to shore, and the small mine yawls which are a rugged type of utility boat.

The CAC conducts a large school at Fort Monroe, Virginia, where diversified instruction is given in all phases of ship operation and mine planting.

The Army Air Force

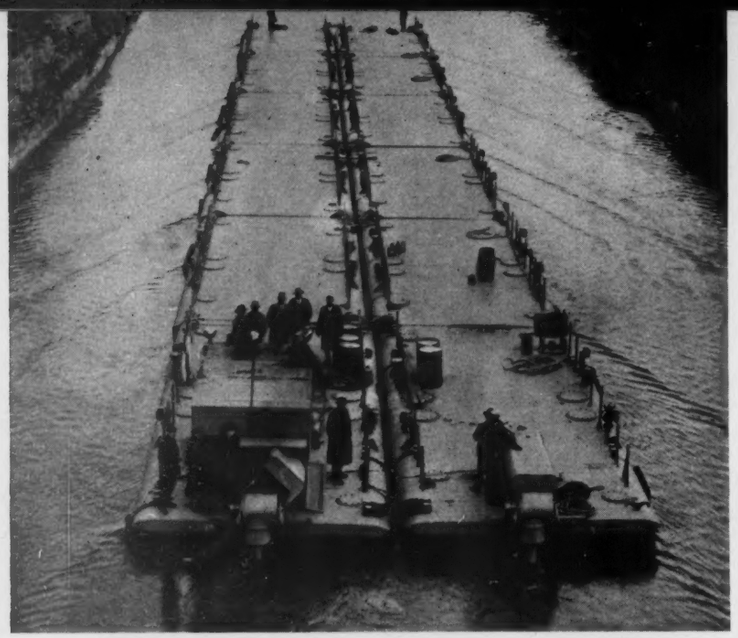
Contradictory as it may appear, the AAF has one of the most highly developed marine divisions of any Army Corps. From the very inception of the war, newspapers and magazines have published photographs of the highly efficient "crash" boats employed by the R.A.F. Designed for all-

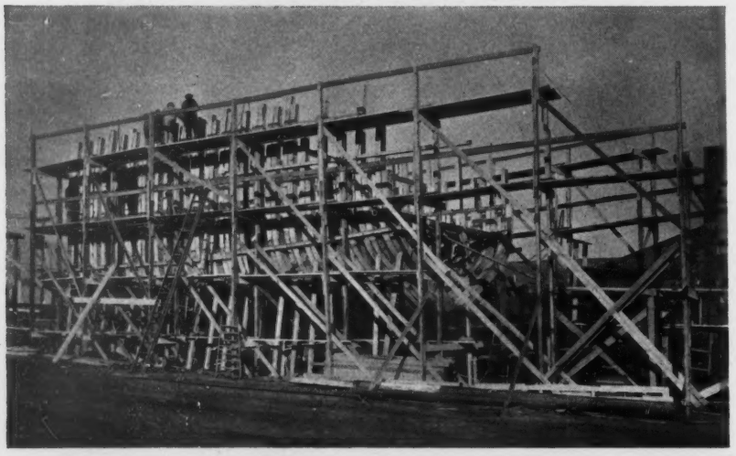
Top, three of the Transportation Corps' 65' freight boats at the Sturgeon Bay Boat Works fitting-out basin. (Reynolds Art Studio.) Below, the Army's tug fleet is one of impressive size. The 74' "Zimmerman" is one of the latest additions. (Levingston Shipbuilding Co.) Designed for service — not for looks, one of the Coast Artillery Corps' non-propelled barrage balloon boats. (Allen Boat Co.) This 37' offshore patrol boat is another example of the design ingenuity of the Higgins Industries

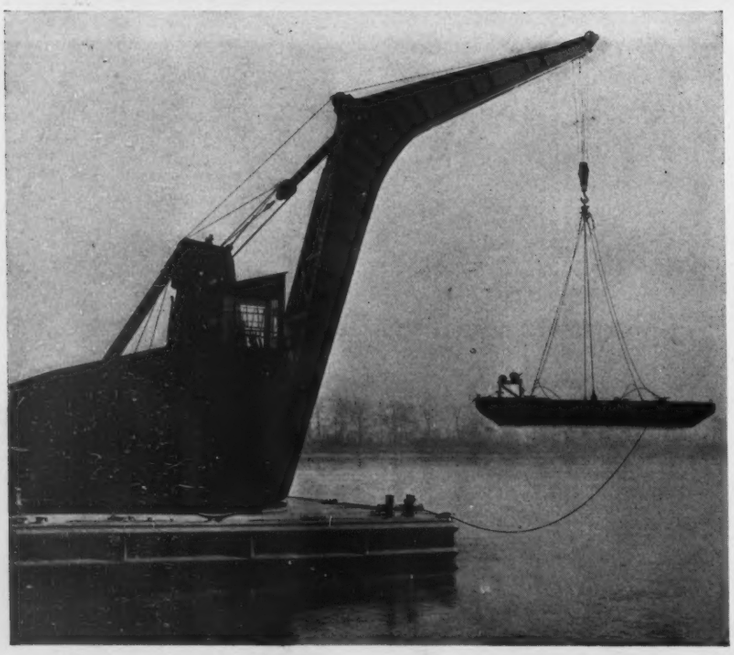
MARCH, 1943

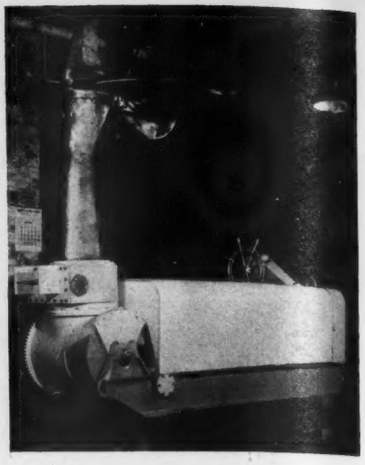
Above, it's not always the Coast Guard which aids flood refugees. Here, an assault boat of the 43rd Engineers is pressed into service in Oklahoma. U. S. Army Signal Corps Photo. Below, at the Higgins Boat Operators School, landing craft navigational problems are discussed in the field. Bottom, Air Force crash boats to the rescue! U. S. Army Air Force Photo.

Above, an unconventional but utilitarian "troopship" was pressed into service during recent Army operations in New Guinea. Such local vessels can carry astonishing quantities of troops and equipment. Acme Newspictures. Below, learning what makes her tick at the Higgins School.









Left, Twelve 45' steel barges of Dolomite design and construction form a freight carrier of impressive proportions. Right, propulsion is by a 130 hp. outboard motor of a type built by Murray and Tregurtha. The shaft swings down after the motor is installed. Below, one of the 140' wooden cargo boats under construction at the Minneford Yacht Yard. (Rosenfeld Photo.) A 26' motor mine yawl built by the Richardson Boat Co. Bottom, a 60-ton floating crane (Ingalls Shipbuilding Co.)

weather operation in the boisterous waters of the English Channel, these first cousins of a torpedo boat have marked up a notable aggregation of rescues. Our own Air Force has always maintained a large fleet of rescue boats, but since Pearl Harbor their number has been augmented by many larger and faster craft of new and improved design.

Although a plane is a valuable and expensive machine, it is the pilot — quite apart from any humanitarian considerations — who is worth far more. Planes can be made in an *X* number of man hours; to train a competent combat flier takes quite a bit longer. Hence the rule of every air force is to save the pilot's life — and to save the plane if possible.

The Air Force's high speed crash boats range from 42 to 104 feet in length. They are designed for service in any type of weather and carry complete rescue, first aid, fire fighting and salvage equipment, as well as a two-way radio. For offshore work, the Air Force fleet has the big 188-foot "Retrievers." These are ocean-going vessels, built of steel and designed to handle any type of rescue and salvage operation.

Each member of the crew of these vessels has a specific job, and one which must be accomplished in a matter of seconds. These "sailors" of the Air Force are especially selected and trained. Even their uniforms bespeak their nautical assignment, for they wear the blue denims and white caps of their seafaring brothers in the service.

The Air Force's Institute, Scott Field, Illinois, has for the past two years been offering a course of instruction to the enlisted men of the Air Forces in crash boat operation. It is the only school in the Service which offers such instruction. Lessons are being received at the present time from students who operate these boats in all parts of the globe. It is the purpose of this course to offer instruction in the operation and maintenance of crash boats, marine engines, applicable first aid, flotation gear and its use during rescue work, and navigation and nomenclature necessary to operate crash boat equipment on inland and coastal waters.

An important, but less dramatic, branch of the AAF's "navy" is the "ferry service," which is operated by numerous air fields located on waterways at some distance from the nearest railhead. Such an operation is conducted at the Army Air Base at Bolling Field, D. C. Here trim cabin cruisers, manned by the service's "soldier-sailors," run a ferry service to and from Washington on an eight-hour day, seven days a week schedule. In twelve months' time, this novel three-boat fleet will have saved 2,225,000 tire miles, 10,000 gallons of gasoline and 5000 eight-hour working days. In addition to serving as workday ferries, the cruisers are fitted as auxiliary crash boats — ready on a second's warning to join with the regularly maintained crash boats to speed to a plane wreck in the Potomac.

Perhaps the most novel type of crash boats in the AAF service are the "Swamp Gliders," which draw but 2" or 3" and are designed and built for use in areas such as the Everglades. Propelled by an airscrew and capable of carrying three men plus an operator, they have proven outstandingly successful.

Top, the Army's "storm boats," propelled by outboard motors, are capable of heavy loads and high speeds. Below, the 42' Amphibian Command boat is but one of the many types being built for the Armed Forces by the Chris-Craft Corp. Both the Engineers and Infantry employ assault boats. Bottom, light mobile equipment being transported by outboard propelled rubber floats. (U. S. Army Signal Corps Photo)

Within recent months the AAF's fleet has been increased by the acquisition of those vessels which heretofore had been assigned to the Quartermaster Corps. As a result, the Air Corps is now the principal operator of all of the Army's high speed vessels.

The Transportation Corps

Most important of all the Army Corps concerned with floating equipment — in terms of vessels designed, built, procured and operated — is the Transportation Corps. It maintains what may rightfully be described as the largest non-combative fleet in the world. The statistics of this operation are breathtaking. The TC's procurement activity involves the construction of vessels up to 1000 tons, ranging from the 16-foot Swamp Gliders procured for the AAF to the 188-foot Mine Planters built for the Coast Artillery Mine Planter Service. Many of the barges it is constructing run as large as 220 feet overall. The Transportation Corps' quota of vessels built in 1942 was 2200; in 1943 this figure will total 3900. Of these, 50 per cent are of wood and 50 per cent of steel. The power plants for these vessels range from 30 hp. to 1200 hp. One hundred contractors and 800 subcontractors were employed to construct and equip this mighty fleet, and for a total expenditure approximating $127,000,000 in 1942! And people ask if the Army has a "navy"!

In addition, the Transportation Corps is charged with the procurement of operational supplies and special equipment required in operating its ports of embarkation, holding and reconsignment stations and other establishments, as well as those required in the maintenance, repair and conversion of Army transports. Such items include cargo handling gear, special equipment for the conversion of cargo vessels to troop transports, floating docks, and so on.

This vast operation is centered in the TC's Water Division which, in turn, is separated into special branches such as the Ship Operations Branch, the Ocean Traffic Branch, the Stevedoring and Ship Facilities Branch, the Harbor Boat Branch, and the Design, Maintenance and Repair Branch. The operational efficiency of each one of these branches is further increased by the establishments of special units which handle such matters as design, survey and other essential activities.

Generally speaking, the Ship Operations Branch is primarily concerned with the operation and employment of all Army-owned transports (both passenger and cargo). The Ocean Traffic Branch can best be described as a mammoth forwarding service, for it is this unit which is charged with the endless details of providing adequate ship tonnage for the Army's many transportation needs, and coördinating these activities with those of the War Shipping Administration and the Naval Transportation Service.

But it is the Harbor Boat Branch which is of special interest to the yachtsman, for it is this division which maintains the vast multitude of the Army's small craft. Specifically, it is its function to recommend the acquisition — either by construction, purchase or requisition — of all harbor boats and inter-island vessels required by the Services of Supply of the War Department. It also either assigns such vessels to a specific Corps or operates them in behalf of the TC.

(Continued on page 87)

TORPEDOED!

Ten Days in a Crowded Life Boat on the Atlantic

By OAKLEY H. BUSH

IT WAS Thursday evening late in the month of October. Four passengers and the Captain were enjoying their usual after-dinner gossip on the starboard bridgedeck. The Captain had just passed around several packages of chewing gum — a rare treat. Suddenly, without warning, the blast of a terrific explosion hit the ship, apparently amidships, just below us. The impact hurled us to the deck in wild confusion. I thought that I saw a flash and, as I scrambled to my feet, I saw the Captain run up the ladder to the bridge and heard him exclaim: "My God, this is it!" Slowly I realized that we were torpedoed in mid-Atlantic.

Our ship was the S.S. *W* ——, homeward bound for New York with her holds filled with a precious cargo which had taken six months to collect. I was one of eight passengers, returning home to Canada after fourteen months stay at a mine up-country on the Gold Coast. My fellow passengers included two friends on leave from the gold mines, a Pan American employee, a doctor's wife returning to New York to visit her small daughter, a missionary with his eight-year-old son Paul, and two other missionaries from Nigeria.

It had been rather a strange voyage. All of us were most anxious to get home after months or years in the depressing climate of the tropics. As subs had been active for some time along the route we followed, the subject which naturally was foremost in our minds was "being torpedoed." As a passenger, I had little contact with the 56 members of our crew, the officers and naval gunners. We had been given regular boat drill several times each week and I shall never forget the terrifying feeling that the seven long blasts on the whistle gave me as I stood on the windswept boat deck while practicing abandon ship. At all times we carried our life jackets when we were not actually wearing them, and each of us had a "going away bag" close by. In this were kept valuables, passports, money and a good supply of tobacco and chocolate. The cabin doors were always hooked ajar to prevent them becoming jammed should a torpedo spring the bulkheads. At night, we hung our jackets on a hook on the cabin door with the "going away bags" directly under them.

After the first sudden explosion, I remember a moment of soft quiet when I noticed that the engines had stopped and I could hear torrents of water running over the decks. This, no doubt, was the water which had spurted up on the starboard side from the explosion of the torpedo, tearing the two starboard life boats from their davits. There was a sickening smell of cordite smoke.

As the Captain dashed up the ladder to the bridge, we passengers stumbled down the companionway to the deck below and groped our way through the passage into the cabins. Like the others, I was confused, but I found my bag all right. As I returned through the passageway, I called to our only woman passenger and asked her if she was ready. "Yes, coming," she replied. My chum and I waited for her to join us on the deck. I remember thinking: "Is this it? Am I going to come out of this, or not?" When Mrs. F. joined us, we made our way up the stairs to the starboard bridge deck. As we reached the deck, I heard someone say: "All the boats are gone." At first I thought that they had been launched but we soon realized that those on our side had been blown clear by the explosion.

What happened next seems somewhat clouded. I do remember the woman falling over some gear in the complete darkness and my pulling her roughly to her feet. About this time I realized that I was without a life jacket, and I had the feeling that in another moment the ship might plunge under the surface and I would be struggling in the water. I dropped my bag and stumbled about for a few moments in hopes of finding a jacket, but without success. A voice yelled "port boats." I made my way aft to the wireless house and around it to the port side. Here several men were moving about with flashlights. I glanced over the side and saw that number two boat was in the water and almost swamped; the forward fall of this boat slipped or gave way first as she was being launched. As the ship still had way on her, the boat nosed under and at once filled with water. Several men were attempting to cut her loose and were struggling in the water around her sides. The after boat on the port side, number four, looked in better condition. She was launched and rapidly began filling with people, who swarmed over the side down the rope safety net. I reached out and grabbed a safety rope down which I quickly slid into the boat.

During the confusion, I lost the sandals I was wearing and, as my bare feet touched a cork life jacket, I hurriedly reached down and retrieved it from the boat's bottom. Many of us were shouting to those above to come down quickly. I remember noticing that number two boat was at last freed from her falls and I saw her drop astern. It seemed but a moment, but it must have been several minutes, before our boat was cut loose; someone held on to a rope forward which kept us alongside the ship. As we dropped astern, I saw the Captain run aft along the lower deck. He leaned over the side and called: "I'm coming over the side." We shouted encouragement and, in a moment, the red light of his life jacket could be seen bobbing in the water. At the same time, another seaman jumped over the side and we hauled both of them into our boat.

Down she goes! Another victim of an Axis torpedo. From an official U. S. Navy photograph

Our boat was difficult to manage and we were overcrowded. In her, I found my chum and Mrs. F. After the shock and confusion of getting to the boats, we were unorganized. It was difficult to distinguish who your next companion was, nor did any of us much care; perhaps we felt too thankful at getting clear without worrying, during those first few minutes, as to our next danger. Soon, however, the officers made their way aft and began giving orders; the confusion lessened. The oars were untied from the thwarts and the small bilge pump put in operation. Between turns at the oars, I attempted to help those about me; one young naval gunner became extremely sick to his stomach. He had been ill aboard ship for some weeks and now he vomited over the side continually. We held him by the waist as he leaned over the gunwale. One of the missionaries complained about a cut on his head. With a flashlight, I saw a large skull wound from which the blood was streaming.

A red flare was plainly visible some distance away and, under the officers' command, we rowed over and rescued a seaman from a stove boat. This man had been returning to his quarters from his watch on the bridge when the torpedo struck. He was directly above the point where the explosion occurred and he remembered seeing the two starboard life boats drop past him. He dove over the rail and swam to one of the stove boats. This same man proved quite valuable a few days later when he repaired our sail expertly. He was a Puerto Rican and, later in the voyage, did much to keep up our morale. We also managed to take aboard a breaker of fresh water and a container of food.

Next, we made for a life raft which was signaling with a flashlight. This proved to have six or eight naval gunners aboard, with one member of the crew, the ship's carpenter. We took the raft in tow.

A few minutes later, we heard another explosion and, looking towards the ship, which could be seen in the faint light of the rising moon, I saw her break amidships. The two ends seemed to rise in the form of a large V; next moment she plunged beneath the waves. A stern voice silenced the murmur of the boat's company with: "Be quiet . . . our ship." Until this second torpedo, the ship appeared to be on an even keel. We were then within 200 yards of her and I thought that the officers planned to board her again in daylight had she remained afloat. Some thought that the second explosion was caused by the sea reaching the boilers, but it seems apparent that she was torpedoed twice; once on either side amidships, almost cutting the ship in two parts.

My eyes were still watching the glow from the phosphorescence left after the ship disappeared when I heard someone whisper: "The sub." I turned in time to see a long, narrow submarine break surface about 25 yards behind us in the opposite direction from the ship. She had evidently circled the ship and, when it seemed that the latter would not sink from the first torpedo, let her have another from the opposite side. It was 7:07 p.m. when the first torpedo hit and, when someone looked at his watch when the second went, it was 8:35. So it had taken us an hour and a half to do all that I have just described.

We now had the worst moments of the entire experience for we thought that the submarine would fire upon us, as the guns on her fore deck were plainly visible. All was quiet in our boat, for we hoped that we might escape detection. Then a clear voice with a slight foreign accent called in English: "What is the name of your ship?" The Captain replied, giving the name. Again from the submarine: "Is your Captain aboard your boat?" "Yes," was the reply, "I am the Captain." Then the officer on the submarine said: "Come alongside to starboard, our engines are stopped." We could see the men on the submarine behind the machine guns.

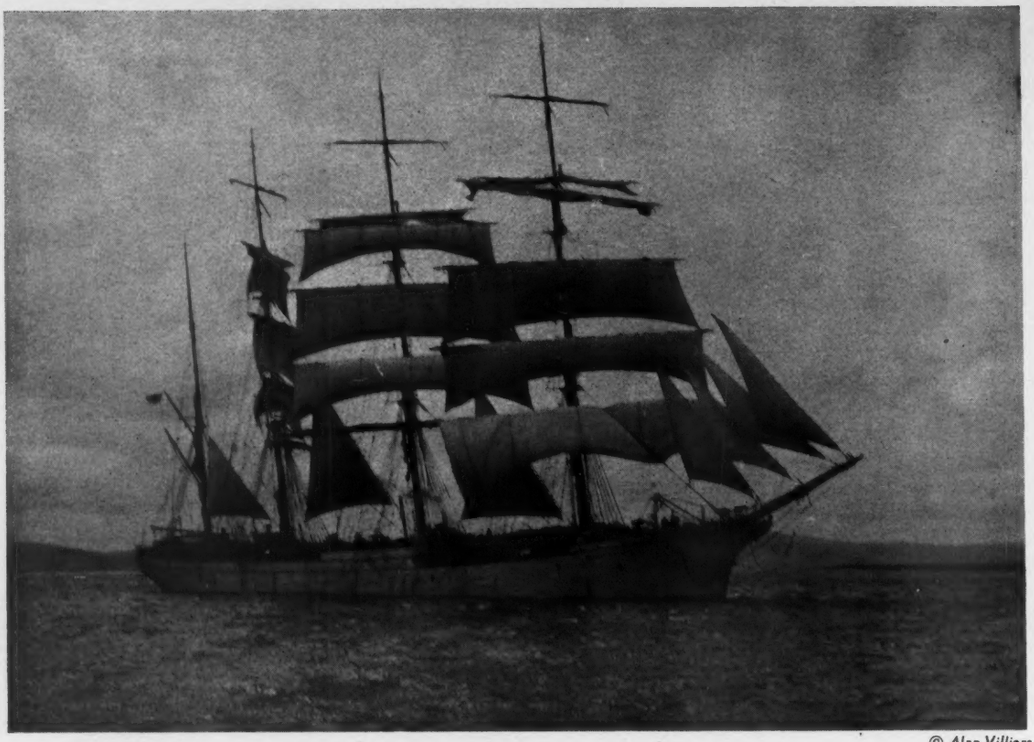
To aid in maneuvering, we cut the raft loose, pulled across the bow of the sub and allowed our boat to drop amidships, opposite the conning tower. I heard one of the boys on the raft call: "Don't leave us now." Someone replied: "We'll pick you up later." It was the only thing we could do, as our crowded life boat was most difficult to manage in the choppy sea, and impossible with a heavy raft in tow. We had no alternative but to obey the submarine to the letter. As we came alongside, the same voice ordered our Captain to come aboard, and he scrambled through the chain rail and we pushed clear. After a wait of several minutes, perhaps twenty, we were called back and this time the wireless operator went aboard. While alongside the sub, we were banged against her several times by the sea, and our rudder was smashed. This added to the difficulty of handling the boat. Another wait and then we went alongside once more and the Captain and the wireless operator returned to our boat. At once the submarine's engines began turning over and she slipped away into the gloom.

Safe at last! A crowded lifeboat alongside the rescue vessel. Official U. S. Coast Guard photo, from Press Association Inc.

We were adrift in a 26- by 9-foot steel life boat. There were 35 all told, including one woman and one eight-year-old boy. Fortunately, we had only slight casualties or wounded, the missionary with the skull wound, but the majority were violently seasick. I was one of the fortunate three in the boat who escaped being sick. After calling out for my friends and finding that they were in the boat, I helped with the bilge pump and spent the long night moving from one position to another and attempting to make the others and myself as comfortable as possible in the crowded space.

Recent regulations have made provisions for long boat voyages by torpedoed seamen and our life boat was well equipped with a red sail, approximately 12 by 8 feet. The red dye seemed to have rotted this sail and it was fortunate

(Continued on page 84)



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The "Herzogin Cecilie" with her after yards backed

A NICE AFTERNOON SAIL

Part II — An Unexpected Rival Causes an Unpremeditated Race

By NEVILLE G. COLEMAN

OUR friend the Port Phillip Pilot had spun us the yarn of bringing the great four-master *Herzogin Cecilie* into port at Melbourne, racing against increasing darkness. He had brought her to anchor off Gellibrand Light in a rising squall and had spent the night aboard, having arrived too late for medical inspection. He went on with his tale:

"Early next morning a tug passed her line to us, the anchor was hove up to a rousing chanty at the capstan and the *Herzogin Cecilie* was soon on her way to an upriver berth to discharge her cargo. My job was done as soon as the river pilot came aboard and so, after a few brief parting words, I followed my bag down into the pilot launch towing alongside and started on my way home to a hot bath and breakfast."

From the depths of one of the big chairs came a quiet voice. "We saw you that evening, Captain," it said, "and I'll never forget the picture she made, ramping up the Bay in that breeze with everything set. Probably never see anything like it again. We were down doing a few odd jobs on the boat when Bill here spotted you. Needless to say, there was no work done. We timed you between a line to Portarlington and another to Point Cook, pricked the distance off on the chart, and, assuming you were in the usual steamer track, we estimated that you were doing a good thirteen knots."

The Pilot grunted his confirmation and settled more comfortably in his chair, easing some of the weight onto his shoulder blades. He went on with a chuckle: "Although that's all about my 'afternoon sail,' the *Herzogin Cecilie* hadn't finished with me."

\+ + +

About four weeks later, or it might have been five, I was in the Pilot Office at Williamstown one morning when an urgent message came in from her agents asking for a pilot and a full-power tug to take her straight out to sea, and I was listed for the job.

This sudden activity was a bit mysterious, for windjammers are not hustlers as a rule and it was generally the practice for them to dry dock in Melbourne in preparation for their long run home again. As a matter of fact, there was another bark, the *Beatrice*, anchored just outside Gellibrand which had been docked and made ready for sea and had been waiting a week or ten days for a fair wind to save the towage bill for the long pluck to the Heads.

These two vessels, the *Herzogin Cecilie* and the *Beatrice*, were bound in ballast for Port Lincoln, South Australia, to load wheat for Europe. I was curious to learn the reason for the sudden departure by the *Cecilie*.

About lunch time, she came down the River and I took over from the river pilot. The big seagoing tug took the strain and we headed for the West Channel, as the *Cecilie* was drawing only seventeen feet. I found out afterwards that she had sailed so hurriedly that two hundred tons of ballast had been left behind.

Captain de Clous was in high good humor at his success in stealing a march on the *Beatrice*. He explained that a friend of his in Port Lincoln had written to tell him that the loading berth there would soon be vacant and, as it is a case of first come first served, he had bustled off to sea to "peg the claim."

Over at Port Lincoln the wharfage is limited and only one ship can load direct from the railway trucks. All the other ships loading at the port have to lie out in the stream and the wheat must be lightered out to them, a slow and laborious business. The ship at the jetty, therefore, loads quickly and gets away for home with little loss of time. To secure

this advantage, the master of the *Cecilie* had foregone his dry docking, cut his visit short and chartered a full-powered tug, but he reckoned that the end justified the means.

This time the wind was a light southerly to sou'sou'east, typical summer weather, a dead muzzler, and we could set only a few fore-'n-aft sails. The tug walked us along in good style and by early evening we passed through the Heads and were towed out seven or eight miles for a good offing.

The Captain was a bit troubled by the absence of wind but I reassured him. "Keep your lights burning bright and show a good stern light," I suggested. "We'll keep an eye on you from the pilot steamer and if you look like drifting into trouble we'll come and lend a hand."

The Captain thanked me, acknowledged my good wishes for the trip, and I dropped into my boat. The tug tooted a cheery farewell and, heaving in the heavy hawser, swung back towards the Heads. As I was pulled away from the *Herzogin Cecilie*, her head was pointed sou'westerly and all hands were making sail, but this time the canvas hung up and down, the yards creaking in the slight roll of the sea, and the reef points pattering in the stillness of the evening. When I came on deck next morning, she was still there, a pyramid of sail motionless on the silky sea.

"She hardly moved all night, sir," Gus reported to me. "She got a few light airs which shoved her along a bit, but the current set her back again." I couldn't resist a smile at this anticlimax to the bustle and hustle of the previous afternoon, but the best was yet to come. Next moment, his voice changed to incredulous wonder. "Strewth, sir," he ejaculated, "look at that!" I swung round and followed his pointing finger. Away inside the Heads, lifting over the scrubby dunes of Swan Island, appeared the slender spars and delicate top hamper of the other four-masted bark being towed to sea down the West Channel.

The humor of the situation burst on us and we both yelled with laughter. "Stone the crows!" spluttered Gus, "it's the *Beatrice*."

It's well known that every seaport has a "waterfront wireless" and, by some mysterious means, the master of the *Beatrice* had got wind of the *Cecilie's* intentions and made some arrangements of his own. Perhaps he guessed the reason for the *Cecilie's* sudden departure and knew he couldn't afford to wait any longer for a fair wind, so he engaged a small tug, the *Minah*. You probably know her, she's really suitable only for light jobs, but he evidently counted on the weather being favorable and he was right. He had the advantage of the flat calm which had held up the *Cecilie*, whose master had the chagrin of seeing his rival towed to within a mile of him before starting to hang out the washing.

The two of them lay becalmed there nearly all the morning, when a breeze came in from the east'ard and away they went with a fair wind. In a couple of hours, they were out of sight.

The next news I heard of them was from the master of a British tanker which I boarded late that evening. He was agog with excitement at seeing two windjammers running, neck and neck, past Cape Otway. "Bah goom, Ah could hardly believe mah eyes, Pilot," he told me, "two of 'em, mind yer, *these* days!"

The race became a topic of intense interest among the pilots and next day a brother pilot phoned me to say a P. & O. steamer he had brought in had sighted a four-masted bark off Cape Northumberland, still running free with a half gale from the East. We heard no more beyond the official shipping news report of the arrival of both vessels at Port Lincoln but, a day or two later, I received a letter from the master of the *Herzogin Cecilie* describing the run. They had lost sight of the *Beatrice* during the second night but sighted her ahead when reaching up Spencer Gulf. Both ships cracked on every stitch they had and made a

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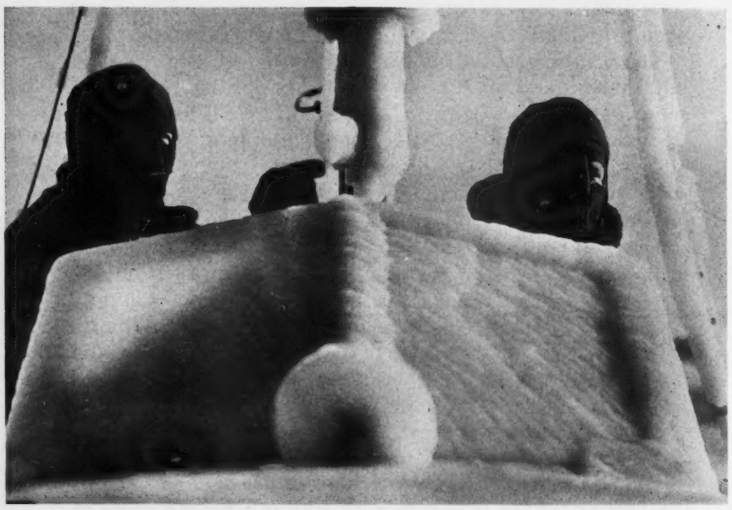
Next morning she was still where the tug had dropped her, a pyramid of sail motionless on the silky sea

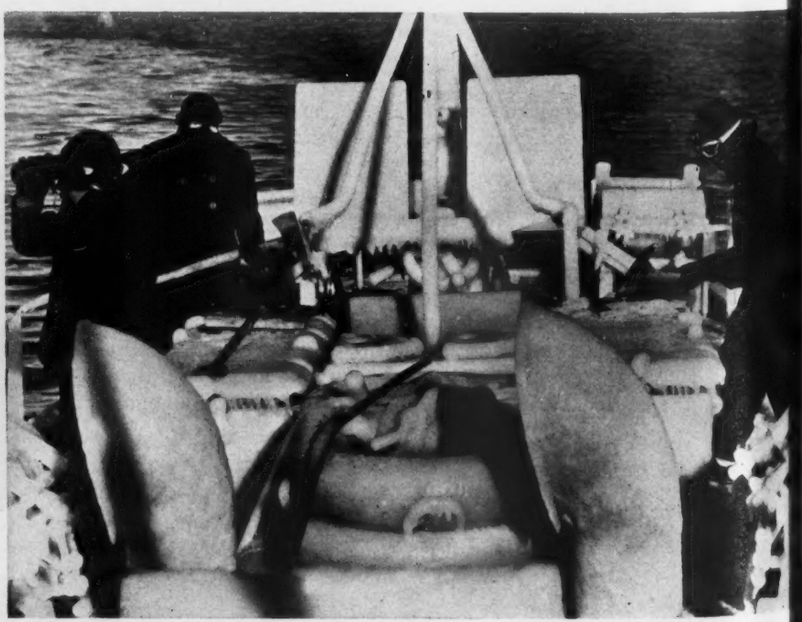
H. Lee Platt

WINTER PATROL

Neither words nor pictures can adequately describe the rigors of offshore service in winter weather. On large vessels, ice, sleet and snow are merely additional operational hazards but on small craft freezing spray and snow squalls spell trouble for all hands. Above, a vessel of the Coast Guard's sailing fleet returns to port under a heavy coating of ice and snow. Right, there is an inch of ice over the flying bridge of this Coast Guard boat. Below, axes, mallets and persistence are the principal weapons for de-icing superstructures and fittings. Even depth charges must be freed and the racks made usable



Official U. S. Coast Guard Photos



"A RATHER AMUSING SEQUEL"

By

WARWICK M. TOMPKINS

A RATHER amusing sequel to these accidents occurred during the afternoon. The American schooner *Wander Bird*, belonging to Mr. Warwick Tompkins, which had crossed the Atlantic, dragged her anchor in a gale, and, drifting westward, went aground on a rock off Egypt Point. The *Whippingham*, which was passing, threw her a line and towed her off so the *Wander Bird* escaped damage."

This is the concluding paragraph of a despatch from Cowes, Isle of Wight, July 31st, 1933, by Major B. Heckstall-Smith.

The Major may have found it all very amusing. There is no accounting for tastes. But on the afternoon of July 31st, 1933, neither the Stephens boys in their Fastnet-winner *Dorade*, the Morss boys of the *Grenadier*, the doughty lads of *Brilliant* nor we in *Wander Bird* — to mention but a few — were in a mood to be the least amused by any further disasters, especially by any more centering around that unfortunate ferry, the *Whippingham*. It was the close of that Blue Monday at Cowes, and it had been a day such as to make the Major's remark equivalent to a deeply planted bandillero in the back of a baited bull. It had been a most unfunny day for all of us.

The preceding evening had clearly foretold brisk racing on the morrow, the opening day of Cowes Week. The Roads held a close-packed and varied armada. Lying gun'le to gun'le, drying out with every low tide, the International Dinghies lay inshore. Then there were the six- and eight-tonners and so on up through the sturdy Fastnet fleet to the royal *Britannia*, the sharp *Westward*, the bark *Fantôme*, the topsail schooner *Ocean* (she of the painted gunports) and, finally, the antiquated clipper-bowed hulk of the royal steam yacht *Victoria & Albert* lying in the full sweep of the tides at a huge mooring buoy. Ships were nowhere further apart than a gentle biscuit toss and the possibilities requisite for marine disaster were not lost to me as we let go *Wander Bird's* hook on the outskirts of the fleet, just north of the Royal Yacht Squadron's Castle, with the comfortable open space of the harbor fairway immediately astern. This berth would necessitate some strenuous rowing, of course, but that open water astern was better than money in the bank.

Parenthetically, it should be said that these things here recorded befell my ship on her fourth summer cruise. School and college lads were my crew. Under us we had a staunch and powerful ship, splendidly equipped. As always, too, I had not a spare cent of funds.

Well, the wind came before daylight and, with many another master, I took my morning coffee on deck where I was watching the anchor chain, estimating swinging arcs and intervening distances to adjacent ships. The gun-metal sky, the board-stiff flags and the swift flood tide starting to the east, down-wind, boded no good. A second anchor would be good insurance.

The starboard anchor was holding splendidly with a long scope of chain. Waiting for a lull in the growing wind, we made ready the port anchor, flaking the chain out on deck as we were obliged to do with our ancient windlass. Then, in a lull, we shortened scope on the starboard anchor and let go the spare. Unhappily, at this instant, with scope shortened, the wind came again furiously and the anchor started. Before it dug in again, aided by the second anchor, we had shifted our berth until our stern was possibly fifty feet within the fairway. We congratulated ourselves on the foresight which had provided for open water astern. Dragging like that anywhere else in the Roads might have been disastrous, not only to us but to other anchored vessels.

"Wander Bird" is an old Elbe pilot boat in which Warwick Tompkins and his family have made a number of long voyages

Ellsworth Ford

The roadstead at Cowes. The royal yacht "Victoria and Albert" is at the left and the King's famous cutter "Britannia" in the center

Several ferries came and went on their business and we were relieved to see that our slight encroachment on their fairway bothered them not at all.

The King's Harbormaster steamed alongside shortly in his launch to comment on our trespass.

"Very sorry; we'll shift back at slack water," I explained. "We've got no power and can't sail out of here under these conditions."

"Right-o," he sang back pleasantly enough. "Tide turns about three. Stay where you are until then."

It was noon when I sighted a ferry approaching from Southampton under conditions such that I called the boys on deck to witness clearly-foreshadowed trouble. The westerly was a full gale now. For the first time in the long history of Cowes Week, an entire day's racing had been cancelled and on every ship busy figures could be seen passing chafing gear around warps, heaving launches to davit heads and rigging fenders against imminent collisions. The ferry clawing toward us was headed a full thirty degrees west of her course. She was heeled sharply, thanks to the wind on her expansive side and a throng of sightseers lining her lee rail. "Watch this, fellows! The stage is set for trouble."

Moving fast, as she must to stay to windward and to fetch a windward dock, the black side-wheeler shot past close astern. WHIPPINGHAM–SOUTHERN RAILWAY Co. SOUTHAMPTON was blazoned in gold on her paddle boxes. She was almost safe, nearly docked, when a heavily-loaded launch idiotically shot directly into her path. We heard a frantic jangle of telegraph bells, saw the paddles halt quiveringly and at once go astern, and the launch was saved. But command of the ferry was irrevocably lost. Gripped by a five-knot tide, impelled balloon-like by the gale, the *Whippingham* smashed sidewise into the dense yacht fleet. Directly in her devastating path were, among many others, *Dorade*, *Brilliant*, *Grenadier* and *Amaryllis*. Further away, but likewise in line, was *Britannia*.

The ferry's bulk obscured our view but we heard alarmed cries and the crashing of stout wood. Over her upper deck, beyond the now-stilled walking beam, we saw tangling and gyrating spars and could well imagine what confusion and destruction they indicated.

Involuntarily we gave a sudden cheer. For all the world like a slippery melon seed between pinching fingers, the spunky *Dorade* popped clear of the mess, unscratched. She had been lying to manila, rather than chain, and quick, slashing knives had freed her swiftly and in time.

Ponderously the *Whippingham* swung bow to wind. Whether she let go an anchor or was simply hung up on the craft under her port side I do not know. She now presented less danger, threatened a narrower swath, and in a short time she worked clear and fetched her dock. *Grenadier*, we could now see, had lost her bowsprit; that meant the Morss boys were cheated of their plan to sail west across the Atlantic. *Brilliant* had lost some rail and her rigging hung slack. Word got about that she had been badly crushed, too.

As though satisfied with its prank, the wind eased.

"What about getting the mail now, Skipper?"

"And some fresh milk for lunch?" My crew set up their invariable clamor, so I let a couple of the most vociferous pull me ashore.

"Pick me up in an hour and a half," I sang out as they pulled lustily back to the schooner.

Before my errands were complete, however, the wind returned with greater fury and, when I'd pushed my way through the narrow and crowded High Street to the esplanade, I saw that I was a marooned mariner. Not only would it have been exceedingly difficult for the boat to have come for me but it was plain that all hands were busy with mysterious activities centering around *Wander Bird*.

The *Irishman*, a tug, was standing by the schooner, indeed already had a line aboard her. The Harbormaster was megaphoning what seemed a heated harangue to Mate Warner and Bosun William Palmer whose gesticulations I could see

if not interpret. Hands were manning the windlass, alternately pumping up and down on the brakes and then taking breathers while the Mate leaned over the side to shout anew at the Harbormaster, pointing frequently to the anchor chain which seemed to be up-and-down.

Obviously, the Harbormaster had thought it wise to move the ship earlier than I had planned. Probably the *Whippingham's* captain, trying to excuse his mishap, had sought to blame our intrusion on the fairway for his difficulties. Well, getting this shifting job done now, with the help of the tug, was most welcome, even though it gave me a funny feeling to be standing ashore watching someone else handle my ship. So thinking, I saw Mate and Bosun throw their arms up in a gesture which apparently meant the anchors were broken out. The tug whistled angrily, spouted smoke, and swung the ship in a circle, towing her away from and out of the fleet. I was annoyed, however, when she dropped the schooner a full half-mile or more to the westward of the scant shelter of the Roads, right off Egypt Point, a spot even more exposed and inaccessible than our previous berth. "The idiot might have simply pulled us fifty yards to windward," I muttered. "He knows very well we have no motor launches." Nevertheless, the *Bird* now lay in solitary state; the new berth had that merit. She had lots of room now, anyway. So long as this wind howled, she might be far better off there than in the fleet. Just now the ship was lying broadside to the wind, bow inshore. The tide had started to ebb, holding her athwart the wind.

I was an hour finding a motor boat whose owner could be coaxed and bought into taking me to the schooner. When I finally neared the ship, seeing her through clouds of flung spray, it seemed to me she was closer to the shore than I had first believed. Plainly she was still a plaything of wind and tide because her anchor chain still hung straight down with no indication of any stress.

"You anchored her pretty close to the beach," I said somewhat sharply as I jumped aboard. "If we swing inshore ——"

"Hell, Skipper," Warner interrupted, scowling, "We aren't anchored at all. The anchors are fouled under the keel. That damned tug swung us in circles before we could get them up ——"

"Then why the devil did you drop the tug?" I demanded, aghast.

"We didn't drop him," William broke in. "He dropped us. No matta whut we say that ole harbormaster he just done tell the tug to leggo the line. We done tole him plenty our tackle all foul an' he jes' bugger off without sayin' nuthin'. If ever I lays han's on that man ——"

"Yeh, and he left you this, too," added Warner handing me a damp paper, "a bill for towage, twenty pounds. Said you had ordered the tug."

I'd ordered no tug nor authorized moving of the ship and I was thoroughly angry at the dilemma we now found ourselves facing. But it was no time for idle anger. The ship was in grave peril.

"Get a sounding forward, quick. How much water?"

"Two fathoms and a bit."

"Good! Then we are still afloat. Shake out the jibs. We'll pull her around and get off this beach." It seemed quite simple and the boys jumped to obey. "Jibs sheeted home, sir," came the smart cry from forward and I waited eagerly for the answering swing of the bow. But there was no response. Plainly the tangle of anchors and chains underfoot was so bulky it was pinioning the ship and preventing her escape. In a matter of minutes, the ebbing tide would set us down on that snarl, possibly jamming sharp flukes through our bottom. Somehow, and quickly, we had to get into deep water.

"A tug! Send us a tug!" we bawled to an onlooker ashore. "And hurry!" He nodded understandingly and bicycled toward Cowes. Just then we saw the *Irishman*, the only available tug, I knew, puffing off to the eastward on some other mission.

"There goes the *Whippingham* again," someone sang out as the ill-starred ferry started another return trip to Southampton. "Look! She's coming this way. Maybe she'll give us a hand!"

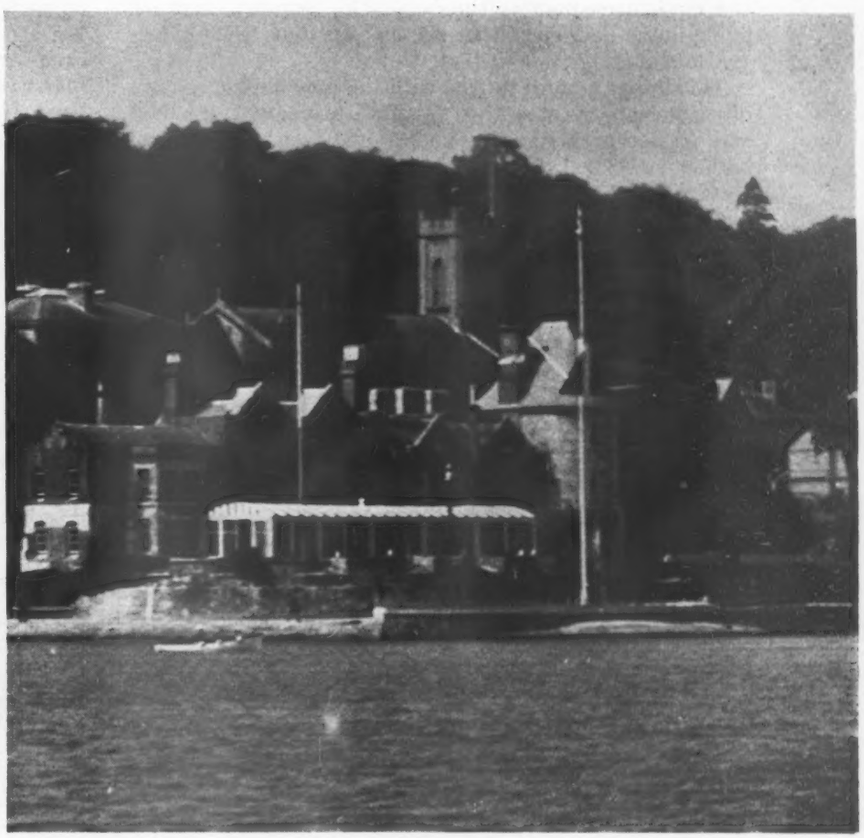
"It sure would be a sporting thing to do," another thought aloud.

"After smashing up so many of us Yanks it does seem the least they can do, to give us a pluck offshore," I echoed the thought, and by now it was certain that it was our distress which had diverted the ferry. She was indeed coming to our aid.

Text books of sea law are explicit on the point. Never accept assistance from anyone at sea without having, in writing, an agreement concerning salvage or towage to be paid. I was well aware of this, naturally, but now, with the sands of time swiftly running out, with a gale jamming words back into one's throat, with great difficulty involved in getting a line, let alone a legal document, to the *Whippingham*, my sole thought was of how to get the ship into deep water. What would be gained if, by hesitation or haggling, I lost the ship?

On the first heave, the *Whippingham's* line fell far short, frustrated by the wind, and the clumsy steamer was another fifteen minutes getting into position for a second try. This

(Continued on page 74)



The Royal Yacht Squadron's "Castle" at Cowes. Photograph by Ellsworth Ford

HOW TO RUN A YACHTSMAN

By CAPTAIN JOHN SHIPWRIGHT

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

THERE are a lot of funny things about a shipyard. One is usually the shipyard man, the others are yachtsmen. Running a shipyard is a job for a rugged individualist and statistics show that only a small percentage of us humans can work for ourselves. It is, then, little wonder that many shipyard owners are either not quite equal to the job or show characteristics so different from the average mortal as to make them seem a bit queer. There is, however, no such easy out for the yachtsmen. They come from all walks of life; some work for themselves, some work for others, some think they are working to support the shipyard, and still others never work or are on the government payroll.

One of our good customers possibly has the answer when he says, "Oh, you have to be a bit crazy to be a yachtsman," but there are so many forms of this incurable ailment, this *dementia nautica*, that a frank discussion of some of the cases may be both interesting and instructive. To begin with, we must bear in mind that the boat owner takes an awful financial beating for what he gets. The late J. P. Morgan was undoubtedly right when he said that if you have to think of the cost of your yacht, you had best do without her, but few of us are as keen as Mr. Morgan. P. T. Barnum was even more right when he said there is a sucker born every minute. Hereby hangs the tale of the yacht and the yacht owner, with the yachting publications, the naval architect, the equipment manufacturer and the shipyard man all living in the house or rather off the boat that Jack built — yes, lots of jack.

This brings us face to face with the most unhappy form of yachtsman, the man who can afford, say $3,000 for a boat and, instead of buying the smallest and best boat that can be had for $3,000, buys the largest and most dilapidated crate that he can find for this amount. This man immediately becomes a pain in the neck to the shipyard, the butcher, the baker and all of his creditors. Strange as it may seem, the dozens of books on how to pick (which doesn't necessarily mean pick with an icepick) yourself a boat, both used and usable, never warn of the apparently irresistible temptation to get the longest one for the money. They forget to tell you that the average annual maintenance over a twenty-year period is probably ten per cent of the boat's first cost and that, the older the boat, the higher the percentage. The same guy that learnedly tells you how to find dry rot which can easily elude the professional surveyor, forgets to warn you of your own psychological reactions to a boat that will be an uncomfortable drain on your pocket book. There is no objection to buying a $10,000 boat for $3,000; however, never do it unless you can afford to maintain a $10,000 yacht. Every shipyard dreads the customer with too much boat, for there is little joy in the job well done that costs too much and leads to a disputed bill of doubtful or delayed payment.

Wise shipyards ease out the customer who is a habitual kicker, slow pay and the best person in the world for one's competitors to work for. Wise yacht owners should realize that the shipyard's ability to give satisfaction is best judged by a cross section of the customer list or, if it were possible, a quick look at the overdue accounts; for the good customers must pay for the bad if the shipyard is to survive. This shipyard owner usually goes to considerable trouble in looking up the prospect before doing business with him — a true service both to himself and to his customers.

While each yachtsman is a particular form of nut, he responds nicely to the same treatment as the rest of humanity and uses in general many of the same mental processes. For a major repair job, he will often gladly pay you $250 each week for four weeks, but will kick like a mule if, after four weeks' work, he is billed for $1,000. Many shipyards have never discovered this plain truth about the simple soul, while it really is one of his finest characteristics. If billed every week, he can see what has been done and is generally glad to pay promptly. The shipyard can then afford to work for less money without fear of being hung up and can probably, without a murmur of dissatisfaction, do one-fourth more work than was originally intended.

While the man with too much boat probably tops the list, there are numerous other forms of flying nautical debris that the boat yard man must constantly parry, duck and dodge, if he wants to stay afloat. He must be a jack-of-all-trades, and perhaps this leaves him extra vulnerable. Take, for instance, the amateur boatbuilders, victims of "How to Build" articles. They present quite a problem in themselves. One amateur of our acquaintance informed an old time boatbuilder that he was starting construction on a backyard model near by and was counting on him for help and advice. The old boatbuilder laid

With the plans of the dream ship under his arm, the blueprint carrier is another Sunday diversion for the yacht builder

down his adz and, straightening up, spat lustily. "Young fella, anything you want to know about your business, I'll be glad to oblige, but what you want to know about my business, you'll have to find out for yourself." Most shipyard men are a lot more patient with amateurs than this and are willing to give them a hand, realizing that few of them build more than one boat and, all in all, they are good for business, although they may seem to concentrate on Sunday afternoons.

Sunday afternoons, at any rate, can be bad, especially for the proprietor of a small clubby shipyard (and the small shipyard to live must be clubby), just the simple little thing that is a cross between a yacht club, a service station, a telephone exchange, a matrimonial agency, a laundry or what have you. Like a delicatessen store, it is never closed and is ready at all times to hand out a dish of potato salad or, in this case, a tow line, a bilge pump, a bath and advice on everything from how to make your boat sail faster to how to make your wife like your boat. All this, of course, means that the shipyard man works seven days a week plus. He hears rumors of 40 hours but would generally be glad to settle for 60. Most of the Sunday afternoon bedlam slides off the shipyard man's shoulders rather easily; in fact, he gets used to it and, in most cases, rather enjoys it. He will rarely acknowledge this but he certainly is the center of attraction, the oracle, the officer of the day. He would sorely miss this weekly contact with all kinds of people from everywhere, even if some of them do walk on all fours and have peculiar notions.

Even if some of them do walk on all fours and have peculiar notions

The small boat sailer is one Sunday afternoon regular that, so far as immediate current receipts is concerned, is a total loss. The amount of work he wants done is probably too small to count much and, worse still, is to him of tremendous importance. But here breeds the germ of our living ten years hence, here is the embryo yachtsman. This scrawny kid who needs advice on how to win his way to number one position in the Tiny Tot fleet of today, will, as soon as he acquires some of this world's goods, and a bit of a belly, be our number one customer for the big boat of tomorrow.

Another class of yachtsman that is a regular Sunday afternoon nuisance and perhaps the most inconsiderate of all, is the one who never works. To this bird, often a bit tipsy, Sunday is the same as any other day and he sees no reason why it should be different for anyone else. This is the day to go to the shipyard, for today there will be lots of others there to admire his magnificence. It will be a great treat for the poor souls who labor daily and must legitimately do their shipyard business Sunday to consort with this worthless wonder. He gets a strange kick from occasional association with these people from the other side of the tracks, the men of industry and business who spend large sums to keep their boats and keep the shipyard just for a few days' fun each season. This is the guy who knocks on your door just as you are about to negotiate your belated combination Sunday lunch and dinner. "So sorry to bother you, er, especially Sunday evening, didn't think you'd be eating. Party of ladies on the boat, very embarrassing, hic!" Here he lowers his voice to a confidential whisper, "Something wrong with the head. Thought maybe you could er! hic! — slip down and look at it yourself."

Blueprint carriers are another Sunday diversion. With the good old dream ship neatly rolled under their arms, they seldom realize that they are out to get the least boat for the least money. If they come from afar, they can often be justly judged to be looking for a cheap price so that they can trade better with the builder nearer home. Many shipyards do not seem to realize that there is little profit or good will to be gained by being the low bidder, and that the only profitable boatbuilding jobs are likely to be the ones where the prospect figures you will give him a fair value for the money and where he particularly wants his boat to be built by you.

"Something wrong with the head"

There has been much drivel sloshing around in yachting publications, writing and writhings of innocent city slickers who have been taken for a ride by scheming country boatbuilders. Most of these yarns have a foundation of truth but the buyer's major premise in each case is that he hopes to get something for nothing. The first principle of contract law is that there must be due compensation on *both* sides. There ain't no Santa Claus in boatbuilding and neither buyer nor builder can beat the game. In this same category come some city architects who have boats built on "spec" by country boatbuilders. As the fall winds begin to blow a hard winter down your neck, this gentleman appears with the plans of one or two small boats to be built for spring delivery. He rubs his chin dolefully, stroking the imaginary yankee chin whisker. Times are tough, he is taking an awful chance just to keep you going, but, of course, you will have to get the price down a little lower than last year. Obviously there is little joy or profit in this affair for the man who builds the boat.

By way of easing gently from the less pleasant to the more pleasant angles of our business, let us dwell briefly on some of the minor forms of salt water itch that, from time to time, burrow under our skins. Some of these harm none but themselves. For instance, the yachtsman who demands prices on moving a cleat, cleaning the bilge, putting up a shelf, et cetera and et cetera, and then expects all of these items to appear on his bill exactly as quoted. This man spends most of his time hunting new shipyards and makes few friends. While no one yard is troubled with him for long, he is doomed to a life with himself, a situation for which there is no remedy. Another species is the "professional" yachtsman who generally lives on his boat, cruises around and subsists by being sort of a yachtsman by proxy for other yachtsmen who are too old or too busy to sail for themselves. He writes a bit, is always right, is poorly fed and strong on destructive criticism. He may even try to impress upon the shipyard that it may readily suffer from his literary efforts in some nautical publication if the service should not be first class in every way and the charges most moderate. Another petty grafter is frequently the professional captain. This hardy son of idleness has a system; he is smart enough to fool his owner all the time and the rest of the people none of the time. Everybody else knows that he is lazy, gets

(Continued on page 70)

BLOCKS, JUST BLOCKS

Their Development, Description and Care

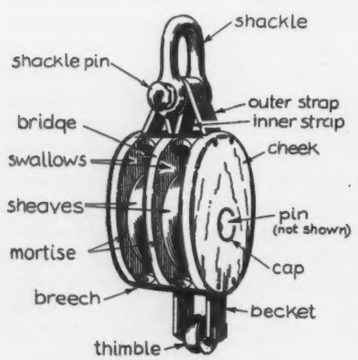
By HAM de FONTAINE

THE USE of blocks dates back to antiquity and their origin is shrouded in the mists of a long forgotten past. There is little doubt that, when Antony went calling on Cleopatra, the boatman who sailed him across the Nile used a craft equipped with blocks. In the days of Homer, when the best rope was made of rawhide, the Greek sailor had long been familiar with their use and, in the year 1000, when Leif Ericson sailed to Vinland the Good, the great multicolored square sail of his long ship was doubtless controlled by ropes of hide, led through blocks, much as they would be today.

Let us pass over the clumsy affairs in the period when Cristoforo Colombo, late of Genoa, set out to find a short passage to the riches of the Indies and Cathay. I doubt that there was really much improvement in their design even in the days of Good Queen Bess.

Perhaps the most significant change in the design of blocks was the introduction of iron straps, which began to make their appearance as early as the latter part of the 18th century; prior to this, blocks were strapped with rope. In his *Elements and Practices of Rigging and Seamanship* (1794), David Steel illustrates many of the blocks in use at that time, all of which are rope strapped, with the exception of cat blocks (for catting anchors), snatch blocks and top tackle blocks, which had iron straps going around outside their shells. It is interesting to note, however, that even in those days the roller bushing, much as we know it today, was in use.

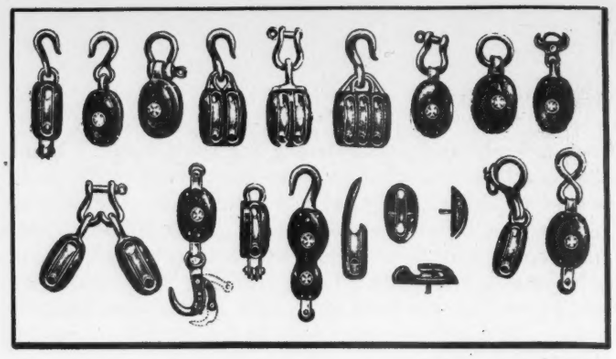
In David Steel's time,to fit out a full rigged, line of battle ship required about 800 blocks, ranging in size from small 8-inch ones to massive creations of 30 inches over all, weighing, perhaps, 100 pounds or more. Those were the days when you had to be an iron man to be able to handle a wooden ship. At that time, the craft of blockmaking was an important one, for the fighting fleets and the merchantmen being sail-driven vessels, the blocks that controlled their source of power were a considerable part of a ship's cost. Who today can tell us the uses of many of the special blocks that went into the equipping of a well found ship of that period? There were clump blocks, chunk blocks, shoe blocks and dasher blocks, sister blocks, shoulder blocks and secret blocks, there were telegraph, cheek and fiddle blocks. The last two, at least, have survived to this day and will be found on many a sailing vessel on our coasts.



DOUBLE BLOCK
with front shackle & becket

Until comparatively recent times, blocks were delivered aboard ship unstrapped, and members of the ship's company were expected to fit appropriate straps of their own making.

It is recorded that, in the year 1799, Brunel, an English engineer, perfected machinery for block making which was so far ahead of the equipment of the day that it took him seven years to get past the brass hats and red tape of the British Admiralty. For many years thereafter, Brunel's machinery was accepted as one of the wonders of the British naval world and Admiral Mahan, in telling of a visit to Portsmouth, relates the great superiority of this apparatus. It is apparent, however, that even at that early date Americans were already becoming known for their Yankee ingenuity, as Mahan further reports that a British naval officer, visiting aboard one of the American vessels, was heard to remark, while inspecting one of her iron strapped blocks, "Now that's what I call a sensible block. I wonder why we can't get such blocks in our service."



There are over fifty patterns of wooden blocks. Above are some of the most frequently used types

With the advent of the clipper ship, and her tall, delicate rig, the weight of blocks aloft became of much greater concern and steps to reduce their bulk, and at the same time to retain their strength, were necessary. The results were undoubtedly the forerunners of the wooden-shelled yacht block as we know it today. The modern yacht block is composed of a number of parts whose names are indicated in the accompanying sketch.

The cheeks are usually of ash or lignum-vitae although a special, light weight, block with mahogany plywood cheeks has been developed for racing boats. Boats under 25 feet on deck usually are fitted with bronze blocks, whose essential elements bear the same names as their big brothers, the wooden blocks, but which differ somewhat in the details of construction.

Sheaves in high grade yacht blocks are usually of bronze and have either self-lubricating bearings, or roller bushings. Lignum-vitae and aluminum sheaves are also available, but are not generally used. Galvanized iron sheaves may be had at slightly lower prices. If wire rope is to be run through the block, it will be advisable that its sheaves be scored to fit, otherwise the wire will be flattened out where it passes over the sheave, which will cause injury to the wire.

Self-lubricating bushings are bronze sleeves containing a series of recesses into which a mixture of beeswax and graphite is pressed. Warwick Tompkins had the blocks on his schooner *Wander Bird* equipped with this type of bearing and with stainless steel pins. He is enthusiastic about this combination. The frictional heat developed is sufficient to cause the beeswax to melt slightly and deposit a layer of graphite on the pin. This bushing should be renewed when the lubricant has been consumed but, under ordinary yacht use, they should last for several seasons. Where extra heavy stresses are encountered, the self-lubricating bushing is recommended.

The most popular bearing for yacht blocks is the roller bushing, which consists of five small rollers fitting closely around the pin and running in a carefully machined race. This bearing is the easiest in operation and, while not as rugged as the two simpler types, will last the life of the boat in ordinary yacht use, if properly cared for. That cheerful cluck, cluck, cluck that comes from yacht blocks, and is associated in the minds of many a sailor with happy hours afloat, is caused by these little rollers.

(Continued on page 82)

MARCH, 1943

THE POST-WAR SMALL BOAT

Part I — New Materials and Hull Construction

By ROBERT J. WOODS and JOHN S. BARNES

The Lawley "110" is a highly developed boat built of flat plywood. To use this material, no compound curvature may be employed in the design. Her sections are straight lines

WAS there ever a sailor who, at least in the more leisurely days, hasn't spent many a long evening about this time of year sprawled in his favorite chair, gazing wistfully at the fire and dreaming of his perfect ship? Or who, with a shipmate aboard and a highball alongside, hasn't in an inspired burst of brilliance cast the moorings off his fancy and speculated on the effect of modern science and invention on the boat of the future. Good fun is an evening like this and probably in some such sessions have been born such things as the staysail rig, the wishbone ketch or the flexible spars of the modern Star. No doubt, a cold night and a warming drink in a pub somewhere along the English Channel are responsible for the roller reefing gear. That the dream ships of another day are approaching under the forced draft developments of war, and already begin to emerge as clearly defined outlines which need only a gentle summer breeze to blow away the smoke of battle and reveal the details, is clear to all who have the eyes to see.

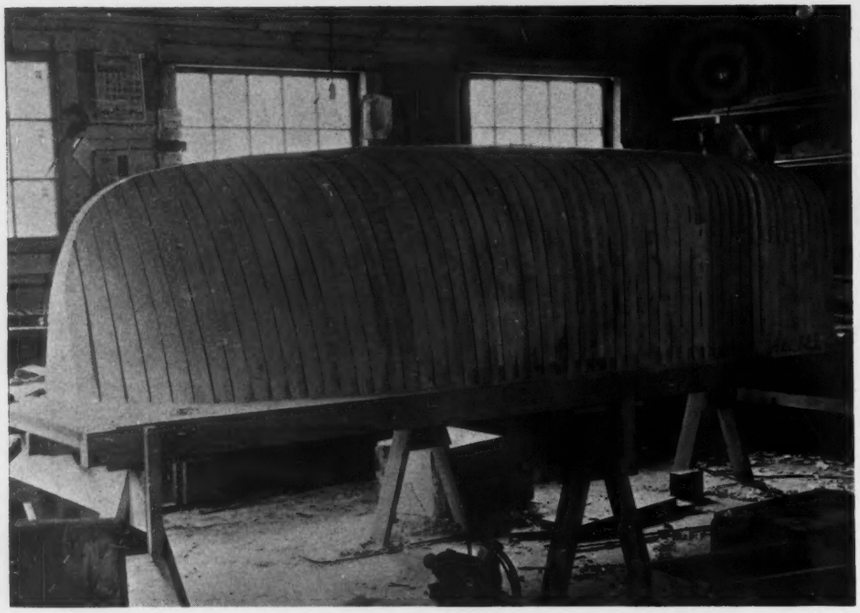
Undoubtedly the most important development in the small boat field has not been any of the new materials but a new treatment of the oldest of all materials — wood. Wood, in combination with synthetic resins, is undergoing a reincarnation which is fundamental and much more far reaching than its use as a substitute material in these days of war shortages.

When Noah built the Ark, if my informants are correct, he used just about the same principles of boatbuilding that you will see in any yacht yard today. He hewed himself out a good stout keel, set up his frames and stem, and then went to work to spile and bend and fasten his planking. Today we have machinery to do a lot of the hard work and we may get out as many as a hundred boats, all alike, at the same time, but we are still using the same wooden members, and we are still hewing and sawing and bending and fastening.

Wood has never been replaced as the material for small boats simply because, in spite of its obvious shortcomings, no better material has as yet been found. The dramatization of recent developments in metals and synthetics and the stampede to them has temporarily blinded us to the unusual qualities of wood. It is not only easily worked without expensive tools and machinery, which is most important in boatbuilding, but its strength in the direction of the grain is greater per pound of weight than that of any of the plastics and most of the metals. Its weight-strength ratio is wood's greatest virtue. Why is this quality so little known and considered? Because this remarkable strength is not uniform owing to hidden flaws, and because it is in the direction of the grain only. Across the grain, wood is weak; it splits and crushes. In addition, it swells, shrinks and warps with changes in moisture content. Still, this natural product is the most satisfactory material from which to build a small boat. In many respects, this is true of a small airplane, for airplanes and boats share many production problems and material requirements in common.

Obviously, if the shortcomings of wood could be eliminated and the virtues retained or augmented, we would have a truly remarkable material. Ever since the days of the Egyptian mummy case, plywood has made many attempts to overcome wood's weaknesses. By slicing the log into thin sheets, the flaws could be found and eliminated. By gluing these sheets or veneers back together again in layers, with the grain direction in each layer at right angles to the grain in the next layer, the strength became more nearly equal in both directions. This also reduced swelling and shrinking because wood swells and shrinks almost entirely across the grain and practically none along the grain, so each veneer restrained the swelling of the next. This was all well and good as long as the glue held. In the mummy case, it held for centuries if it was left in its parched desert tomb. But, when exposed to moisture, it soon fell apart. Until recently, our modern plywood has done likewise. So pronounced has the glue weakness been that we are all familiar with the

Light weight, beautifully formed hulls are easily produced in moulded plywood



The mould on which a plywood hull is formed is simply a full-sized wooden model of the inside shape of the boat

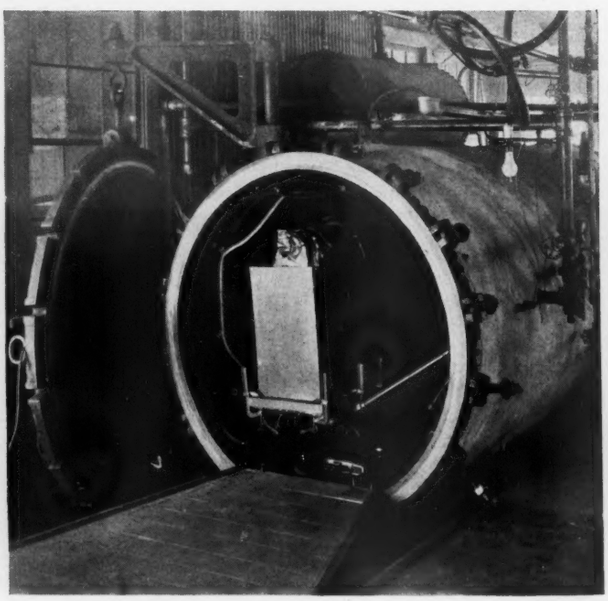
unpleasant sight of delaminated plywood, the veneers leafing out as in a book. Instead of being known as a superior wood, it was considered inferior, and veneer was a word associated with cheap, unsatisfactory, material. Obviously, if you are going to cut a log of wood apart and glue it together again, the glue must be as strong and weather resistant as the original natural bonding agent which holds the wood fibers together; otherwise, the glued-up piece will be inferior to the original wood in strength or lasting qualities. We have long had glues that made joints stronger than the wood itself when tested dry but they could not maintain their strength under prolonged exposure to moisture or the weather.

In the present reincarnation of wood, step number one has been the development of synthetic resin glues that make joints not only as strong as the wood and waterproof, but they can be alternately boiled and baked without losing that strength. The advantages of these new glues, and of plywood made from them, have been so well publicized in recent years that there is no necessity to review them here. It is enough to say that, for all practical purposes, the durability of the glue joint may now be forgotten, since it is not only stronger than the wood but will outlast it. So step number one has made possible the improvement of wood by the permanent elimination of flaws and hidden weaknesses; by making uniform or controllable the distribution of strength in all directions; and by materially decreasing the dimensional changes caused by changes in moisture content.

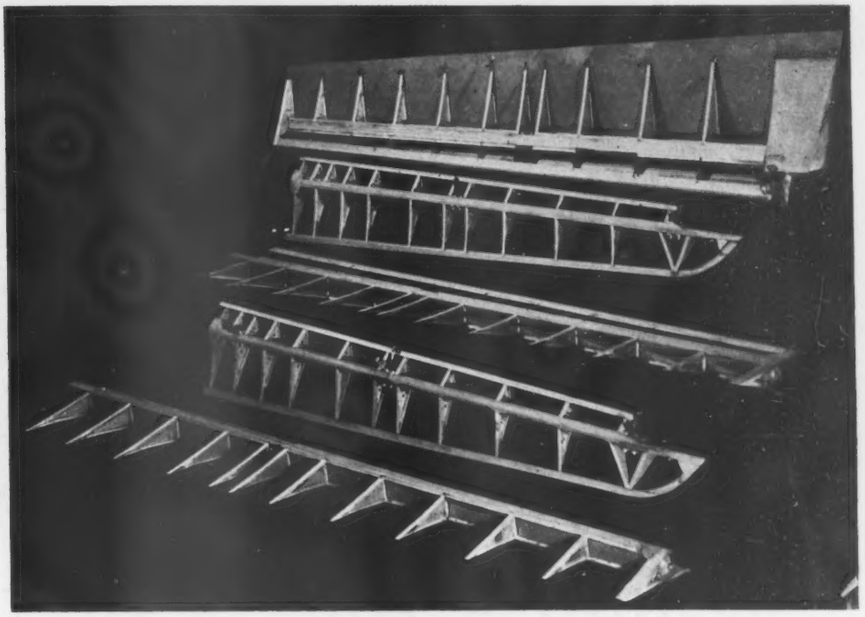
Note that these improvements have been made possible by, but do not automatically follow, the use of resin glue. Flaws and hidden weaknesses can be removed only by conscientious selection, inspection and testing of all of the veneers entering a piece of plywood. Cores as well as faces must be perfect and fit tightly together at their edges or a hidden weakness exists. Many grades of plywood allow veneer defects or gaps in the cores or one or more faces. These grades are satisfactory for some uses but are inferior for boats. The species of wood used and the manner in which they are cut has as much or more effect on the adaptability of plywood as it has in the case of lumber. If fir is not the proper kind of lumber for a certain part of a boat, there is little excuse to use a piece of fir plywood for that part. The characteristics of the species of wood have not been changed by manufacturing it into plywood and they have the same values in plywood as in lumber.

Veneer is usually cut from the log by one of two processes. It is sliced into strips lengthwise of the log by a heavy knife, or it is peeled (also by a knife) from a log rotating in a lathe. The first type, known as sliced veneer, has the same grain formations and patterns as sawn lumber because it is taken from the same position in the log, the only difference being that a knife is used instead of a saw. Sliced veneer may be quartered with edge grain or it may be flat sliced with flat grain, just like lumber. Obviously, these sheets are limited to the same length and width as lumber cut from the same log. Rotary cut veneer is a different thing entirely. Being peeled from the log like a piece of paper being unwound from a roll, it is available in big sheets as long as the log and extremely wide. Coming from the circumference of the log at all points, the grain is neither quartered nor quite like the flat grain of a sawn piece. It presents the irregular pattern so familiar in the face grain of ordinary fir plywood. Having been originally wrapped around the log in a spiral, the sheet of rotary cut plywood is distorted or stretched on one side when it is flattened out and assembled in a flat panel.

For most purposes in boat construction, quarter-sliced veneer is considered most desirable. If quarter-sawn mahogany is the best lumber for a cabin hatch, then most likely quartered mahogany plywood is the proper plywood for the job. This does not mean that just the faces are to be of quarter-sawn mahogany but, if the full value of plywood is to be realized, the cores and cross bands as well. The thickness of veneers, the number of plies and the directions in which they run have a great deal to do with the strength, stability, lasting qualities and adaptability of plywood in each particular application. In many types of use, it is quite permissible to use plywood with cores or crossbands of greater thickness than $\frac{1}{8}$-inch, but for boats it is advisable that all veneers be kept below that thickness. Plywood should be designed and built for its job, particularly in boat or aircraft work where conditions are severe. You must not expect a universal stock panel of plywood, built for all-around exterior service, to go into all parts of a boat and give all of the advantages that are rightly claimed for plywood.



This processing tank or autoclave is equipped for a wide range of experimental work and is, consequently, much more complicated than necessary for production



A group of sections of airplane parts made of moulded plywood. Note how the reinforcing pieces are applied. They become integral parts of the section

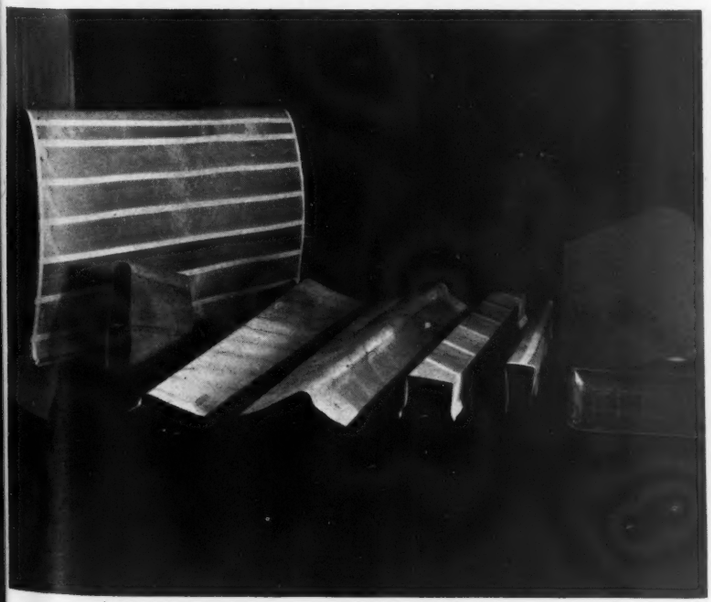
So far, we have discussed flat plywood made in a hot plate press. Its improved characteristics are most apparent when used in flat pieces or with slight, simple, curves. In proper applications of this nature, it may be used in much thinner sections than lumber and great savings in weight result. However, boats and airplanes require a great many compound curved surfaces. To use plywood properly in these instances requires a careful analysis of stresses and strains imposed in the bending and by service after bending, and the careful selection of the proper plywood for each particular application. Plywood not only differs from lumber in strength but in stiffness characteristics. Therefore, depending upon the nature of the curve and the construction of the plywood, bent plywood may be superior or definitely inferior to lumber bent to the same shape. The piece must be heavy and strong enough not only to stand the bending stresses but those imposed by service as well. Furthermore, the stress in the bent material is always trying to straighten it out and return it to its natural flat state. To keep it in the bent shape requires heavy frames and fastenings.

Neither plywood nor lumber can be bent to curves in two directions. For this reason, boat hulls built with flat plywood planking are largely chine boats with straight sections such as the Lawley "110" and the Lawley 15-footer. To build a round bottomed hull — which, of course, has a great deal of this double or compound curvature — it is necessary to use narrow planks so that the compound curvature in each individual plank is reduced to such a small amount that the wood can stretch or compress to accommodate it. In round bottom boats with hard bilges or hollow garboards, it is often necessary to hollow out one side of the plank, making it concave, so that it will fit to the frames properly. Obviously then, two additional faults of lumber which are shared by flat plywood are that they cannot be bent into curved shapes without a considerable amount of undesirable stress, and neither of these materials can be bent into shapes with any appreciable compound curvature.

Step number two in the reincarnation of wood — moulded plywood — eliminates these two faults. First described for boat use in the February, 1940, issue of YACHTING, moulded plywood is plywood formed into stress-free shapes of either simple or compound curvature. An entire boat hull or airplane fuselage of practically any shape can be moulded in one or two pieces. Briefly, the process is to make a mould the shape of the finished product. In the case of a boat hull the mould is a full-sized model the shape of the inside of the hull. This may be made of wood but for production purposes other materials are better. The mould is then covered with thin strips of veneer which have been coated with a resin glue. Being thin, the veneers bend easily to shape without developing any appreciable stress. On top of the first layer of veneer, a second layer is laid and loosely fastened in place. The second layer is usually laid with the grain running at right angles to the first layer to form a crossband. As many layers as needed to form the desired thickness are applied to the mould. The grain direction and the number of the plies are determined by the strength requirements of the finished product. More layers may be added in one part of the hull requiring more strength than in others. Lumber parts, such as bilge keels, gunwales or other reinforcements, may also be added and temporarily held in place. All surfaces that are to be bonded together are, of course, coated with resin glue. Once all parts are assembled on the mould and temporarily held in place, the whole thing is submitted to fluid pressure and heat in any one of a number of ways.

The best way to understand this part of the process is to visualize the mould with its assembled veneers enclosed in a big rubber bag. The bag is sealed and all of the air is then sucked from it. The bag and its contents are then put in a big pressure tank, called an autoclave; the tank is closed and steam is admitted to the inside of the tank but around the outside of the bag. The pressure of the steam forces the rubber bag closely around the veneer-coated mould and presses the veneers tightly to the mould and tightly together. The heat of the steam softens the resin glue, causes it to flow and then to harden. This softening and hardening cycle that the glue goes through is called polymerization or curing, and is an irreversible change. The glue can never be softened again by heating, by chemicals or by other means. That is why resin-bonded plywood and moulded plywood

(Continued on page 80)



These moulded plywood skin sections for the leading edges of airplane wings are stiffer and will carry more compressional load than an aluminum skin of the same weight

UNDER THE LEE OF THE LONGBOAT

By "SPUN YARN"

CONCLUDING a sentence in his article, "New Lamps for Old," in January YACHTING, George Roosevelt says of the Air Almanac, "my only criticism of it (is) that, as it is printed for a three months' period only, a sea captain on a long journey might run out of information when he was making for home and needed it most." Never fear, George, a sea captain who had recently been converted to use of the Air Almanac would surely have a copy of the Nautical Almanac stowed away in some cubbyhole for use in an emergency. And, George, is your criticism lessened when you are informed that the Air Almanac covers a four months' period? It is easy for all of us to bear this in mind when it is remembered that the three volumes of each year are distinctively colored, red for the first four months, white for the second, and blue for the third. The colored bindings help an absent-minded navigator on a long journey to select the correct volume from the shelf over the chart table.

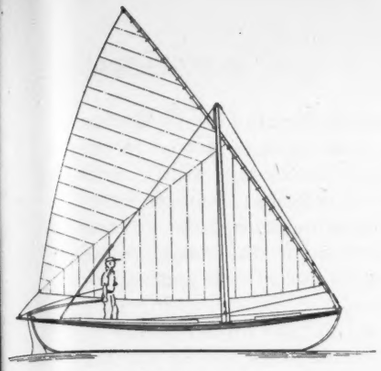
As for me, I'd be grateful to the Naval Observatory for the Air Almanac even if it lasted only a few weeks of a long voyage. As a time- and mistake-saver it is a publication almost without equal. Using it, we can take out the Local Hour Angle of sun, moon, star or planet in considerable less than a minute, and I can plow through the rest of my calculations in an old-fashioned cosine-haversine sight in three minutes — and there we are. Of course, if you insist on using H.O. 214, you can beat me to the intercept by two minutes, but then comes the job of plotting it on the chart — and there I overtake you.

A couple of years ago, I wrote to the Naval Observatory suggesting a rearrangement of the Air Almanac to simplify its use with stars. My idea was that the "Interpolation for G.H.A." table on the flap be transposed with the "Polaris" table so that the interpolation table would face the list of navigators' stars on the inside back cover of the volume. By this transposition, one could interpolate for a series of star sights without flipping the flap back and forth for each operation. (Spun Yarn, the lazy old trouble-saver, you may well say.) But Captain Hellweg came back with the explanation that many navigators, aviators and others had agreed that the existing arrangement of the tables was best. The interpolation table on the inside front cover is used for sights taken before Greenwich noon and that on the flap for sights after noon, while adoption of my suggestion would negate this valuable labor-saving device. Well and good. I note, however, that the 1943 volumes embody an improvement in that the sidereal hour angles of twenty-two stars are given beneath the interpolation tables so that no flipping back and forth is required in the working of the stars most frequently shot. The Air Almanac really is a jewel of the first water.

Recurring to H.O. 214, it seems to me that the objection most frequently raised against it — that several volumes are needed to navigate in all latitudes — is hardly worth airing. As well complain because you have to carry *n* Coast Pilots to cruise from Newfoundland to Brazil. What I object to is the long intercept that usually results from the obligatory use of an assumed position. My objection, more specifically, is that when I'm reasonably sure of my position from a recently obtained fix, I like to work intermediate sights before it is time to obtain a new fix. For such check sights, worked by cosine-haversine or H.O. 211, no chart work is needed to prove the sight. A good one will give an intercept of two miles or less. But if the same sight is worked by H.O. 214 and the intercept is nearly thirty miles, you have to resort to parallel rulers, dividers, and pencil to prove your work. As I said above, the time saved in working the H.O. 214 sight is lost putting it on chart or plotting sheet.

A friend of mine in the Navy tells a story of his youth whose edge has not been dulled by time. As an ensign on his first cruise he was in port, finishing a hardfought sailing race, when he observed an elderly sailor in undress whites barging a small dinghy smack across his course. "Get out of my way, you G— d—d boilermaker," shouted the ensign. "Can't you see I'm racing?" The intruder luffed hastily and as the ensign flashed by he saw that it wasn't a damned boilermaker at all. It was the Captain of a United States battleship anchored nearby. . . . If you're an ensign — that lowest form of commissioned life — and have come within shouting distance of a four-striper, you will know how my friend felt. He finished the race, went aboard his ship, took a cold shower — which didn't help much — and was struggling into a clean uniform when the dread summons came. He was to report immediately to the captain of the battlewagon. He went, knees shaking, apologies tumbling from his lips. The captain, properly dressed and with the four stripes of his rank on each shoulder suggesting a four way track to doom,

(Continued on page 69)



"Narwhal's" sail plan

WAR BABIES

Part II — Building the Boats Under Wartime Difficulties

By LINDSAY A. FOWLER

IN THE preceding issue, I told how the three of us decided to build three whaleboats and something of the way the two boats which we were able to commission behaved. When we agreed to build the boats together, each of us had his own ideas so that the nearest we could get to a one-design class was to turn out boats with identical lines, centerboards and rudders. As for rig and general arrangements, it was each man for himself. My boat, *Narwhal*, was lateen rigged while Ned Freeman's *Spouter* carried a tall marconi rig. *Narwhal* was decked over while *Spouter* was entirely open. Albert Spinks' boat was finished just about the time that he got his commission in the Army so she has gone into storage for the duration.

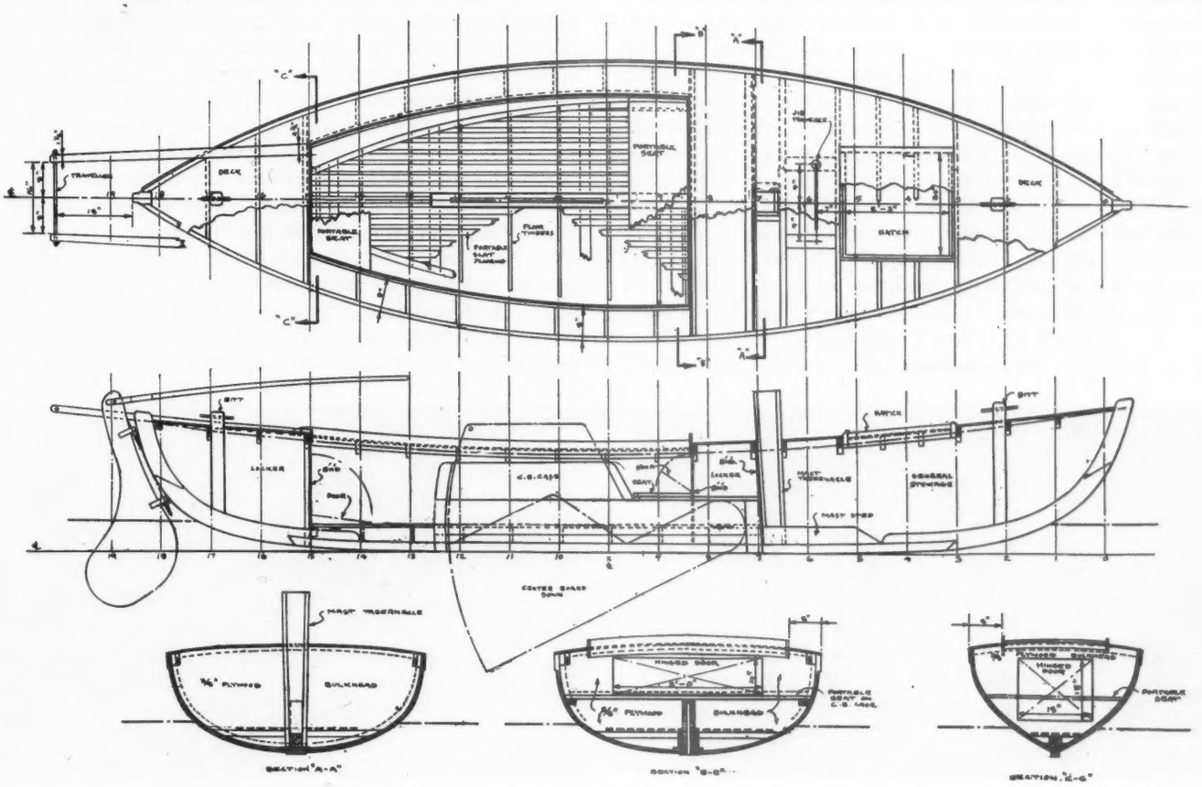
We started operations by turning the attic of Ned Freeman's home into a mould loft, nailing 4′ by 12′ pieces of ¾″ plywood on the floor. Later, this same plywood was used in making the moulds; thus it really killed two birds with one stone. With heavy black pencils, we laid out a grid on which we drew the water lines taken from the original plan and faired them with long wooden splines. We then worked the body plan from the water lines and the buttock planes from both. By this time, our lines were reasonably fair.

Ned's neighbors must have thought we were murdering each other. We worked in our stocking feet to avoid dirtying the plywood and the pencil lines with our shoes. Since all our points of intersection were marked with ¾″ brads, around which we bent the splines, the attic resembled a monstrous pin cushion. Every now and then one of us would get too hasty and walk on a string of these brads with only a stocking to protect his feet. The blood-curdling cries and curses which arose as the victim pranced about in agony were enough to make one's hair stand on end. We accused Albie of being a flagellant, so often did he hurl himself upon the bed of nails in his enthusiasm.

During the mould loft period, Ned had found an excellent little workshop in Hampton, built on piles over the water. When the lines were finally faired "to a gnat's hair" and the offsets transferred to a permanent record, we moved our gear down to the shop, set up our tools and solemnly declared: "At last! Now we can begin! The boats are practically built!"

While Ned and I concentrated on getting out the stems, sternposts and keels from patterns we had lifted from the mould loft floor, Albie took over laying off the moulds as his special province. Assisted by his wife, Joan, who soon made herself into an important cog in our production line, he went to town on the tedious work of scribing the moulds and rabbet lines from the offsets.

The keels were 2″ by 7″ white oak about 12′ long and were a straightaway proposition of cutting rabbets. The stems



Arrangement and construction plan of "Narwhal." "Spouter" was built to the same hull lines but was entirely open

Mould making. Spinks works with a "stoppered bit" boring for the fastenings. Portable power tools are a great help

and sternposts, however, were a different story. These were of Oregon pine, the only seasoned wood we could get at this time large enough in size to cut the necessary curves. (The wartime housing program had reduced local stocks of seasoned hard wood to zero.) These curved members of the backbone were doubly difficult in that they had to be scarphed once, owing to the excessive round in the bow and stern profile of a whaleboat. This scarphing and shaping was Ned's masterpiece. He is a painstaking woodworker and fits a joint like a professional. On these stems and sternposts, he outdid himself. Albie and I could only call back and forth to each other, "Look out, Ned, that scarph seems to be $\frac{1}{64}$" open there!"

From the beginning of the first hull, we cut everything in triplicate so that the other two hulls would be mere problems of assembly. Keels, stems, sternposts and planking were all cut in sets of three. In this way we could concentrate on one type of job and do it up brown before going on to another.

Toward the end of November, came a great day. Stems, sternposts and keels were finished; the moulds were cut out and their backbone prepared; horses were built and the shop swept out. "Now," we said, "we're going to see what our boat will look like!" After dark on a Sunday afternoon, we started to set up the moulds on the backbone. Rapidly the form of the boat took shape until we could see her rough outlines. We tacked on some battens to bring out the lines of the hull, clamped stem, sternpost and keel into place and there she stood in the rough! Fascinated, we sat around for an hour or so after work, relishing the ghostly form as only boat-fevered madmen can appreciate.

On Sunday, December 7th, we had just finished setting up the backbone of Hull No. 1. The rabbet was complete; seam battens were being screwed to the moulds preparatory to framing out; enough wood stock for three hulls, in fine white cedar planking and oak framing, was stowed in the next door factory's boiler room (our storage yard); with considerable difficulty, we had collected enough brass screws; hardware stores were beginning to feel the pre-war pinch . . . in fact, all was well with the whaleboat project even though we were beginning to feel a trifle pushed for time.

Early in the afternoon of that fateful day we were enjoying music on our portable radio, slapping home screws into the seam battens and generally thickening the air with witticisms. It was the ideal atmosphere looked forward to by all boat-builders: pungent smell of cedar shavings, humming of a pistol drill, the airtight stove booming and giving off welcome heat, the slap of waves on the beach under the shop while a cold wind whistled round the corners; good fellowship inside and something being accomplished.

All at once the music from the radio broke off abruptly and a voice announced hurriedly something about "Pearl Harbor bombed. . . ." It was too garbled to catch properly and we continued the job without comment, thinking that we had misheard or misunderstood. After the music had resumed, we began to speculate; finally, one of us asked: "Did you hear what I heard?" "Something about the Japs bombing Pearl Harbor?" we all chimed in at once. There was a concerted dive for the radio and we picked up a news broadcast which really told the story in no uncertain terms. Electrified, we stood and looked at each other, just as Americans everywhere were looking at each other that day.

We knew then that the fun was over. We consulted one another as to whether the project should be dropped. It was a foregone conclusion that the shipyard would adopt maximum overtime, and there would probably be difficulty in obtaining materials, sails and fittings. But our consultation was mere formality. We had ploughed too far to look back now.

From then on, most of the savor was gone from the enterprise. It became a struggle against time, health, priorities and better judgment. Within a week, the shipyard went to extra overtime; we were to work a steady 57-hour week in our departments. Added to this, we had to devote some time to our families and some to just plain keeping alive, which is quite a problem in a community whose population is swollen out of all proportion to its facilities.

Shortly after Pearl Harbor, we framed out Hull No. 1. Our steam box consisted of a 4′ length of 6″ pipe with a plate bolted on the bottom to make it hold water. This was simply up-ended on our wood-burning airtight heater stove and an asbestos gasket provided around the hole where the stove lid used to be. When half filled with water, with a good fire of chips burning around its base, this pipe made

Drawing the scarph of the stem together and, right, scribing rabbet and bearding lines on the stem

an effective cooker. Our frames were white oak strips, $\frac{3}{8}$" by $\frac{3}{4}$"; they required just ten minutes boiling to become limber. We soon found that, with three of us working and one tending the cooker, we could slap a frame into the boat in $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes flat, fastenings and all. Joan tended the cooker for us, keeping four frames stewing all the time.

Construction of the backbone is self-evident in the arrangement plan of *Narwhal*. The stem and sternposts are of Oregon pine, sided 3" and about 4" deep, rabbetted for the plank ends. A steel half-oval, the full length of the stem, prevents scarring by collision. The keel is a 2" by 7" oak plank, tapered at the ends and scarphed into stem and sternpost; it is rabbetted for the garboards.

The only item not shown clearly in the drawings is the shape of the garboard. This is merely a wide oak plank, $1\frac{1}{16}$" thick, which helps stiffen up the keel and serves to absorb the shock of grounding. Where the garboard lands on the first seam batten, it forms a $\frac{1}{4}$" step with the first of the $\frac{7}{16}$" cedar planks. When chamfered, this step is barely noticeable, and probably has little if any bad effect upon speed. *Narwhal* was fitted with a cedar shoe under her keel in best Chesapeake Bay practice to give the worms a toothsome morsel which could be replaced easily at any time.

Our framing method was as follows: Albie would climb under the boat and hold the bucking hammer; Ned grabbed the hot frame from Joan and he and I together would warp it into place; then Ned and Albie would hold it while I drilled for and drove long copper tacks through seam battens and frames onto Albie's bucking hammer. This made a neat, quick, riveting job. The only hitch came when something slipped and a frame skewed out of place in the middle of the operation. Then we would all shout at each other simultaneously, Joan would lose track of which frame should come out of the cooker next, and I would slam my thumb with the hammer or drive the drill down through one of Ned's fingers which he used as sort of a human clamp. The chaos at such times was indescribable.

Another thing which disrupted our smooth-flowing assembly line was the periodic illness of the stove and cooker combination. From time to time, someone would stuff too many shavings into the fire pot or leave the drafts open too wide. The results were most disconcerting. Percolating along peacefully one minute, the cooker would retch violently the next and spew a geyser all over us and the boat. These ordeals by boiling water and steam were hard on our efficiency as they meant retreat to the corners of the shop until things had calmed down.

Once Hull No. 1 was framed out, the worst seemed to be over. We had a burst of optimism. In spite of our long hours at the shipyard, we were finding time for the boats by coming down odd evenings and by working every week end. Orders for our sails had been accepted; we had procured

There's plenty of old-fashioned manual labor to boatbuilding, much of it done with the workman in an awkward position

our centerboards just before steel was subjected to priority ratings; fittings were on the way; in fact, all that had to be done was to get the boats built. Only the planking was left to be done on Hull No. 1, and that would go quickly. The thought of two more hulls to go caused each of us secret uneasiness, however, in spite of our duplicate parts waiting to be assembled.

We started planking up gingerly. Of our crew, I was the only member who had ever planked up a round-bottomed boat, and my previous experience had been on a couple of sizable hulls which were not too delicate. Our construction was to have $\frac{1}{4}$" by $1\frac{1}{2}$" seam battens under $\frac{7}{16}$" planking, screwed from outside to the frames; then the seam battens had to be screwed to the planking from inside. Fragile stuff to handle! Everything seemed to go along well enough for the first few planks, however, so confidence quickly returned.

Again we made every minute count by breaking down the work into specialized jobs. My province was lining off the planking, location and construction of butt blocks, selection of flitches from our lumber pile and their rough-cutting on the bandsaw into semi-finished planks. Intermittently, I cut duplicate sets of planking for the other two hulls from our finished strakes on Hull No. 1.

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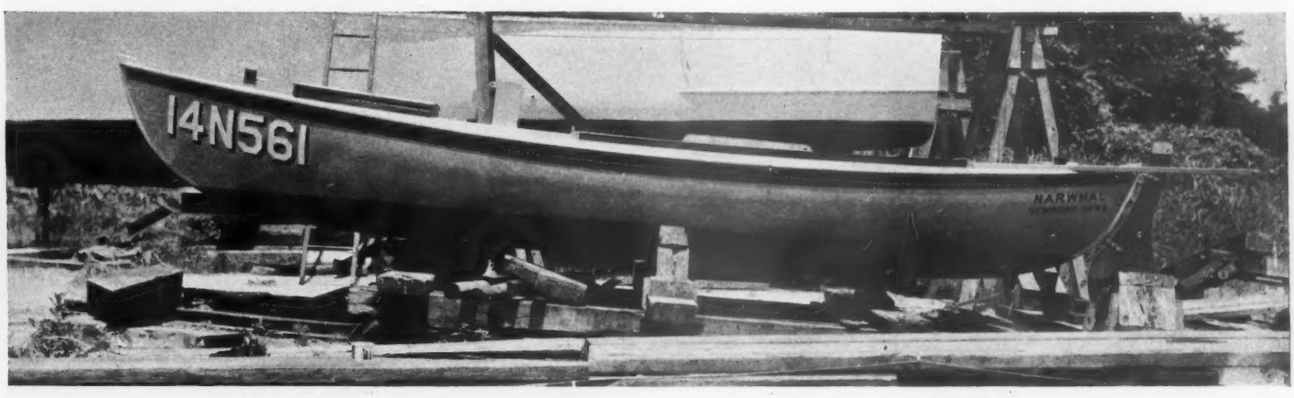
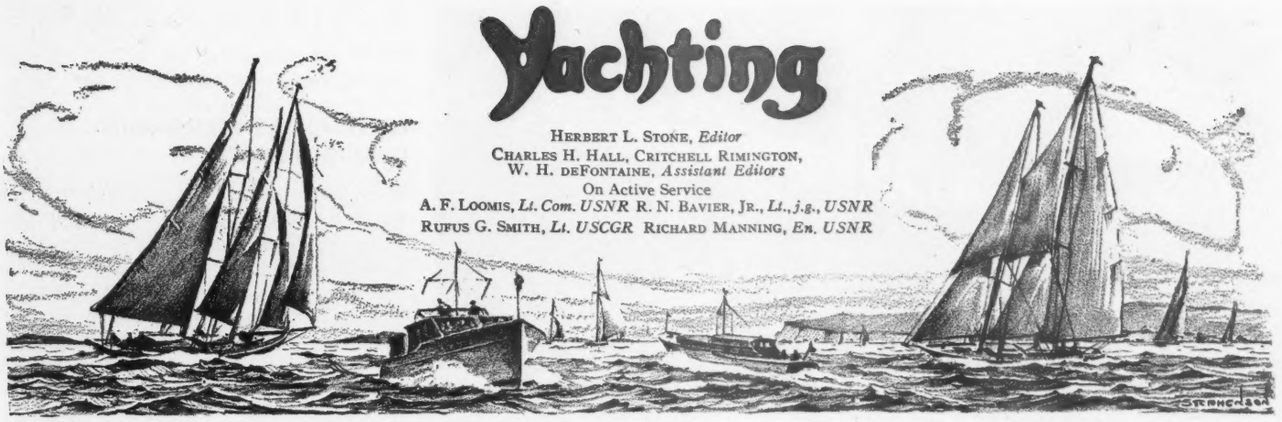


The finished boat, painted and ready to go overboard. "Narwhal" has the typical whaleboat profile

Kent Hitchcock Photo

A NICE SAILING BREEZE

A California 32, one of the most recent one-design classes built on the West Coast. This is D. W. Elliot's "Escapade," winner of the 1941 Honolulu Race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KEEP 'EM AFLOAT!

WITH THE sun crossing the line this month and getting higher above the horizon every day, thoughts of the coming spring and summer persistently come into the yachtsman's mind and he looks longingly ahead to the time he can get afloat again in his own boat. That, at least, is the normal procedure. But this is wartime, and a lurking doubt may creep into his mind as to whether he can get any sailing this summer and, even if he can, if he should do so. With so many people fighting to preserve our way of life, and so many sacrifices being made, is it "fittin' and proper" to use one's boat for recreation and pleasure. We know these thoughts are bothering many yachtsmen, because they come into this editorial sanctum to ask about it.

To those who doubt, we want to go on record as saying that, as things look at present, we see no legitimate reason for not fitting out and for not taking one's recreation afloat if that is where one gets the greatest pleasure or relaxation. In fact, we think it is one's duty to do as much as possible to keep the sport and the clubs and the yards dependent upon yachting activity alive throughout the war period so that the "boys" will have something to come back to when the war ends. This has, so far, been the attitude of the armed services, and they have not yet changed it. There are, of course, some areas that are restricted for military reasons, where the use of certain waters is prohibited, and some shortages of materials and labor that will affect the picture somewhat, but they do not alter the basic conception.

However, the boat owner must make up his mind this year that, in many instances, he will have to do more work himself in fitting out; that he will have to get along without much new equipment; that his cruising waters on the coasts will be limited; that gasoline for fuel for pleasure boating will be limited; that the problem of getting back and forth to the club will have to be met if one lives at a distance. But these are not insurmountable. Racing (under sail) will be scheduled, fleets will be out and will be raced. Experience in the International and other smaller classes last year showed that keen enjoyment could be had even with limited crews and by *sailing* to regattas rather than by getting there at the end of a towline. Early plans, and those in the making, point to racing schedules about as usual. It is up to those with boats to support those who do the work of organizing and running such events.

The shortage of gasoline may curtail power cruising. This is to be expected in view of the shortage in some localities. But most cruisers are being made use of in some way by the government, which has stated that all such boats *should* be placed in commission. If fuel cannot be obtained in any quantity for personal use, the boat at least can be used for living on or for spending pleasant week-ends afloat — even if at a mooring.

And last, but by no means least, the clubs and yachting must be kept up for the benefit of the youngsters. As preliminary training in seamanship for those who may later go into the Navy, Coast Guard or Merchant Marine, the experience gained afloat in America's fleet of pleasure craft cannot be equaled.

So we say again, Keep Sailing! Your conscience need not bother you. The cadets at the Naval and Coast Guard Academies are doing it for experience and recreation during wartime. Can you afford to do less?

You Owe It to Your Club

THE COMING season is one which presents new and greater responsibilities to the flag officers and committeemen of the nation's many yacht clubs. For it is this year that their enthusiasm, foresightedness and an awareness of the restrictions which may be imposed must be the guiding force in aiding the yachtsman who isn't quite certain as to what he should do.

One of the most stimulating bulletins to a yacht club membership is that just issued by Commodore Walter S. Dayton to the Bayside Yacht Club, Bayside, Long Island. "I am fearful," he said, "that perhaps because of increased living costs and high taxes, there will be some who will be tempted to drop their membership as an economy measure. Very plainly I ask them not to do it. Our men in the service, whose names appear on our Honor Roll and of whom we are justly proud, have the right to expect that this Club will be continued by us until their return. We must keep faith with them. With a depleted membership, this cannot be done. In lending your support, I think that you have the right to feel that you are patriotically carrying the burden of one of our men in uniform whom we have properly relieved of financial obligation for the duration of the war.

"I believe that, during the year just ahead, with curtailment of travel still necessary, our Club will fill a real need in the lives of our members. We hope to make it a social center where we may meet on frequent occasions to continue splendid friendships and to profit by the recreation which such association will afford. We cannot at this time announce definite plans for our summer activity but I do assure you that big things are in the making.

"Our vital need now is for new members and the continuance of the old to carry the load for our absentees."

At the end of a single-handed voyage half way around the world, the ketch "Legh II" and her captain and crew, Vito Dumas

THE MONTH IN YACHTING

LONELY VOYAGE

▶ From Wellington, New Zealand, comes word of the safe arrival of Señor Vito Dumas, Argentine sportsman, in his 30-foot nine-ton yacht *Legh II*, after a single-handed, 159-day voyage from Buenos Aires. His 11,900-mile passage was in the best tradition of Slocum, Pidgeon and other famous single-handers and, like them, his voyage was beset with calms, gales and near shipwreck. *Legh II*, a double-ended ketch with a beam of 12 feet, is built of *viraro*, a specially durable South American timber. Marconi rigged, she has no power.

The condition of his boat, upon arrival in Wellington, was eloquent of the battering she had received en route. His oilskins had rotted from moisture, his food was damp and for the most part uneatable, the water tank was in urgent need of repair and paint was noticeable by its absence. "The owner," to quote the *Auckland Star*, "in tattered violet sweater and ancient trousers, was as picturesque as the many seas he had traveled. He reported that his food had consisted largely of chocolate, bread and butter, dried milk and tinned vegetables. At present, his chief concern is replenishing his larder and making the necessary repairs for his return trip."

Señor Dumas sailed the 3500 miles from Buenos Aires to Capetown in 55 days. En route, his adventures were many. His boat was attacked by a giant killer whale. He awoke one night to find his yacht half full of water and sinking rapidly; she had been holed at the water line by drifting wreckage and it was only after a long struggle that he was able to block the hole, which was about the size of his fist. Sometime later he cut his arm; the resulting poisoning which set in left him helpless in his bunk for ten days.

He had no liking for the weather he encountered between Capetown and Tasmania, and from Tasmania on to New Zealand. He sighted the coast of New Zealand at its southern extremity and beat his way up the west coast through a blanketing fog to make a landfall at Cape Farewell. Being driven through Cook Strait by heavy weather, he woke the next morning to find himself off the Wellington coast.

His tiny chronometer, which he used throughout the entire passage, was found to have lost 63 seconds in three months!

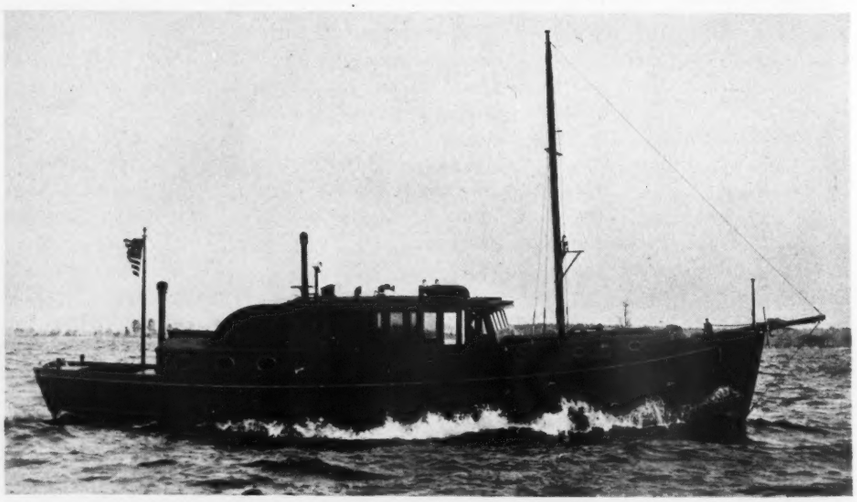
FOR TEACHING SEAMANSHIP IN HIGH SCHOOLS

▶ An opportunity for yachtsmen who are not in the armed services to do something for the war effort that is of great importance is offered them through the Seamanship Training Corps which has been recently established in the high schools of the New York metropolitan area and which is being made a part of the High School Victory Corps program on a nationwide basis. Designed to give boys of high school age, from 16 to 18 years, the elements of seamanship as far as these can be taught ashore and before they are inducted, the Corps needs instructors on a volunteer basis who are willing to give several hours once or twice a week. The movement has the endorsement of the Navy Department and Maritime Commission, which feel that such a course as is proposed will give those going into the Navy, Coast Guard or Merchant Marine valuable pre-induction training.

A National Committee, composed chiefly of yachtsmen and headed by Percy S. Weeks, has been formed which, through a regional committee, will set up a system of coördinated, decentralized operations in the Third Naval District. Subsequently, a structure of identical pattern will be created in all other Naval Districts of the United States.

The instruction will be practical. Its purpose is to turn out seamen, more rapidly and better grounded. There is no thought of supplanting the "boot camp," but boys completing the courses could, under emergency circumstances, go directly aboard ship and be effective. A special textbook has been compiled by Charles F. Chapman. It will commence with basic fundamentals and carry through elementary piloting. As students become proficient, those on navigable waters will be given experience afloat. In this, coöperation of yacht owners is sought.

In the New York Area courses will start soon at James Madison and DeWitt Clinton, two of New York's largest high schools, and other high schools of the city are expected to follow. Mr. Weeks has announced



Col. A. W. Herrington's "Auda," a 47' Wiley motor-sailer, is now in the Coast Guard. A 6-cylinder Buda gasoline engine drives her 10 knots

that 200 boys in the high school at Red Bank, N. J., and 80 students at Asbury Park are taking the seamanship course as part of their regular school program and are receiving school credits for this work.

At a recent meeting, a special committee was formed, under the chairmanship of Dean Worcester, well known yachtsman, for the purpose of conferring with high school principals in New York City on the project, and to allocate the work of the instructors. Here is where yachtsmen who want to help the war effort will be of great help.

Headquarters of the Seamanship Training Corps are at the New York Yacht Club, 37 West 44th Street, New York.

LOOKING TOWARDS THE FUTURE

▶ It is interesting to note that those who are to build the boats of tomorrow are, even in the midst of war, thinking of the problems of the future, as well as are the editors of this magazine.

The Richardson Boat Company has just announced the opening of a contest for practical design suggestions on improvements to standardized motor cruisers for the war's end. The broad scope of the contest can be understood when it is learned that awards will be made for the best *ideas* submitted for the greatest improvement that can be made in small standardized motor cruisers and that worthwhile prizes will be awarded on this basis. Detailed designs themselves are nonessential.

A committee of competent, disinterested judges will select the winners and their decisions will be final. In making such awards, the judges will consider the practicability of each suggestion in terms of standardized boat construction, cost and popular appeal. In other words, novelty alone is not sufficient. In this the Company is making a wise decision. The idea must be practical from a boatbuilding standpoint and must have sufficient utility value to make it desirable to future cruising owners.

Details of the plan will be found on another page in this issue and the rules may be obtained by writing the sponsors of the contest.

A.P.B.A. ANNUAL MEETING

▶ The 40th Annual Meeting of the American Power Boat Association was held in New York on February 1st. The delegates reelected, for the fifth consecutive year, the four chief officers of the organization, who have been serving since 1938. They are John A. Remon, Washington, D. C., president; C. King Brugman, Los Angeles, senior vice president; Douglass C. Fonda, New York, secretary, and Stanley W. Ferguson, Boston, treasurer.

President Remon declared that the American Power Boat Association would continue to give its whole hearted support to the armed forces, Red Cross and other federal agencies for the winning of the war.

C. King Brugman, of Los Angeles, A.P.B.A. senior vice president, in a letter read at the meeting, was optimistic as to the future growth of recreational boating and racing.

The cheerful note struck by the regional chairmen was reflected in the reports of the various committees. Although regattas and cruiser races were practically at a standstill last year, membership, both by clubs and individuals, stood up well, with 200 organizations and nearly 600 persons on the roster. Financially, the A.P.B.A. is in the "black," with all expenditures for 1942 fully paid.

The by-laws were changed to permit greater representation of outboard drivers on the Racing Commission. Hitherto, under the rules of the A.P.B.A., only three members comprised this race-governing body; the amendment now provides that the Council may appoint as many members to the Commission as is deemed necessary, in addition to its old function of naming the chairman and secretary of this group.

The A.P.B.A. Racing Commission, of which Arthur L. Bobrick, of California, is chairman, will continue to grant sanctions for inboard and outboard regattas in those sections of the country where there are no restrictions. Outboard rules will be reviewed and revised by the Racing Commission along lines proposed by a committee of outboard drivers.

MOM, IS THAT A BRIGANTINE OR A BARKENTINE?
UH-ER-I THINK IT'S A SAILING VESSEL OF SOME KIND BUT-
SAILOR ON A SPOT
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WEBSTER

Courtesy New York Herald Tribune

CALENDAR

INTER-COLLEGIATE YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION

(Tentative Spring Schedule)

April 11 — Eighth Annual Spring Invitation Regatta, Lucien Sharpe Memorial Trophy; Brown University Y.C.
April 18 — Third Annual Eastern College Dinghy Championships, George Owen Trophy; U. S. Coast Guard Academy B.C.
April 18 — Ninth Semiannual New England Associate Member Dinghy Championships, I.C.Y.R.A. Trophy; Brown Univ. Y.C. or M.I.T. N.A.
April 25 — Fifth Semiannual Greater Boston Intercollegiates, Harvard Y.C.
April 25 — Third Semiannual Middle Atlantic Associate Member Dinghy Championships, I.C.Y.R.A. Trophy; Navy A.A. or Princeton Y.C.
May 1 — Third Annual I.C.Y.R.A. Freshmen Dinghy Championships; Brown University Y.C.
May 1–2 — Third Annual New England Member Dinghy Championships, U. S. Coast Guard Academy Alumni Bowl; U. S. Coast Guard Academy B.C.
May 8–9 — Seventh Annual I.C.Y.R.A. National Dinghy Championships, Henry A. Morss Memorial Trophy; Nautical Association of M.I.T.
May 15–16 — Third Annual Middle Atlantic Member Dinghy Championships, The America Trophy; Navy A.A.
May 16 — Twelfth Boston Dinghy Club Intercollegiate Challenge Cup Regatta; Nautical Assn. of M.I.T.
May 22 — Dual Meet, U. S. Coast Guard Academy *vs.* U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

"GADGETS & GILHICKIES"

A Napier Diagram Reader

▶ Particularly appropriate at this time, when so many of our readers are struggling with their navigation, is the gadget submitted to this column by Ralph H. Weller, of Rochester. He must be another one of those lazy fellows whose inquiring minds are perpetually seeking new ways to make life easier; in short — an inventor. He says:

Having a lot of conversions to make, using a Napier Diagram, while working problems connected with the U. S. Power Squadron Course in Advanced Piloting and being a rather lazy individual, I designed and constructed the "Diagram Reader," as illustrated and my troubles immediately became greatly alleviated. Hence the inspiration to pass a good thing along to other poor struggling souls who are compelled to use the Napier in converting "compass" to "magnetic course steered" or *vice versa*. This little gadget makes obsolete the use of dividers, parallel ruler, triangles, pencil marks, interpolations or what have you in the struggle of conversion and gives a practically instantaneous, accurate reading.

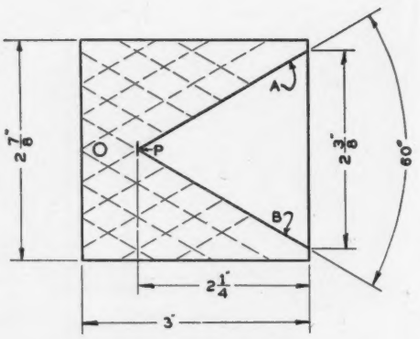
Here's the dope. Get a piece of celluloid or other transparent plastic, about 1/32" (.031") thick, and of the dimensions given or larger. Layout point *P* very carefully, and also the ends of lines *A* and *B* the same way; using a needle or sharp scratch awl. Accuracy in this layout is a *must* and naturally will affect the readings in direct proportion to its error. Scratch in lines *A* and *B* fairly heavy. The broken lines are light scratch lines spaced 1/8" apart and parallel to lines *A* and *B*. The short, heavy scratch through *P* is also necessary. This line is parallel to the edge and perpendicular to the center line of the angle.

Now for its use. Suppose you wish to obtain a compass course from a magnetic steered course of 163°. Suppose the curve on the diagram lies west; place the reader on the diagram, scratched side down, so that line *A* passes through the 163° point with point *P* toward the curve and line *A* parallel to the solid lines on the diagram. Slide reader along until point *P* rests directly on top of the curve, line *A* still passing directly over the 163° mark. Making sure by observation of any or all of the scratch lines on the reader, that lines *A* and *B* are parallel to the dotted and solid angular lines, read your compass course for that heading where line *B* intersects the vertical dotted line and that will be the answer.

The conversion from compass to magnetic is the reverse of this process as a minute or two of experiment will show, and the simplicity and accuracy when using this device, instead of interpolation, will become self evident.

The small circle near point *P* is a hole to hold the reader in your note book or to hang it up on the bulkhead above your chart table.

I feel sure that I speak for a great many budding navigators, and old hands too, when I extend a vote of thanks to Mr. Weller.



NAPIER DIAGRAM READER
R.H.WELLER

Rig for Sawing Plywood

▶ Perhaps, gentle reader, you too have wrestled with a reluctant plywood panel and come out second best. When a seemingly innocent panel really gets obstinate it can do you a lot of dirt. Particularly splinters! Plywood is a perfectly swell material for certain purposes, among which are any number of seagoing uses, so I decided to design a rig to facilitate its marking and sawing. I found that to saw down the middle of a 1/4" panel, four feet wide, supported on sawhorses was, to put it mildly, awkward.

The accompanying drawing shows a scheme that I believe will take the curse off the problem, at least for the home builder who hasn't the setup that they use in boatbuilding plants. It consists of a wooden easel or frame, built of fir 2 by 3's and fastened with carriage bolts, so that the whole thing may be disassembled for storing away when not in use. In the front face of each upright is a series of 1/2" diameter holes, bored to a depth of 2" and spaced 3" on centers. In these holes a pin, made of a 3" long piece of 1/2" diameter dowel, will fit; one pin to each upright. These pins will be adjusted up or down to suit the work in hand. In cutting the average panel for boat work, it will be found necessary to place these pegs at different levels in the two uprights, as the desired piece is usually of an irregular shape.

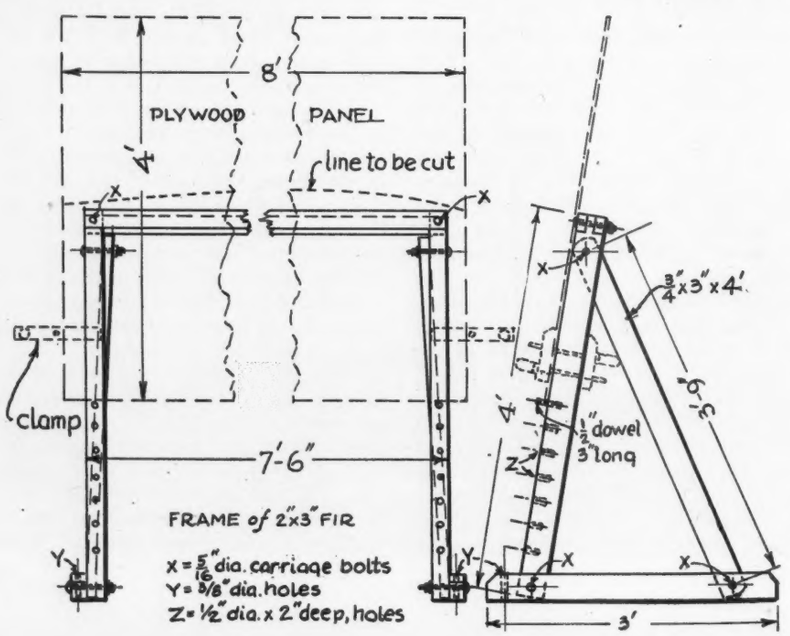
The cross piece at the top of the frame does not extend beyond the side members because, if it did so, it would interfere with making vertical cuts across the panel. Where this cross piece and the side members come together, a slip joint (open end mortise and tenon) is indicated and is securely bolted through and through with a 5/16" diam. carriage bolt with its head let in flush on the front face. In sawing along a panel it will, of course, be so located on the rig that the cross member will be as close as possible to the line to be sawed; the principal function of this cross piece is to lend support to the panel lengthwise, while it is being cut.

Note that a parallel clamp is indicated by dotted lines, at each end of the panel, holding it securely to the frame, and preventing the latter from moving laterally. If clamps are not used, it will be necessary to provide diagonal braces to compensate for this tendency.

The holes "Y" are provided so that the whole unit may be bolted to the floor of the shop, with 3/8" diam. lag screws. If, for some reason (such as a concrete floor), this is not possible, it will be necessary to locate the frame in such a position that a couple of horizontal braces can be rigged from its upper part to some firm backing, such as a wall, taking care that the space behind it is greater than the length of your saw.

After some sad experiences, I have discovered that sometimes the things I lay out on the drawing board may need a bit of improving in practice. This rig may well be a case in point; I have worked on the idea for some time, but I have never built one. If any of my readers try this scheme out and discover any "bugs" in it, I would appreciate it if they would drop me a line telling me about it, enclosing a sketch of any improvements they may make.

HAM DE FONTAINE



WITH THE U. S. COAST GUARD AUXILIARY

▶ Captain Chester H. Jones, USCG, former chairman of the Coast Guard's General Board and one of the most distinguished officers in service, has been appointed Chief Director of the Coast Guard Auxiliary. Captain Jones succeeds Captain Ellis Reed-Hill, USCG, who will continue in his important post of Public Relations Officer of the Coast Guard. Lieut. James H. Kimberly, USCGR, will continue to serve as Assistant Chief Director of the Auxiliary.

Lieut. J. H. Kimberly, USCGR, Assistant Chief Director of the Auxiliary, with the CGA's new Chief Director, Captain Chester H. Jones, USCG

Captain Jones and Lieut. Kimberly recently visited Auxiliary bases in New York City, Westchester, Connecticut, New Bedford and Boston. It is reported that the new Chief Director was greatly pleased by what he saw, and is looking forward to a nation-wide inspection trip during the coming months. While in Boston he addressed the Auxiliary members of the First Naval District, in the course of which he said:

"Our country is in a war for its very life. And the men of the Coast Guard Auxiliary are a highly important gear in the defense section of our war machine. In any war, strategists set up several lines of defense as well as several waves of offense. In the Coast Guard plan of action, the Auxiliary holds the second line of defense. Upon you men, your abilities and your loyalty rests the not small burden of holding that second line. We are hopeful, of course, that war conditions will never necessitate using this second line. However, it is entirely conceivable that we may have to go all out and call upon the Auxiliary to assume full responsibility of the protection of our long coastline and our many seaports, replacing regulars and reservists who may possibly be called overseas on other important assignments.

"Originally formed as the U. S. Coast Guard Reserve by a Congressional act on June 23, 1939, this non-military body of men and vessels became the Coast Guard Auxiliary on February 19th, 1941. In the beginning the organization was to promote the peacetime purposes of furthering interest of safety at sea and on other navigable waters; to promote a better understanding of the rules and regulations of motor boats and yachts; to instill a wider knowledge of navigation and the operation of vessels, and to coöperate with the regular Coast Guard in the performance of its duties. It is this last phase of its peacetime purpose that the Coast Guard Auxiliary is now asked to stress. And coöperation with the Coast Guard in the performance of its duties is no empty phrase.

"Although at times the jobs that you Auxiliaries have to do may seem thankless and monotonous and entirely valueless, each and every one of you, whether patrolling a bleak area in cold damp wheelhouses of your boats, watching a particular section of beach and ocean from some gale-swept cliff, or just plain standing a watch on the deck of some war-laden freighter — each one of you must know that you are doing your share in the vast struggle to save decency from being eliminated from our world.

"One of the toughest assignments, and I know from experience, is just plain standing by. Training, training and still more training while you stand by waiting for a flash emergency that may never occur is tough on nerves and morale. But if that emergency ever should arise, the welfare of the entire nation might depend on that training and the persons standing by. One example of this happened aboard a ship in a recent battle off Guadalcanal. For months on end the gunnery crew of the *Boise* had practiced until they were a perfect team. Their loading, aiming and firing was like an oiled piece of a fine watch movement. Then came the battle. It was over within a half hour with the happy results that you have all read about. But here's the point. While the starboard bow gun crews worked at a desperate speed, firing round after round, the men of the port gun crew just stood by, waiting, not even allowed to turn and watch the crew on the other side of the ship. They stood by no matter how hard it was. And the Auxiliary plays a similar role. They must train for their Coast Guard jobs until they are letter perfect, and then they must stand by for that emergency which we all pray will never come. Did you know that one small fifteen minute action in war time, has back of it some fifteen days, even weeks and months of planning and waiting and standing by?

"In the First Naval District, the Auxiliary jumped from a membership of some 300 men to a still-growing membership of over 3200 with some 2000 craft. Of these 3200, approximately 1200 have become members of the Coast Guard Temporary Reserve, serving their 24 or 48 hours each week. This large body of men is divided into 61 flotillas in seven divisions which range from the uppermost tip of Maine down to the boundary of the First and Third Districts off the Connecticut shores. Your work has not gone unnoticed. And your coöperation with the Coast Guard has not been accepted ungratefully.

"It hasn't been forgotten that it was the Auxiliary crew, one a Harvard student, one a carpenter, another the vice president of a large company and another a garageman, who discovered a fire recently under a coal wharf in South Boston, where some 100,000 tons of coal were stored. If that fire hadn't been discovered when it was by that crew, can you imagine the plight of this city, with the entire fuel reserves of a great electric light company ablaze in freezing weather? The health of the entire city and much of the war effort would have been seriously endangered.

"Each and every one of you knows that, although he cannot get into one of the other parts of the world to fight, he is as much in a theater of war, fighting for the lives and well-being of his family, as any serviceman. To the officers and to the men of the United States Coast Guard Auxiliary, I can give only the highest compliment in seagoing warfare, with the words . . . WELL DONE, AUXILIARY!"

▶ Yes, there are women *members* of the CGA! And that statement should settle a full deckload of arguments which have been raging for the past few months. As convincing proof of this assertion, a picture of an "Auxiliarette" — in the CGA uniform designed for the fair sex — is here published.

At present, there are approximately 100 CGA members who are women, and practically all of them are located in the Great Lakes region. They have participated extensively in the training and educational

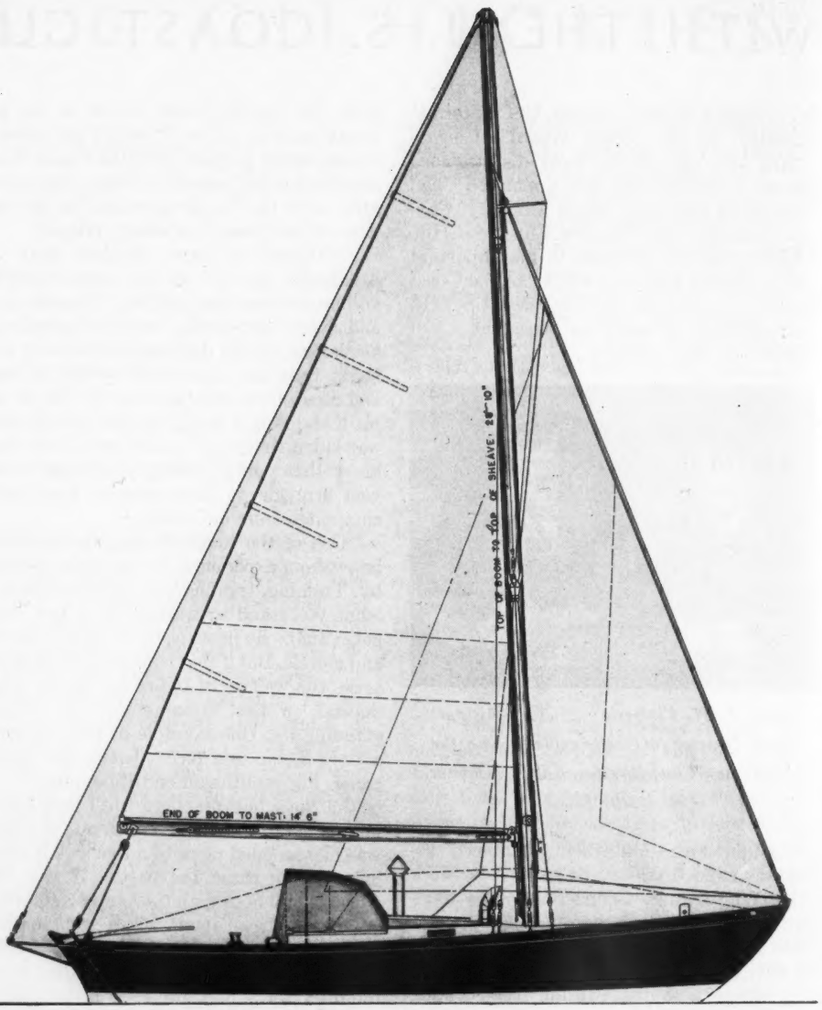
(Continued on page 113)

Many CGA districts are accepting women as full fledged members; on the West Coast one all-woman Flotilla is now being formed. Here is the official uniform

"STEALER"

A Trim Auxiliary Sloop Designed for Post-War Cruising

By H. A. SCHEEL

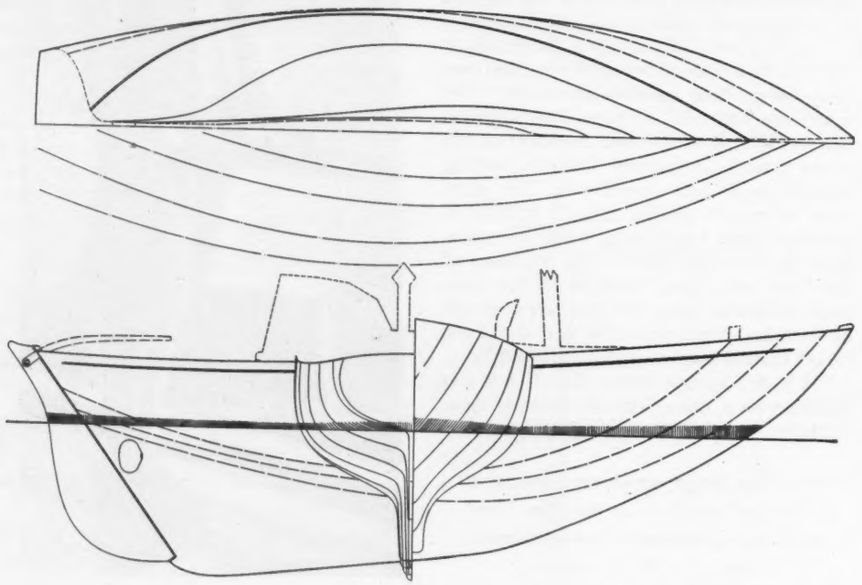


Sail plan. The area of the mainsail is 200 square feet, the working jib has 109 and the Genoa 184 feet. In bad weather the boom may be lowered almost to the cabin trunk

STEALER is 26 feet of cruising boat such as to gladden the heart of small boat men and ocean racers alike. Although only 22 feet on the water line, accommodations for sleeping four persons below decks worked in quite well. It is felt, however, that the cruising complement would be two persons, and for these two, *Stealer* would be just about right. Emphasis has been placed on windward ability in view of the importance of that quality in boats of this size. Sloop rigged, the sail area will be most effective for windward work. Light sails would keep *Stealer* going in downhill sailing.

Although cost of construction has been borne in mind, no sacrifice of sailing ability has been made for inexpensiveness of construction. Choice of materials to suit cost desired is basic. It is recommended that the hull be built with great care, using good materials; that the rigging and sails be first class; that the interior fittings be severely simple.

With a displacement of 9,200 pounds, a beam of 7′ 7″ is about as narrow as reason permits. The profile shows a bold sheer to keep her dryish in head seas, either at anchor or under way. Moderate ends allow easy run of the afterbody, and normal reserve buoyancy forward. A plumb stem was discarded due to the difficulty of planking at the turn of the stem, added wetted surface, and hollow water lines forward, together with that sort of stem's undesirable reserve buoyancy characteristics. Liberal fore and aft lateral plane, a proper S-shaped midship section, a feather-edged forefoot and a cast trailing edge to the rudder, are typical examples wherein windward characteristics have been considered of greater importance than cost. No effort to give greater floor width in the accommodations was made which might have resulted in lumping of the displacement amidships. The general shape of the buttocks indicated a good run and easy entrance, and shows no lumping of form. In all cases, the underbody should be exceptionally well finished, to give *Stealer* the "breaks" in going to windward.



The boat has an S shaped midship section and a slippery model with easy fore and aft lines

In considering construction several conditions were assumed:

(a) Due to the unlikelihood of mass production of boats of this size, the unit cost of moulded plywood as basic hull material prohibited the use thereof.

(b) Due to the designer's personal dislike of chines in a boat of this size and intended use, sheet plywood for "planking" was not considered.

To use readily available material, strip planking, edge nailed and glued, with tight seams inside and outside, is shown. Usual construction utilizes many light frames. In

The plans reproduced in this section are the property of the designers under whose name they appear. For further information concerning any design address the naval architect in question.

this case, hull strapping and station binding-strips, together with eight deep hanging knees on each side, and long armed, welded steel floors would make the omission of frames practicable. This would reduce cost a bit and, if properly done, would make a splendid hull, easy to keep smooth and clean and quite roomy below decks, due to the absence of the frames. A single bilge stringer would give stiffness in the unsupported turn of the bilge. The clamp and shelf at the gunwale structure would be extremely easy to fit. A plywood deck, canvas covered, would be set upon conventional deck beams. The cabin trunk would be conventional, except for the trunk top, which, with stiffeners and hand rails, would be moulded in one piece. Below decks, accommodations were planned for two persons' comfortable cruising, and four persons' sleeping. Simplicity is reflected in the pipe berths. Canvas is laced to a pipe rim running around the berth. This canvas, in the case of the double berth forward, would be removed when two alone were cruising. This would make splendid space available for stowage of sails, gear, etc., and the canvas berth would be stowed away. When four are aboard, the settees, extending below the forward double berth, would take care of two persons.

A coal stove is shown as it is felt that this means of cooking is most effective during the early spring and late fall. Likewise, when east of Gloucester, the cabin could be nicely dried out during a foggy spell. For Eastern Long Island Sound, in midsummer, a portable alcohol stove could be placed on top of the Shipmate. Coal for the stove would be in the locker below it. On the same side as the stove, and abaft it, is a dresser, under which are some drawers in which china and other cooking and eating gear should be stowed. In making out an equipment list for a small boat such as *Stealer*, it is important to note that no more than four of everything, culinarily speaking, need to be included. This realization makes the idea of the above mentioned stowage more feasible than at first appears reasonable. Opposite the stove is another dresser, whose top is the same height as that of the stove and dresser to port. The after end of this dresser contains a sink with a cover flush with the dresser top. The forward part of this dresser houses the water closet, which is accessible by opening a door in the inboard face of the dresser and lifting a portion of the top. A curtain, hung along the forward end of the companionway opening, would give some privacy in this location.

Attention is invited to the fact that headroom in way of the galley dresser is obtained under the folding companionway dodger. The sliding companion is just about the full width of the cabin trunk, and so gives considerable room to this important working space.

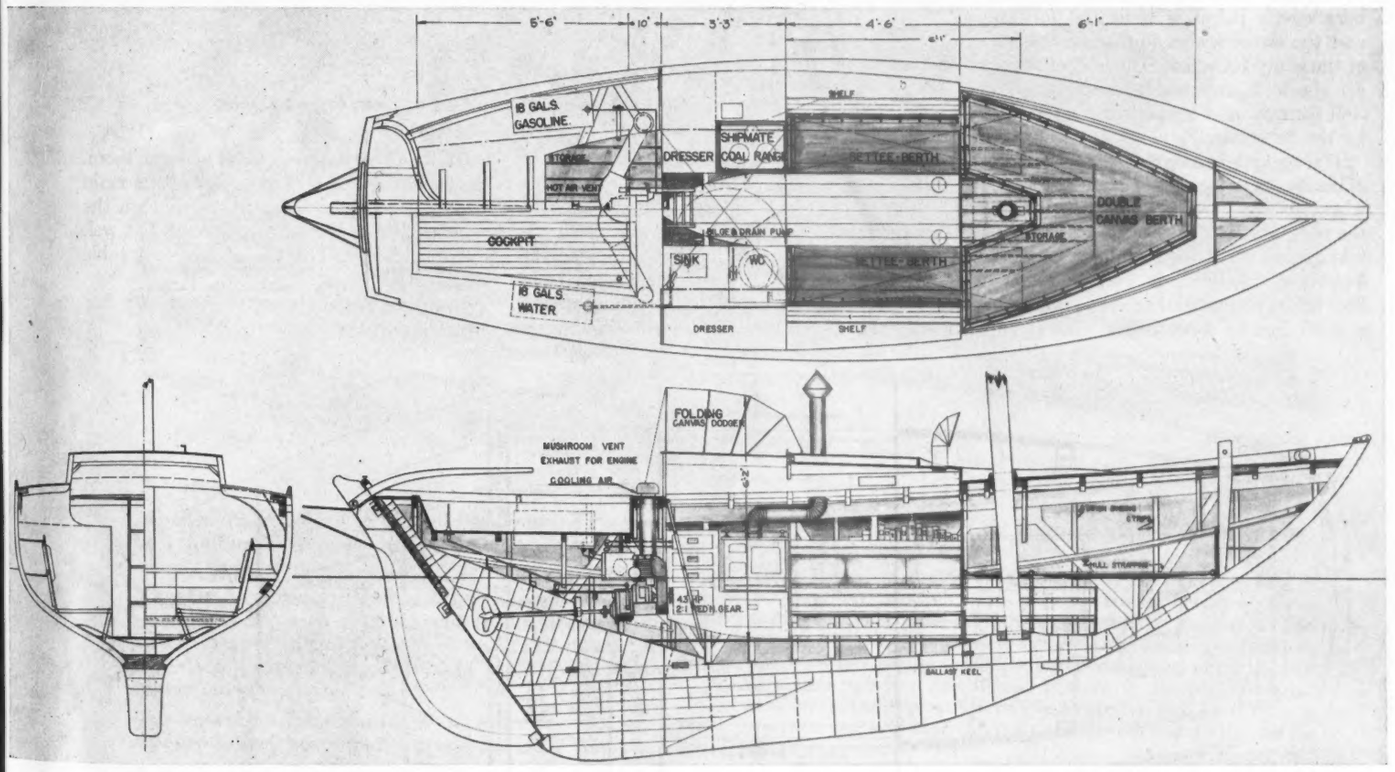
A small air-cooled single-cylinder engine drives a wheel through the deadwood by a 2:1 reduction gear. The cooling air is bypassed to the deck *via* a damper and some sheet metal ductwork. The damper provides the ability to discharge the air, either to one side of the boat or the other, or to both sides, depending on the apparent wind direction when under power.

Light below decks is provided by small deadlights in the sides of the cabin trunk; the dodger should be white canvas which, too, would allow some light below decks. The dodger is collapsible and, except in poor weather or at night, would possibly remain "unset." Ventilation below decks would be by the two cowl vents in the cabin trunk top, forward. These vents would have built-in traps and should be quite effective. A windsail, all too seldom used on pleasure boats, should be included in the list of sails.

The deck layout should be kept as simple as possible. The halliards are, with the exception of the spinnaker halliards, all wire rope. Double forestays would make headsail changing easy. A sliding gooseneck would make the choice of the hoist possible; in a breeze of wind, the Charley Noble would be "reefed," and the sail brought to the lowest setting, reducing the heeling moment of the sail area times wind velocity. All sail handling gear should be of the best obtainable. The suit of sails should be complete. Plenty of good sail stops should be bought, along with the sails. The sail area is moderate, and so distributed as to make for easy helm under all wind conditions. The mainsail area is 200 square feet; the working staysail is 109 square feet, and that of the Genoa 184 square feet.

Stealer would make a fine little ship, able, honest, and one whose appearance would cause her owner to mumble to himself, when rowing ashore after setting her aright: "What a handsome old friend."

Note: *Stealer* is the second boat of the series of small cruising yachts for post-war use which has been designed for YACHTING. Others, from the boards of a number of naval architects, will follow in subsequent issues. EDITOR.



Accommodation plan. Two persons can cruise in comfort and two more can be put up overnight. Note the canvas dodger over the companionway. It is collapsible and will be used mostly in bad weather and at night

A MOTOR-SAILER FOR THE FISHERMAN

HERE are the preliminary plans of an interesting auxiliary yacht of the motor-sailer type from the board of John G. Alden, naval architect of Boston, Mass. They were drawn before this country got into the war and the boat naturally will not be built until peace comes again. She was designed for sport fishing and will have all the gadgets so dear to the heart of the deep water angler, such as outriggers and all the rest of the paraphernalia used by the fraternity.

The principal dimensions of the new boat are as follows: Length over all, 33′ 9″; length on the water line, 30′ 1″; beam, extreme, 11′ 2″; draft of water, 4′ 3″. She has an interesting set of lines, with flush deck and plenty of sheer, a long cabin trunk that is not too high for good looks, and a comfortable shelter house a little abaft amidships. The ends are well balanced, with rounded stem and raking transom. She carries about 2500 pounds of outside ballast.

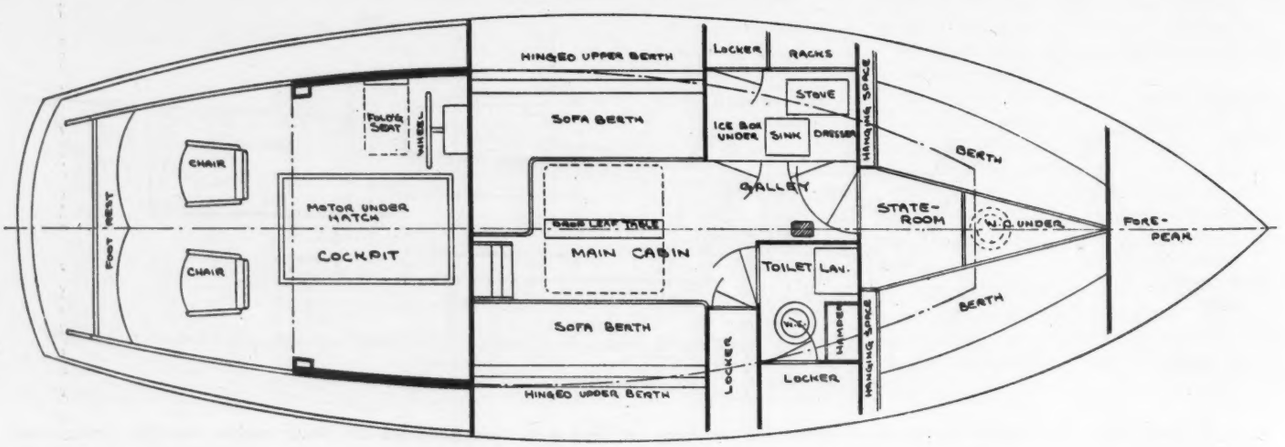
The sail plan is moderate in area, with 372 square feet of canvas in mainsail and jib. The jib contains 104 square feet and the mainsail 268. The main boom is short, so that there will be no interference with the anglers in the cockpit. There is a wide seat for the lookout at the crosstrees and ladder rounds on the forward side of the mast give access to this post. The shrouds are led down in wake of the mast and a standing backstay is run from the point of attachment of the jibstay to a point about 3′ 6″ abaft the mast. A harpooner's pulpit is indicated forward in case the owner wishes to take up the pursuit of the gamy swordfish. The lead of main and jib sheets is interesting, keeping all gear well forward and keeping the cockpit clear for the fisherman.

Outboard profile of the Alden motor-sailer, designed for sport fishing

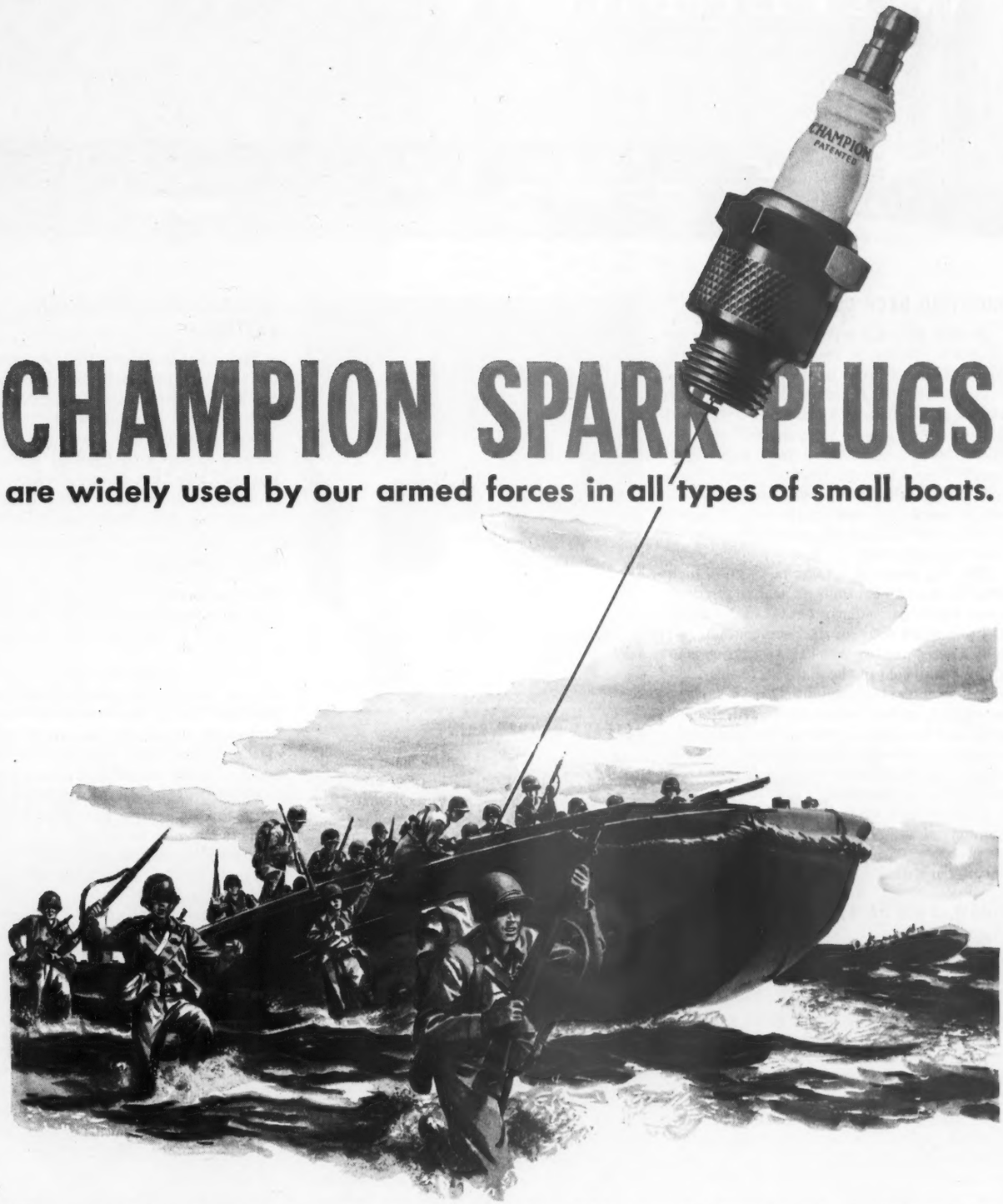
The cockpit is roomy and there is plenty of headroom in the shelter cabin. The steering wheel, with all motor controls, is located in the port forward corner of the shelter, with a folding seat for the helmsman. The motor, a 6-cylinder Chrysler, is located under the floor of the cockpit and access to it is through a flush hatch. Two fishing chairs, of the latest model, are installed in the after part of the cockpit, and are fitted with curved footrests. Ample fuel and water tank capacity is provided.

Below, accommodations are provided for six adults. There are sofa berths on each side of the main cabin, with folding uppers over them, while forward is a stateroom with two built-in berths and a toilet between them. In the forward starboard corner of the main cabin is a compact toilet room while on the opposite side of the yacht is a small but well equipped galley. There is a drop-leaf table in the cabin.

Altogether, an attractive boat for her designed purpose.



The arrangement of the cabin provides sleeping accommodations for six persons



CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

are widely used by our armed forces in all types of small boats.

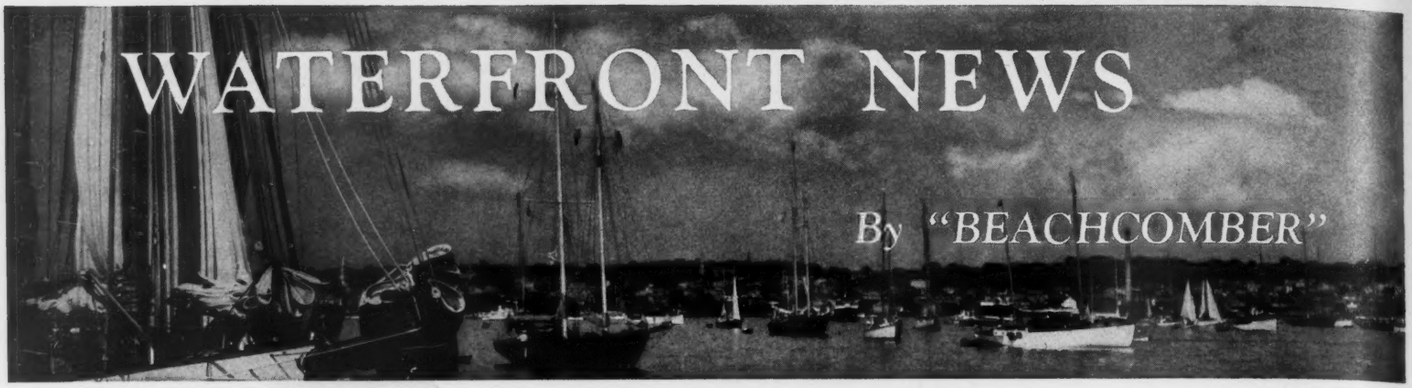
Whenever and wherever our soldiers, sailors, and marines "hit the beach" to meet the foe, small boats are a tremendously important part of the invasion process.

The American motor boat industry has met the challenge magnificently, with craft of widely diversified sizes and types, each specifically designed and built to accomplish a certain purpose, regardless of conditions, and with maximum efficiency.

The marine engine builders of America, true to their tradition, are meeting the ever-increasing demands for dependable power for these boats by supplying engines without equal in the world.

The Champion Spark Plug Company is indeed proud of the part its products are playing in so many of these engines of every size including the versatile outboard. The trust and faith of engine builders in the ability of Champions to deliver dependable performance under the most adverse operating conditions is soundly based. For now, as always, Champion Spark Plugs are backed by research, engineering and manufacturing facilities unequalled in the spark plug field.

TO SAVE GASOLINE • KEEP YOUR SPARK PLUGS CLEAN



WATERFRONT NEWS

By "BEACHCOMBER"

NON-SKID DECK COVERING

A NEW non-skid type of deck covering for vessels which can be readily applied to steel or wood with a brush or trowel has been developed by the Building Materials Division of the Armstrong Cork Co. Durable and waterproof, this new material will be marketed under the name of Armstrong's Lightweight Deck Covering. It forms a ready bond with the decking and no elaborate preparation is necessary before application. Designed primarily for the exposed deck, it may also be used on inner decks.

The new material is manufactured of high grade rosins and contains no asphalt. In deck areas where particularly heavy traffic tends to bring rapid wear on the deck covering, all that is necessary to correct this condition is to apply a thin coat of the material to the deck.

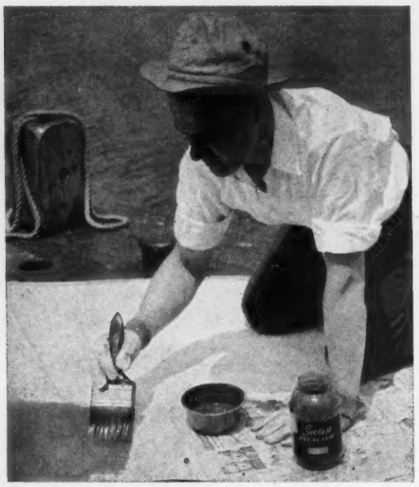
Armstrong's Lightweight Deck Covering is available in four colors, black, red, blue or gray, and is suitable for use on gun platforms, catapult walkways, signal bridges, and on ramps and other areas where a highly non-skid surface is essential.

This product, while intended for naval or commercial vessels, is also suitable for the larger type of yacht now engaged in patrol duty. Armstrong Cork Co., Lancaster, Pa.

A NEW, SAFE PAINT STRIPPER

AN absolutely noninflammable, fast-acting, wax-free paint remover has recently been introduced by Turco Products, Inc. Turco Stripper L-595 can be used with complete safety near equipment which generate heat and sparks. Other than proper ventilation, no special or elaborate precautions are necessary when using it.

Turco Stripper L-595 will not injure polished aluminum alloy, anodized aluminum alloy, alclad, polished steel, cadmium plated steel, stainless steel, polished copper or magnesium alloy. No after cleaning is necessary. Most noninflammable paint removers contain wax. After the paint is removed with these materials, a wax film remains. Before paint will adhere to the stripped surface, this film must be removed with additional solvents such as benzol, gasoline or turpentine which increase the danger of fire. Stripping with this new stripper leaves the surface suitable for refinishing without further preparation. It acts so rapidly the "lifting action" starts almost immediately upon application. Varnish, lacquer and some enamels require a maximum time of five minutes for complete removal, while the most obdurate baked enamel requires not more than fifteen minutes. Turco Products, Los Angeles, Cal.



SETFAST CANVAS PAINT

MANY new chemical coatings are being developed which not only add color and freshness to canvas equipment but preserve it as well. Such a product is Setfast Canvas Paint, designed for all types of canvas surfaces. The new paint doesn't stiffen the fabric, doesn't crack, is colorfast and water-repellent and, final practical feature, contains a mildew-killing agent for insurance against rot and mildew. For those who do not want to change the color of their boat canvas, there is a colorless canvas preservative containing the same features. Aridye Corporation, Fairlawn, New Jersey.

INTERNATIONAL CODE AND MORSE MEMORIZERS

R. O. H. HILL, INC., manufacturer of the Hill Morse Code Memorizer and the Hill Blinker Visualizer, has now produced a new memory tickler in the form of a memorizer for International Code Flags and International Morse Code.

These cards were originally devised for the War Shipping Administration and are now being issued to the men being trained for deck officers in the Merchant Marine. This set of cards differs from anything else on the market in one important feature — in having the flag on one side of the card but nothing to give any clue to its meaning on the same side. This feature makes it self-correcting and aids the student in learning quickly and easily.

The price, per set, is 40 cents and they may be obtained from YACHTING's Book Department, 205 East 42nd Street, N.Y.

RECHARGEABLE FLASHLIGHT BATTERY

THIS may be the solution for your flashlight battery problems. The Ideal rechargeable battery fits the standard flashlight cases and takes the place of two 1¼" size D dry cells. No matter how much you use it, the battery can be kept fresh by recharging in the same way that a large storage battery is brought back to life. Ideal Commutator Dresser Co., 1273 Park Ave., Sycamore, Ill.

SAVE YOUR SKIN

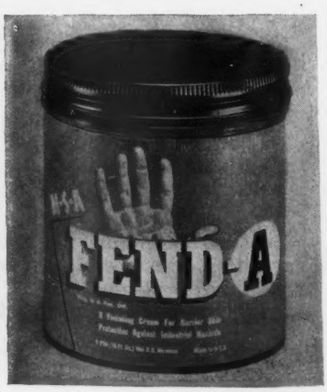
MANY a yachtsman has managed to put his boat in commission but his hands on the "sick list" by the time the good ship goes overboard.

Here is a product that may be the answer to your trouble. Its name is Fend, and it is described by its distributor as "an industrial cream and lotion for barrier protection of the worker's skin against industrial dermatitis." Fend creams and lotions are stated to provide a protective barrier on the skin against many specific hazards. Consisting of cosmetically-safe materials, they are medically correct, easy to apply, and are bland and neutral. They are readily removed with mild soap and warm water.

Complete details may be obtained from the Mine Safety Appliances Co., Braddock, Thomas and Meade Streets, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MITTS CREAM

ANOTHER cream is Mitts, which is a water soluble hand cream that is applied to the skin before starting work. Its purpose is to guard the hands and other exposed parts from grease, paint and other matter difficult to clean. Mitts Manufacturing Co., 367 East 45th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



THANK YOU -BILL

—Your letter "pulled the trigger", too: Because you American Boat Builders and your relationship to the American scene represent what we're fighting for. After all, it was the loyal support of Gray's insistence on better quality which built the foundation for the engineering and the organization that won the Army-Navy "E" for three Gray plants.

Gray is ready with post-war plans and new boating ideas for post-war thinking. Power Squadron and Training School Classes are now using Gray Instruction Material. A postcard will bring samples and complete list of Gray's Technical Publications and Catalogs.

LYMAN CLINKER LYMAN Boat Works

FOOT OF FIRST ST. · SANDUSKY, O.

Gray Marine Motor Co.
2970 East Jefferson Ave.
Detroit, Mich.

January 12, 1943

Gentlemen: Attention: Mr. G. H. Nablo

Let me congratulate you on your fine two-page spread, "NEW ENGINES for the NEW MARKETS", in the January issues of the boating magazines. It is characteristically "Gray" to plan with confidence for the future of boats and motors.

Having used hundreds of Gray motors in our boats, I am personally familiar with the engineering progress you have made during the ten years before Pearl Harbor, and I am looking forward with keen interest to the developments which will be incorporated in the new motors as a result of your war time research and engineering.

New boats are dependent, in part, upon progress in motor development, and for this reason, your message is of particular interest to me as it fits in with our own program of new design.

We all are now working full speed on the paramount job of winning the war, and when that is done, I feel that we will view the new boats and motors with a feeling of justifiable pride.

With best regards, I remain

Sincerely yours,
LYMAN BOAT WORKS
William E. Lyman

WEL:IM

OUTBOARDS . . . TENDERS
"Yo... ...ay it Rides"

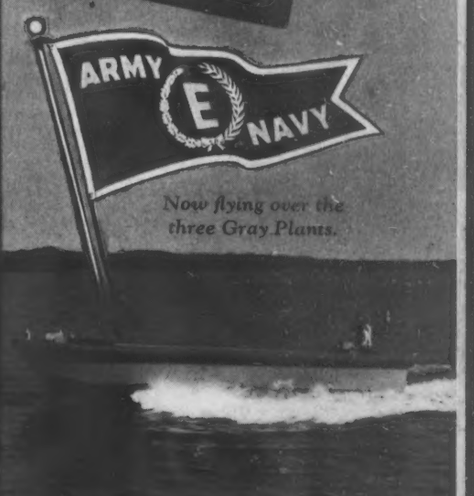
New Engines for the New Markets

GRAY
MARINE MOTORS
GASOLINE
DIESEL

VALUABLE DATA FOR NEW OPERATORS AND FOR ALL BOAT OWNERS

GRAY MARINE MOTOR CO., DETROIT, MICH., U. S. A.

Marine Engine Builders Since 1906—Gasoline and Diesel



Now flying over the three Gray Plants.

HARPER *stocks or makes*

EVERLASTING FASTENINGS

IN THESE FORMS — OF THESE ALLOYS

ITEM	Brass	Bronze	Copper	Everdur	Monel	Stainless
Cap Screws:						
Hexagon head	STOCK	To Order	To Order	STOCK	STOCK	STOCK
Flat Head	STOCK	STOCK	To Order	To Order	To Order	To Order
Round head	STOCK	STOCK	To Order	To Order	To Order	To Order
Fillister head	STOCK	STOCK	To Order	To Order	To Order	To Order
Special	To Order	To Order	To Order	To Order	To Order	To Order
Bolts:						
Machine	STOCK	STOCK	To Order	STOCK	STOCK	STOCK
Carriage	STOCK	STOCK	To Order	STOCK	STOCK	STOCK
Flat head	To Order	STOCK		To Order	To Order	To Order
Round head	To Order	STOCK		To Order	To Order	To Order
Oval head	To Order	STOCK			To Order	To Order
Hangar	To Order	STOCK		STOCK	To Order	To Order
Stove	STOCK	To Order	To Order		To Order	To Order
Special	To Order	To Order	To Order	To Order	To Order	To Order
Screws:						
Thumb	STOCK					
Lag	STOCK	STOCK	To Order	STOCK	STOCK	STOCK
Machine	STOCK	To Order	To Order	STOCK	STOCK	STOCK
Wood	STOCK	To Order		STOCK	STOCK	STOCK
Set	STOCK	To Order		STOCK	STOCK	STOCK
Knurled	STOCK					
Special	To Order	To Order	To Order	To Order	To Order	To Order
Studs	STOCK	STOCK	To Order	STOCK	STOCK	STOCK
Threaded Rod	STOCK	To Order	To Order	To Order	To Order	To Order
Nuts:						
Knurled	STOCK					
Heavy American Standard	STOCK	STOCK	To Order	STOCK	STOCK	STOCK
Light American Standard	STOCK	To Order		STOCK	STOCK	STOCK
Regular American Standard	STOCK	STOCK		STOCK	STOCK	STOCK
Machine screw	STOCK			STOCK	STOCK	STOCK
Castellated	STOCK	To Order	To Order	To Order	STOCK	STOCK
Wing	STOCK			STOCK	STOCK	
Special	To Order	To Order	To Order	To Order	To Order	To Order
Cap	STOCK	To Order	To Order	To Order	STOCK	STOCK
Washers:						
Regular	STOCK	To Order	STOCK	STOCK	STOCK	STOCK
Lock				STOCK	STOCK	STOCK
Counter sunk finishing	STOCK					
Special	To Order	To Order	To Order	To Order	To Order	To Order
Cotter Pins	STOCK			To Order	STOCK	STOCK
Rivets	STOCK	To Order	STOCK	STOCK	STOCK	STOCK

In the above table, "STOCK" means carried in stock; "To Order" means made to order. Harper stocks a total of 4320 items . . . large quantities of each. Many are "Unusual and hard to get." Besides, the Harper special order department is fully equipped with dies, tools, taps and special machinery to make a variety of "super-unusual and out of the ordinary" fastenings.

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. . . and reference book. 80 pages—4 colors—193 illustrations—numerous tables and other data. Free when requested on company letterheads.

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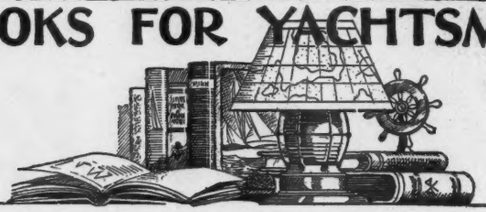
HARPER Chicago EVERLASTING FASTENINGS

BOOKS FOR YACHTSMEN



COAST GUARD LAW ENFORCEMENT

By Ridsdale Ellis

(Cornell Maritime Press, New York, $2.50)

▶ Here is the book that Coast Guardsmen — Active, Reserve or Auxiliary — have long been waiting for. Prior to its publication, information and source material on the subject was scarce to the point of being well-nigh unobtainable. No two texts were found to agree on any but the most elementary aspects of the subject and interpretations of the broader points of the law were so general that they were less than useless.

With an eye to the men of the Coast Guard Auxiliary, and with the approval of high officers of the Coast Guard, the author set about to prepare an authoritative manual of Coast Guard law enforcement within the pages of a readable yet comprehensive manual. He has succeeded admirably for, as Rear Admiral Stanley V. Parker, U.S.C.G., states in the foreword: "Ridsdale Ellis has performed a real service by preparing this manual on the law of the Coast Guard."

Lawyers and ship operators will find it accurate and up-to-date; no Auxiliary member or Flotilla should be without it. C. R.

SURE, YOU CAN FISH

By Harlan Major

(Funk & Wagnall Co., New York, 1942, $2.00)

▶ For the fisherman, salt water or fresh, Harlan Major has brought out a new book that will fill a real need during wartime when the effect of priorities and the shortage of material has curtailed the output of goods for sport use. Evidently the fishermen face the same situation as do yachtsmen and golfers in the matter of obtaining new equipment these days. They must either make the old outfits do, or improvise if they want new ones.

That the handicap to carrying on as usual is not insurmountable is amply proved by Harlan Major in this his latest, and timely, book. For he shows how the fisherman with any ingenuity can fashion for himself such necessary items as artificial lure, lines, leaders and even hooks. There is a chapter on the care, cleaning and repair of reels to make them last longer; another one on rods and their fittings, and one on the various and important accessories that enable the angler or fisherman to take fish.

He proves that fish can be caught with homemade outfits that, while not as pleasing to the eye, or as handy to get, will still do the trick. And that, after all, is what a fisherman is after. It is a good book, on the "how-to-do-it-yourself" pattern, that every fisherman will find both handy and informative. H. L. S.

SEAMANSHIP: A PRACTICAL MANUAL

By Charles E. Chapman

(Motor Boating, New York, $1.00)

▶ If all the yachtsmen who had cut their nautical teeth on Charles Chapman's "Piloting, Seamanship and Small Boat Handling" were placed end to end (or should I say, bow to stern) you would there find a substantial portion of the American boating fraternity.

Now, in answer to the wartime need of a compact and comprehensive manual for instructional purposes, Mr. Chapman has prepared this volume wherein he has retained the essential material of the parent book but has rearranged it for quick reference and organized study. The amount of material packed in its 244 pages is amazing, particularly in view of the wide variety of illustrations and diagrams.

"The purpose of this manual is two-fold," writes Percy S. Weeks in the Preface, "it is hoped that it will be of value to everyone in the earlier stages of acquiring a love of the sea, but the thought uppermost in its creation is to provide a textbook and compact reference volume for the young men who are preparing themselves for National Service."

C. R.

(Continued on page 94)

☆ AFRICAN ASSAULT

U.S. TROOPS LANDED IN RECORD TIME FROM HIGGINS BOATS

UNITED STATES troops accomplished in 1942 what Spain in 1775 failed to do—a successful invasion of Africa. Tests prove that 140,000 soldiers can be landed in five hours with Higgins boats. Fast, rugged, with a matchless ability to land men dry shod on rock or mud beaches, Higgins Boats provide the new kind of transportation successful assault demands. New maneuverability and dependability that will be yours in the peace!

HIGGINS INDUSTRIES, INC.
NEW ORLEANS, U. S. A.
WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF BOATS

This is the time for an early Spring check-up of your boat. How has it stood up under winter winds and storms? What work must be done next month? What is the most satisfactory way of doing this job or that? What serious under-the-surface damage is crying for attention? These are a few of the questions you should ask yourself, but there are more too, on which you will need advice. That's why the advice of a Chubb inspector at this time is especially valuable. You'll find our representative thoroughly familiar with problems arising in any season of the year. And when it comes to insurance, the Chubb organization, with more than 50 years' experience in the marine field, is equipped to render unusual service. Ask your broker to arrange for a free Chubb inspection soon.

CHUBB & SON

Managers of the Federal Insurance Company and Associated Companies

90 JOHN STREET NEW YORK

Represented by agents and brokers throughout the country

What Our Readers Say

GONE WITH THE WIND?

Editor, YACHTING:

▶ May I add a little more to the argument in your columns about the relative force of winter and summer winds?

When this discussion was first revived, it occurred to me that a more logical explanation than any offered was that the average sailor is accustomed to judging wind velocities by wave action. If the same velocity will produce smaller waves in winter than in summer, then the effect on the skipper is to make him underestimate winter velocities.

When I considered the effect of temperature on the viscosity and surface tension of water, it seemed like a reasonable explanation. In the first heat of enthusiasm about a new idea, I went even further and made an experiment. I divided an 11" by 14" developing tray into two compartments by a center baffle, filled one side with warm water and the other with cold water, chilled with ice cubes, and directed air from an electric fan across the water. It seemed to me that the miniature waves were decidedly more pronounced in the warmer water.

ARTHUR W. BULL

Grosse Pointe, Mich.

FAN MAIL

Editor, YACHTING:

▶ Being a young squirt of 29 summers, married — but no children — with no holy diploma, I enlisted in the Coast Guard last November, as any YACHTING reader would under similar circumstances. I had two weeks of boot camp at Manhattan Beach, then six weeks in the hospital with pneumonia, and here I am at home on sick leave. It is all beside the point, of course, but isn't it wonderful?

I have kept every issue of YACHTING I have received, and my wife doesn't holler about the pile at all because I really look at them, spending long evenings with a pile of old ones. It would hurt me more to receive YACHTING at my C. G. station and throw it away than not to receive it at all — you know that "what-you-don't-know-won't-hurt-you" feeling. Furthermore, my change of address may be sudden and frequent. All in all, I decided to shelve it all for the duration, and dream my dreams of a "Stout Fella."

▶ You can bet that, as soon as I get settled down again where I don't have to cram all my worldly goods into an inadequate sea bag, I'll have money on the board to get on your list. It seems almost disloyal to desert your ship when you perhaps need subscribers and face miscellaneous shortages, etc., but I assure you that mine is a considered decision and not exactly a happy one. Your wartime issues have been dandy.

W. M. MERCER

Syracuse, N. Y.

"PILGRIM'S" WAR RECORD

Editor, YACHTING:

▶ I thought you might be interested in *Pilgrim's* war record up to the present time, which is reported in a recent letter I have received from Lt. Commander A. F. Glaza, U.S.C.G., Captain of the Port, Chicago, Illinois.

"I know that you consider the *Pilgrim* as a member of the family and will be interested to hear of her activities.

"I am in receipt of a letter from the commanding officer who was placed in charge on detachment of the vessel from the Chicago District, and is now operating out of New London, Connecticut. He states that the good ship *Pilgrim, CGR-133,* was selected for training of new ensigns and commissioned officers for duty, and is engaged in such activities out of New London. A complement of 25 cadets is taken to sea duty as raw recruits to perform all duties required in her upkeep. They are instructed in navigation and boatmanship by the Chief Boatswain's Mate, in command of the vessel. He gets them aboard as raw recruits, has to train them, and render customary salutes.

"He states that the *133* has yet to give him her first trouble. She has been running steadily when all other boats are tied up with miscellaneous types of difficulty, and she is always ready to go. He even used her to break ice out of the Academy Harbor and did a good job. A new hot water heating system is being installed on the vessel.

"I am sure that you will be pleased to learn of the valuable service your boat is rendering in our war efforts and that her services had been so satisfactory during the past year."

S. F. SHATTUCK

Neenah, Wis.

Taking the Jeeps over the Jumps!

PRODIGIOUS jumpers that they are, our fighting Jeeps still can't jump broad rivers. So the Army's resourceful Engineers find still another job for their Evinrudes! Huge rubber rafts are bridged in tandem . . . Jeeps and troops are loaded aboard . . . husky Evinrudes sing their deep-throated song of power . . . and quickly the Jeeps are over another jump!

Giving a lift to the leaping Jeeps is but one of many wartime jobs which Evinrudes are performing today. For Evinrudes are *enlisted for the duration* . . . in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps. Great Evinrude "Fours" power swift assault craft, landing boats and lighters. Evinrudes help build bridges, ferry supplies, troops, equipment. Mountbatten's famed Commandos know their power, rugged reliability and trigger-quick starting ease.

All the experience gained in 33 years of building fine outboards is centered on our assignments to build Evinrudes for the armed services. Knowledge of some of the tasks these motors must perform is an ever-pressing incentive to build them finer . . . and still finer! *After Victory,* there will again be Evinrudes for all who love the water . . . sparkling new Evinrudes whose performance will ably reflect many advancements achieved in their fighting forebears!

EVINRUDE MOTORS, 5029 N. 27th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Evinrude Motors of Canada, Peterboro, Canada

EVINRUDE
OUTBOARD MOTORS

★ *Invest in America! Every War Bond you buy helps speed the day of Victory. Then, good fishing to you.*

IMPROVED LIFE RAFT

Passes New 45' Drop Tests

Under average conditions of distress, a life raft would not be required to drop as much as 45 feet. The improved *Winner* Raft meets rigid specifications of drop tests from this height . . . not just once, but *three times* in different positions.

This additional precaution is taken to assure the men whose lives may depend on it that the raft is constructed to serve them under the most trying conditions.

Approved by Merchant Marine Inspection— U. S. C. G. In 10, 15, 18 and 20 Person sizes. All wood construction . . . fully reversible . . . well deck compartment accessible from either side with storage space for food, water, flares, etc.

West Coast Licensee } **HUNTER BOAT CORP. Suisun City, Cal.**

Designers and Manufacturers of Marine Life Saving Equipment

Winner MFG. CO., INC. ALWAYS PICK A WINNER

104 RAILROAD AVENUE, WEST TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

WAR BABIES

(Continued from page 51)

Ned specialized on planing and final fitting of the planks since he was our master woodworker. After completing three strakes, he so perfected his technique that his seams would compare favorably with any professional boatbuilder's "feather edge at the bottom."

Albie busied himself with preparations for fastening. He tacked the furring strips, drilled seam battens for the inside fastenings, helped with the bandsaw.

With this concentration of man and woman power, we hit a stride of about two strakes of planking fastened on the boat both sides every week-end. Things went like a house afire until we came to the turn of the bilge. This proved to be our nemesis!

By this time, it was the middle of February. Now the cumulative effects of too much work, no relaxation and too little sleep were beginning to fray our nerves. Life had become nothing but shipyard, whaleboats, badly digested food, priorities and half enough sleep. Here it was nearing spring and the sailing season — with us only half planked up on Hull No. 1! The magnitude of our scheme was beginning to strike home; each of us felt the noose of failure round his neck. There was still a chance, but we were far behind schedule. At this moment fate dealt us a backbreaking kick: we rounded the turn of the bilge!

It was on strake No. 7 that hell broke loose. (There were nine strakes in all before the sheerstrake.) One sunny Sunday morning, we were working in relatively good spirits considering our mental and physical condition. Ned was planing away at the starboard strake, singing to himself, while Albie and I were screwing down the forward end of the finished port strake. I noticed that this plank was taking a more acute twist than usual as it lay down on the boat and spoke to Ned about it. "Oh, just the damn turn of the bilge," he said. "They've all gone on O.K. so far and this one shouldn't be an exception." So I continued driving screws.

Suddenly there was an ominous "crack-crack" from the plank. Ned dropped his plane and stared at the plank with the hypnotized attitude of one who is about to be struck by a cobra. Gently, I drove two more screws. Nothing happened. "Probably it's going to be all right!" said Albie dubiously. Just then there was an explosion like a pistol shot. The plank split fair down the middle for six feet or so! Ned just sat down and looked tired.

After awhile, we managed to calm our shattered nerves; wearily, we extracted the screws from the ruined plank and took it off the boat. Using it as a template, we cut a duplicate, then stuffed the pieces of the split one into the stove. Two hour's work for Ned and an hour's work for the rest of us went up in flames. But we continued optimistic. "Let's slap the one on the other side. That was probably just a freak-grained plank," Ned suggested, without much enthusiasm.

"O.K.," I agreed, being quite unable to think up any better course of action, "but this time you do the fastening. I don't want to be the only one splitting planks."

So, clutching the faithful screwdriver delicately as a surgeon about to probe for a brain tumor, Ned rallied to the other side of the boat and started fastening down the starboard strake. That one eventually split just about where its mate on the other side had let go. And by now half a day's work had been wasted. Still battering our heads against a stone wall, we picked out the finest grained flitch we could find and cut a new plank. We tried it again on the port side. No luck. It split. We were licked!

In our shop that afternoon there was gloom incarnate. We just knocked off work for the rest of the day and moped. Ultimately, we came to the conclusion that, on the turn of the bilge, our planks would have to be hollowed; also that they were too dry and would have to be soaked. Concomitantly, we agreed at last that our program was too ambitious and would have to be abbreviated somehow.

Our final solution was that I should turn my boat over to a professional builder after helping the others finish Hull No. 1. Albie and Ned felt that, if they inherited Hull No. 1 conjointly, and I took Hull No. 2 completely off their hands, they could get along without my help on Hull No. 3 since all parts were cut and it was a mere assembly proposition. Thus the following week arrangements were made with the Hampton Roads Boat Works to build my boat from parts and material furnished by me. Breaking up the partnership was unhappy from everybody's point of view but it was the only way out of a tight jam on time.

By the next week-end, the air had cleared; our burden had been lessened by one boat. We turned to on Hull No. 1 with new resolve and our efforts were as successful as they had been botched up the week before. Ned hollowed the planks with loving care. We soaked them for two hours in Hampton Creek to make them less brittle. Invoking fortune with burnt offerings in the stove, we started strake No. 7 once more in fear and trem-

bling. It worked! It went on "Just like a duck's foot in the mud," with never so much as a creak!

Subsequently, we finished up Hull No. 1 without further hitch. The moulds were removed, put on a trailer and, with a duplicate set of timbers and planking, sent over to the Hampton Roads Boat Works where Hull No. 2 took shape quickly. Meanwhile, Albie and Ned put the final touches on Hull No. 1, gave her a coat of paint, and took her up to Albie's garage for storage just about the time the moulds got back to them for Hull No. 3. Then, with grim fortitude, knowing that it was the last, they slugged into Hull No. 3 and finished her from keel to sheerstrake in seven weeks!

The rest is told quickly. Albie took Hull No. 1 for his own. He completed painting her and was ready to start rigging and fitting out when fate intervened with a second lieutenant's commission in the Army. Suddenly, Hull No. 1 went into storage for the duration. When selling his unfinished boat was suggested, he would exclaim heatedly: "Don't you think I want to have something to come back to? Why that damn boat will keep me going when things get tough, and she'll give me something to think about in the foxholes!"

Hull No. 2 was launched in June and christened *Narwhal*. The Hampton Roads Boat Works did so good a job of assembling the hull that I let them go ahead and finish her out, deck, centerboard, spars, trim, etc. She has lived up to every expectation. I sail most week-ends of the summer in her and never appreciated a boat more. There is no better antidote for the shipyard grind than overnight cruising up the James and York rivers.

Ned brought Hull No. 3 back to his house, set her up on horses in the back yard and started in about the middle of June to finish her. In the meanwhile, he had gone to work with the Dodge Boat and Plane Corp., gaining slightly more spare time incidental to this change of jobs. By plugging along doggedly through evenings and week-ends, he managed to finish his boat by late summer. Only a badly land-bound sailor, determined to get under way again, could have stood the gaff of working all alone outdoors in the broiling summer months. But, in spite of all obstacles, *Spouter* was launched in September.

In closing, let it be underlined that the form of sickness known as "boat fever" is virulent and infectious. Frequent inoculations of realistic history, like the foregoing, are the only way to immunity. But even those who have been through the worst ravages of this fever are not always rendered immune thereby; sometimes they seem to catch it more easily again for having had it before!

The End

UNDER THE LEE OF THE LONGBOAT

(Continued from page 48)

cut him short. "Young man," he exploded, "did you win the race?" "Y-y-es, sir," stammered the ensign. The captain grunted. "Very well," said he, "that will be all. . . ."

Nostalgic note. I was looking through the log of my last Chesapeake cruise when I came across a marginal note that pointed up as nothing else could the difference between mine sweeping in winter and sailing in summer. This was the note. "Bobby, busy with fly-swatter, felt a splash on his naked back, looked around, and exclaimed, 'Spray! I thought it was Daddy opening another can of beer.'" Some there are who would say that in that short marginal note is told the complete story of cruising in the Chesapeake. But not I. When this war is over, I'm going to write the book it interrupted.

Some of the readers of this page have forgiven me for not having much to write about yachting and have been so kind as to say that they have liked the little stories that have appeared about the Navy. So here's another. Down in the engine room of a certain ship — could she have been a tin can? — there was a pint-sized machinist's mate who jumped every time a depth charge let go. Once, when a heavy attack was being made, the explosions were so numerous that he jumped pretty near out of his skin, and the engineer on watch said, "Look, Shorty, you don't need to be frightened when those cans let go. They won't hurt you." Another one blew ust then and the machinist's mate jumped a foot in the air. "I'm not scared, sir," said he, coming down and bouncing up again, "I just ain't heavy enough to keep my feet on deck."

And have you heard about the Leather-Necker. . . . I withdraw that as we're not supposed to belittle with nicknames the ladies of the newly formed auxiliary of the Leathernecks. . . . Did you hear about the Marine (female) who told somebody the way to find a ship in a Navy Yard and was informed subsequently by a sailor that she had been 180° wrong in her directions? "At least," she said defensively, "I wasn't *entirely* wrong."

Most of YACHTING readers will remember the beautiful harbor at Camden, Maine, where the mountains came down to the sea.

Some will remember the old yacht yard with its large railways and fine reputation for service and honest workmanship. Also its shelter and convenience, ice free in winter with ample facilities for wet, dry and undercover storage.

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HOW TO RUN A YACHTSMAN

(Continued from page 43)

drunk, steals gas from the ship for his car, has parties aboard. The owner knows that some other captains do these things, but can never quite believe that it can happen to him. His own captain is perfect, for he himself is smarter than the other owners and that proves it. Many shipyards pay captains a percentage on the shipyard bill; ten per cent is the common squeeze, which many of them request and few will refuse. Some owners wink at this practice and some shipyard operators feel that they would rather go to Hell for something worth while, pay no percentage and are little troubled by vessels with professionals aboard. With the passing of the larger yachts, the captains are fast moving into other livelihoods, the days of the paid hand are numbered and what is yachting's loss will be a gain for Congress or some other field of endeavor.

YACHTSMEN enjoy their boats in many different ways; some like to putter Sunday after Sunday and may spend a whole happy season at the mooring, just fixing this, that and the other and getting keen enjoyment from their work. There are always several of these around any anchorage: they are usually not over rich nor over fed, most of them work hard during the week and just as hard on Sunday. They are a normal, happy fraternity and, though they must budget their expenditures carefully, they treat the shipyard man like a human being and he is generally glad to reciprocate.

Many yachtsmen as they gain affluence and avoirdupois do less and less actual sailing. The spare life ring that they have grown round their midship section compensates in safety for any loss in agility. The joy of yachting for one of these gentlemen is the joy of possession. He will immediately ask you aboard and make you a cocktail, calling your attention to the engraving on the handsome silver cocktail shaker which commemorates twenty-five years of being a good egg of some kind. You may make mental reservations about how good an egg may or may not be after twenty-five years, but that is beside the point. As the cocktail settles to its labor, he will expand and show you The Ship. Gadgets are this man's meat and he buys many of them just for the fun of showing them to his friends. After the second cocktail, he gets more chummy and will usually take everybody below to see his electric toilet, for somehow, when yachtsmen gather, the subject sooner or later gets around to toilets. As the Irishman said, "Some whiskey may be better than others, but there ain't no bad whiskey;" with yacht toilets, it is a case of some may be worse than others, but there ain't no real christian ones. Be that as it may, with a little whiskey to loosen the tongue, the yacht toilet is always sure to be a lively topic of conversation, and has entrée in the most exclusive yachting circles. You may laugh a little both at and with this yachtsman who does most of his sailing tied to a wharf, but he is usually a kindly fellow, easy to get along with, enjoys his hobby in his own particular way and is an excellent customer.

The transient or migratory yachtsmen are in normal times a source of unending interest. You can never tell just what will turn up next. We are always glad to see these people for they bring us change of scene as they move in an unbroken chain from Boston to Miami. They are, in a way, our contact with the outside world. Many of them are regular commuters on the Inland Waterway and can be counted on to appear and go along with our tame heron, kingfisher and bluebirds or, to time it more urbanely, let us say that they come and go some time between our straw hat and our oil burner. The gypsy instinct is strong in these people. This does not mean that they are gyps in any sense of the word, though there is reason to suspect that they chalk the buoys leading to the shipyards providing free dockage, water and electricity, much in the manner that the old time tramp chalked the friendly gate post. Many of these vessels are crewed by quite amiable couples who have passed middle life. Pa has retired from business to realize his lifelong dream. On nice days they make quick dashes, neatly timing their runs so as to end at the next electric outlet and fresh water spigot. They cruise from plug to plug rather than from port to port. Pa is the captain but Ma is the Chairman of the Board.

LIFE aboard these vessels is one of domestic tranquillity. With some misgivings, the lady in the case has left her home, her geraniums, her garden, grandchildren and bridge club to rove the bounding wharfs of the Inland Waterway. With the spirit of the pioneer strong within her, she has literally and figuratively pulled on the family pants and taken charge. With the same determination that urged her forebears to hew a home in the wilderness, she tackles the task of turning this small boat from just a place of bare existence to Home Sweet Home. Some of you salt encrusted sea dogs on first acquaintance may be a little scornful of the liberties this good lady takes with the time honored etiquette of yachting but if, like any other old dog, you happen to be sniffing your way along the wharf when she is preparing dinner, you will find yourself fishing for an invita-

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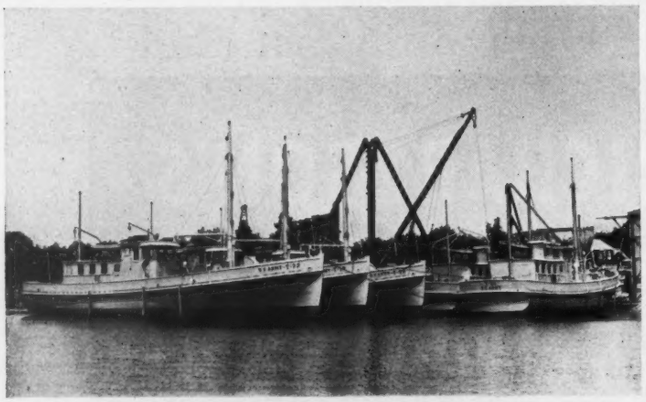

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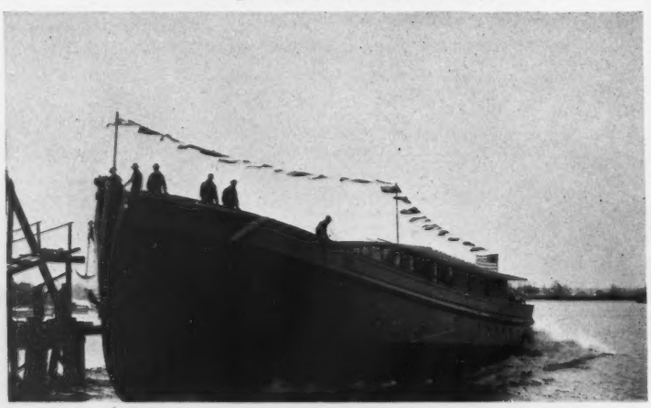

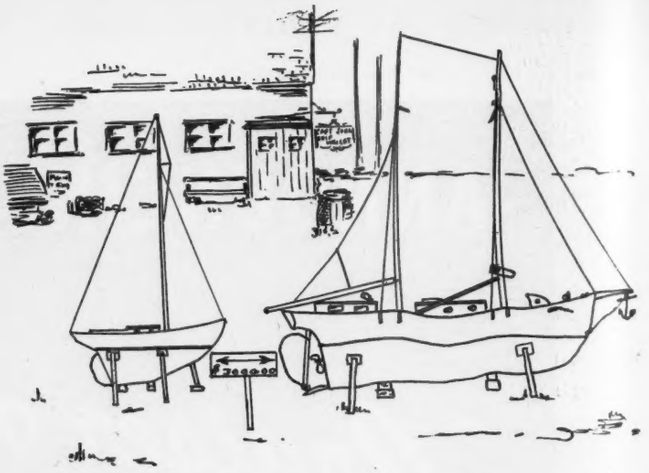

The writers . . . never warn of the apparently irresistible temptation to buy the longest boat to be had for the money

tion. Though you came to scoff, you will stay to praise and to make an awful pig of yourself. Here is not your usual diet of canned beans.

Boatbuilding, though less lucrative than service and repair work, is by far the most pleasant part of our business and brings us most of our best customers. Particularly in yards building from their own designs, there is a tremendous satisfaction for the shipyard man in seeing his brain child take form. Each prospect for a new boat presents a new problem or, frankly, if he is married, his wife presents the problem, for the hand that rocks the cradle can quite as easily rock the boat and overboard goes your sale. Neither good customers nor good shipbuilders are often fast workers. Many letters, friendly visits and often years of service work on a prospect's old boat precede a sale. This business moves slowly and the average time of contact for the selling of a good sized boat is likely to be five years. High pressure methods might produce quicker results but, if your clients are as well seasoned as is the wood you use, they will serve you for many years and develop no rot. There are some cases that can be annoying. For instance, if you build for a nearby yachtsman, he may be underfoot so much as to get in your hair. He may bring too many inspecting friends and may even serve cocktails and lunch aboard while you are trying to build the boat. All of this can happen but, fortunately, it is the exception that proves the rule. Nine out of ten people for whom we build are most considerate and give us every chance to win and deserve their friendship.

As soon as construction starts, the shipbuilder is on trial. If, during the building of the boat, he can build between himself and the owner a bond of mutual confidence and respect; if he can finally deliver a vessel that is the pride of both builder and owner; if the new owner sails away with the firm resolve to return the vessel to her builder for service; if the final payoff leaves a fair profit — if he has filled all these conditions of salesmanship, design, diplomacy, construction, service, fair dealing and business ability, this man is a Boatbuilder. His business will gradually develop to the point where a large percentage of the service work will be on the boats he has built. And, I ask you, what can be nicer than that?

By now, you may be wondering who are the heroes of this tale. To ease your mind, they are not the boatbuilders. Believe it or not, they are to be found among the yachtsmen. You have doubtless patiently waded through all the preceding slander waiting for your turn, and nowhere have you recognized yourself. You have undoubtedly been able to pick out many of your friends and acquaintances and are a little hurt that you have not been mentioned before. You have been standing in the wings, ready to take the center of the stage. Now do not blush, do not look self conscious; the curtain rises, your act is on; here is the moment you have been waiting for, your great moment. Here, you will agree, in the brilliant glare of the spotlight, stands that extra good customer, yourself. You are a keen student of human nature; as a rule, you have worked for a living and are considerate of those who must do the same. You have probably been successful in business and can easily see that few shipyard men get rich, in spite of the high cost of yachting. You have discovered that it is good business to trust most people and make them feel a sense of responsibility. You have also discovered that the average human being is reasonably honest. If we build you a boat, you have chosen your builder carefully and generally say: "Yes, I want one like this, with certain changes or additions. What is a fair price?" The bargain once made, the builder is told to use his own judgment in anything he thinks will make for a better boat. Any builder with a pride of craft will respond nobly to such a gesture and, if you do not trade with him on price and do not pester him too much, will probably give you more than you have paid for.

So Much Depends on the Navy...

...THAT NAVY STANDARDS OF ACCURACY HAVE TO BE ABSOLUTELY IRONCLAD!

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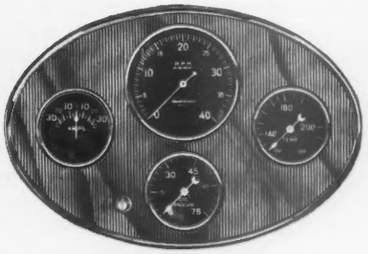

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Ideal for twin-screw installations, with two complete sets of instruments: tachometers, ammeters, oil pressure and water temperature gauges. Size: 14-15/16" by 7⅛"; indirect lighting; engine-turned, mahogany, or black wrinkle finish. Mounted from front of board.

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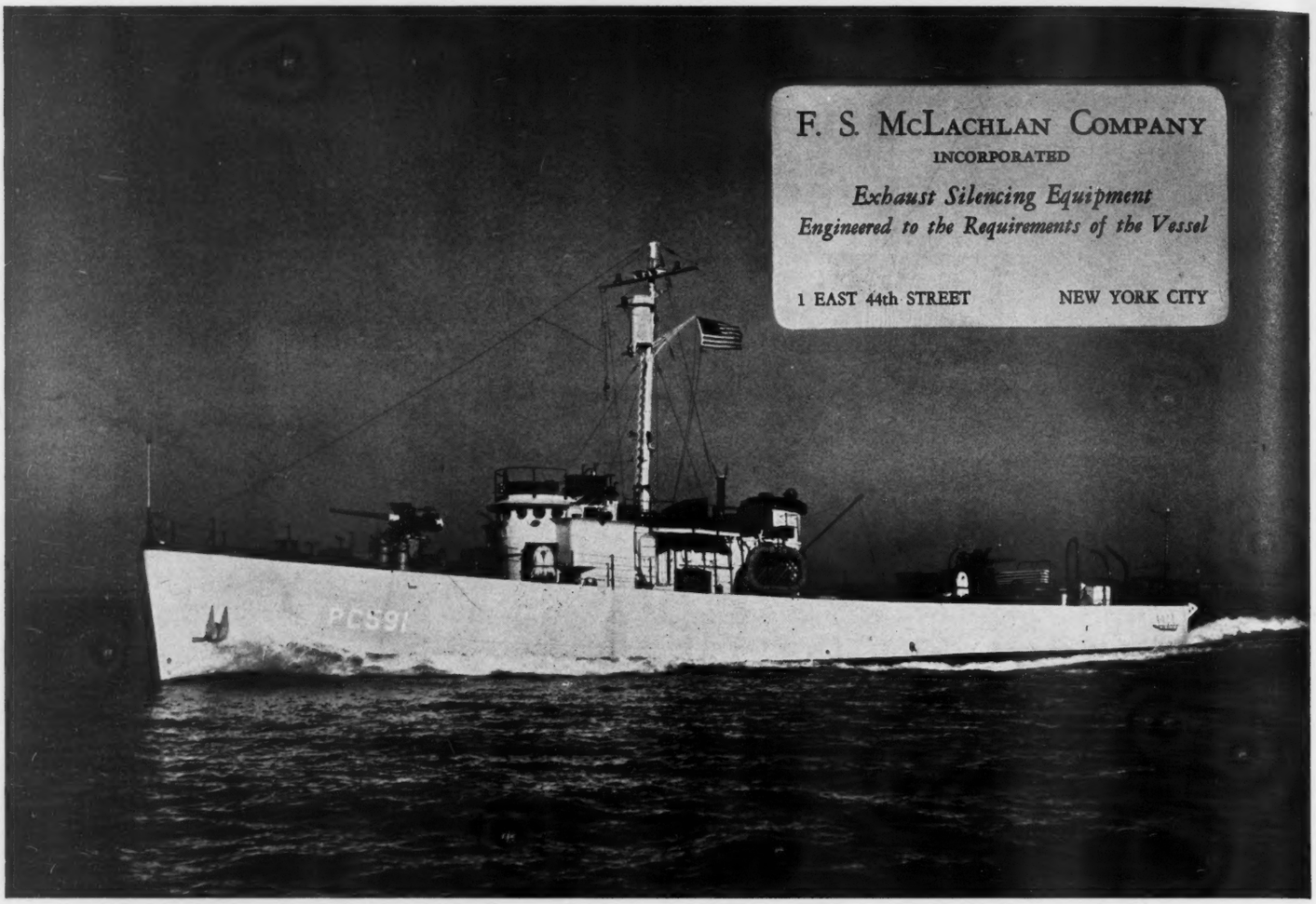


If you are a service or a repair customer, you are likely to be too busy to watch each move the shipyard makes. In becoming a good lawyer, engineer, doctor or banker, you have had little time to investigate the ramifications of the yacht service and repair business. If you are to be happy with your boat in the limited time that you have to use her, you must trust some shipyard man, and you will be wise to pick yourself one who will respond to just that treatment. You will give instructions to do certain things and give the yard permission to do such other things as may seem necessary, fully realizing that a stitch in time often saves nine. You pay your bills promptly, without question, and generally get a lot of extra bits of service that do not appear on your bill.

Your Editor has asked for a boatbuilder's frank opinion of yachtsmen, no holds barred, any language acceptable that can be sent through the mails. In the words of the truly immortal Charlie McCarthy: "So help me, I've mowed 'em down" and those whom the shoe has fitted have by now died with their boots on; but, as the smoke clears, many stalwart figures are still on deck, ready for service, hale and hearty. They are the Yachtsmen, with the salt of the sea on their faces, the love of sailing and the salt of the earth in their hearts. The boats you have built for them are spick and span, you are proud of both boat and owner. They are sound, average, American sportsmen. They are our A1 prize customers. God bless them.

"A RATHER AMUSING SEQUEL"

(Continued from page 41)

time Mate Warner pulled out in a dory with our heaving line. In a breathless ride, which carried him dangerously close to the churning paddle wheels, he got to the ferry. We aboard worked swiftly heaving in the new manila hawser sent to us, but the tide worked even more swiftly, carrying the ferry far to the westward. Since she could not operate her paddles independently, one going ahead while the other reversed, the *Whippingham* was frightfully unwieldy and in these storm conditions maneuvered extremely badly indeed. Getting the eye of the hawser, we slipped it over the end of the quarter-timber on our port side (please try to visualize this) since we had neither time nor power requisite for passing it around the mainmast. From the quarter-timber it led aft through a chock on the taffrail. Had the *Whippingham* now been pulling astern, everything would have gone splendidly. But, alas, she was two hundred yards or more to the west of us and the strain on the line was almost at right angles to the keel.

"Git away f'om that line! Jump!" William shouted, sensing the danger and with one move sweeping the deck axe from its holster. The hawser lifted its dripping, golden length clear of the water as the struggling ferry strove futilely to gain a proper towing position.

Wander Bird slid smoothly into deep water — she had scarcely been touching — but the hawser tautened, bursting the holding down bolts in the chock, flattening the stout boom gallows, snapping a spoke in the spinning wheel and ripping away a sizable chunk of rail. All of this in an instant, while the axe swept an arc and bit cleanly through the manila.

To have been aground — and to be floating free again! Few sensations hold the ecstasy and buoyancy of this, as any ship lover who has been stranded can testify. In our exuberance, we reckoned the bent metals and shattered woods superficial wounds indeed.

The *Whippingham* regained her line, whistled a salute and stood off for Southampton, only thirty minutes behind schedule.

We ran up jibs and foresail and headed for the roadstead at Ryde, nine miles to the eastward of Cowes. On the way, we could clear our ground tackle and at Ryde we'd find shipwrights to put our after deck to rights.

It required five hours of cold, wet work to clear the anchors after we'd hauled them forward and up from under the keel. Our problem was to separate a 450-pound kedge from a 300-pounder when both were thoroughly entangled in fathoms of ⅞-inch stud link chain and coated with slippery, stinking clay. It meant toiling in the fitful rays of flashlights, waist-deep in cold water.

"What burns me up," Warner growled over and over again," is that these hooks were perfectly clear until that tug swung us around in a couple of circles." That, at least, was the gist of what the wrathy mate said, extracted from the midst of justified but none the less unprintable reflections concerning the Harbormaster and the tug *Irishman*.

While the shipwrights worked next day, Tuesday, I wrote to the *Whippingham's* master, expressing our gratitude to him and his crew and offering to reimburse them for their cut hawser and to pay any towage bill within reason.

Four times daily thereafter, until we returned on Friday to Cowes, the

Whippingham, pulling out of her Ryde slip, rolled us in her wake as she passed. Each time she appeared was an occasion for mutual courtesies, whistle blasts punctiliously answering our dipped ensign, the gold-encrusted arm of the master lifting his white-topped cap in reply to our friendly hails.

"That's the real brotherhood of the sea," a young romantic swore enthusiastically. "Getting into that jam was worth the trouble. People sure are decent, given a chance to be." So it seemed. Our gratitude took in unquestioningly all of that lovable corporation, the Southern Railroad Company, its executives, locomotives, ferries, employees and stockholders combined. Good old sea brotherhood!

Friday afternoon, in Cowes Roads, *Wander Bird* was arrested. I returned to the ship after a brief absence to find a bailiff walking my deck and various legal documents affixed to the mainmast, papers gaudy with scarlet wax seals and fluttering ribbons implementing frightening legal terms most beautifully engraved.

GEORGE the Fifth, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, To the Owners and Parties interested in the Ship or Vessel *Wander Bird*, through His representative John Viscount Sankey, was commanding me to appear in his admiralty court within eight days to face suit by the Southern Railway for salvage charges of 2500 pounds Sterling. Meanwhile, as the watery-eyed bailiff intoned through a tobacco-stained seal-model mustache, *Wander Bird* was the prize of "'Is Royal 'Ighness" and could be moved only with His special permission. "In a manner o' speakin'," as he put it, "Hi am now in charge, pendin' settlement. And no one can lay a finger on these here doccaments. Them's official."

It was an astronomical sum, utterly beyond my reach. *Wander Bird's* voyages were coöperative ventures to which her people contributed shares supposed to cover normal voyage costs. Actually, these costs were almost never met and at this juncture our exchequer was already painfully low.

The Southern Railway, clearly, was hoping to collect from me for the damage the *Whippingham* had wrought in the morning. This was a barbarous (though, of course, perfectly legal) procedure, but what infuriated me most of all was the ruthless way in which the attack had been launched. A towage bill I could have understood and accepted reasonably enough. But this —! My momentary despair gave way to mounting anger. It struck me suddenly that in this game of pass the buck I had an ace or two in my own hand. The Harbormaster certainly was in on this game. If I could collect the salvage from him and his tugboat, the Southern Railway Company was welcome to it. This was a possible solution appealing tremendously to my entire crew. Those likeable young hellions had long since completely won the heart of Bailiff Bill whose pompous official air was really all bluff. "Old One-Eye, we calls him," he said with loathing of the Harbormaster. "There been't a less liked man on the whole Island."

Saturday, Sunday and Monday were dismal days during which we could find no lawyer. This was Bank Holiday Week-end, when England of old shut tight as a clam and business matters came to a complete halt.

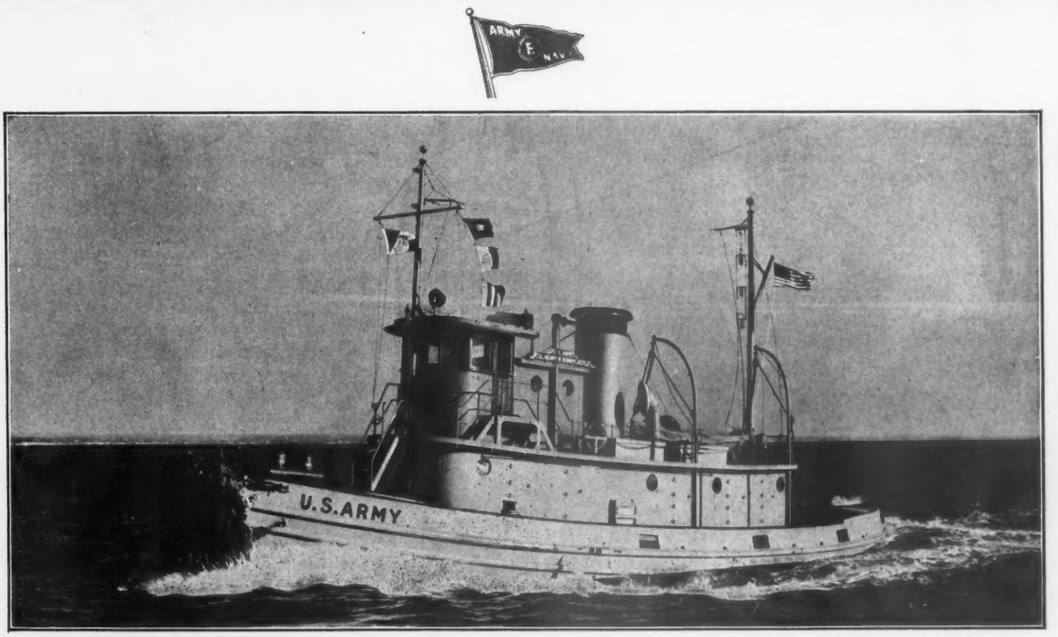
The Cowes fleet disbanded, my friend the King steaming blithely away in his twin-funnelled 400-foot monster, and the regatta fleet scattering to a hundred ports. Meanwhile, our carefully metered summer cruise days were wasting away, our schedule falling more and more into disorder.

TUESDAY, I sped to London, only to discover that this was indeed a "long week-end" with no one in offices yet. The next day I found eminent solicitors who listened to my story and buttressed my opinion that I had a splendid case. Yes indeed, it was a splendid case, certain of winning. All that I need do was to post the 2500 pounds as a bond and start the business moving through the courts, keeping my witnesses available for hearings, and waiting. Waiting? How long? "Such a case will normally be heard in about two years' time," the lawyers explained. I returned, again dejected, to the ship.

Bailiff Bill, a handful of the crew (the rest were exploring the Isle more thoroughly) and my old shipmate Elliott Perkins — down from Oxford in search of a quiet evening afloat — were waiting for me. Elliott and I settled down for a pleasant evening of reminiscing. "Whatever our present troubles," I was saying, "at least we now can have a quiet evening's talk. Let's forget the present."

"Un hunh!" said Elliott, "but before you get *too* settled I'd suggest you line up a range ashore because I think you'll find your anchor's dragging. That's contravening his Majesty's Law. Bailiff Bill says you can't move your old basket without royal consent. What are you going to do now?"

It was all too true. Fouled by the changing tides, the anchor had indeed started and the ship was on the move. Bailiff or no bailiff, liens or no liens, with or without permission, *Wander Bird* was on her way to the eastward, with gathering speed.



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Yacht Builders for Four Decades

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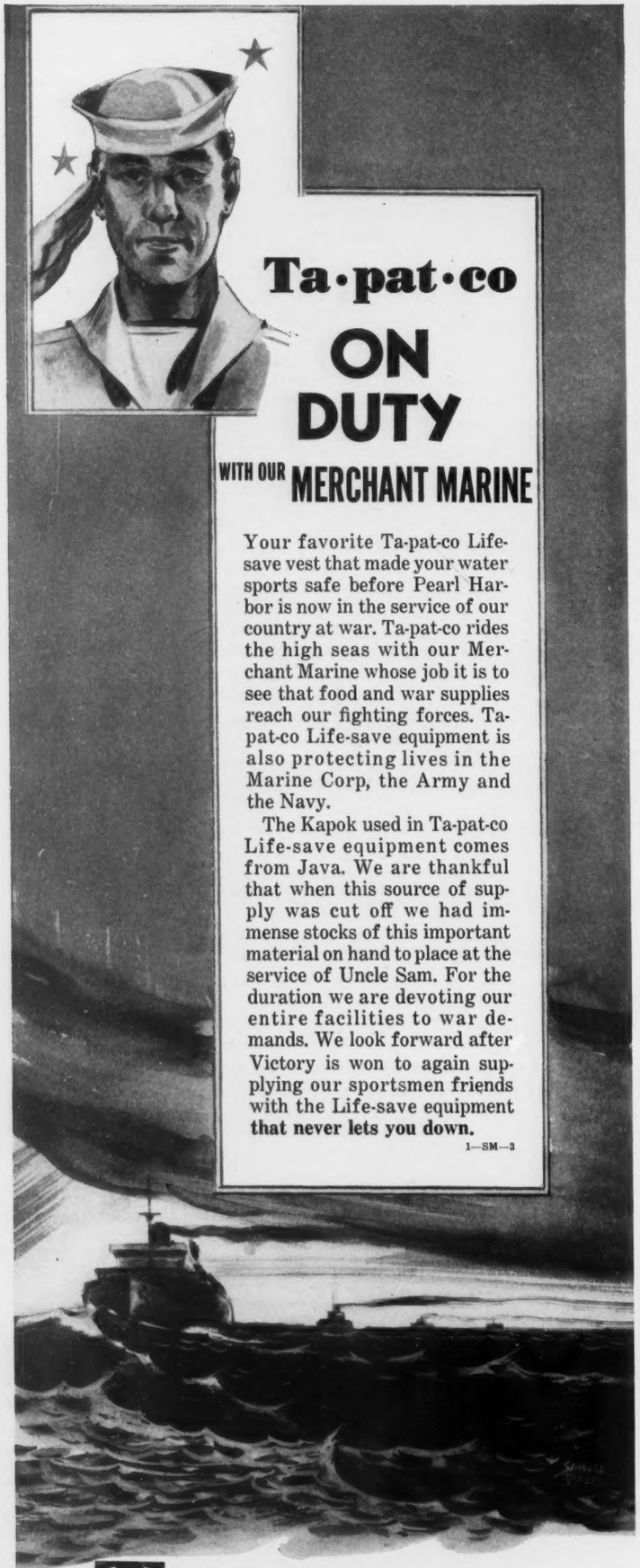
City Island, New York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OUTDOOR SPORTS EQUIPMENT
FIGHTING
AMERICAN PAD AND TEXTILE CO., GREENFIELD, OHIO

"Turn out all hands," I groaned, and, with an afterthought, "*and* the Bailiff. We'll have to make sail. Luckily there's a breeze."

We made sail, got and cleared the anchor, and found ourselves in a calm so complete that even cigarette smoke rose unwavering. Silently the tide took us eastward at a good three-knot clip. Four hours later, we were off Ryde, anticipating the change in tide which would be a return ticket to Cowes. What the King's Customs men were doing, if they had discovered our absence, and what our holidaying shipmates would think when they wearily returned to find their home had vanished, were materials for speculation.

"Technical-like," pontificated the bailiff, "this 'ere act prob'ly makes you bony fidee pirates. These doccaments say the ship mustn't be mooved, and mooved she's been."

"You had a hand in it, my man," retorted Elliott. "If we hangs, you do too. I'll swear I saw you hauling on the halliards."

The tide turned and we started back, helpless as any flotsam. Three miles away, in the line of our general direction, lay the bulk of H.M.S. *Nelson*, the only hazard in the entire broad Solent. Disregarding the mathematical unlikelihood of such a thing happening, and assuring my readers that I am not simply cooking up mishaps to make my tale more nightmarish, I must record that the perverse tide now carried us directly toward the *Nelson* while we waited vainly for the merest puff of wind which would carry us a hundred feet or so to one side or the other.

When the battleship was a third of a mile away, to an accompaniment of very bad language, we anchored to avoid collision. No one in the *Nelson* seemed to know of our existence.

"I KNEW it! There's a breeze!" Close on the dying echo of our outrunning chain came the cry. For the first time since we set our canvas, the sails filled and lifted their sheets. In a few moments it seemed clear that this was, indeed, the morning breeze, so we manned the windlass and tried to get our anchor again. When the chain was straight up and down, it stopped coming, heave as we would.

"Come, come! It can't be possible! Not at this distance . . ." I thought aloud.

"I'll bet my fellowship at Oxford and the country place at Marblehead that it is possible," groaned Elliott grimly. "Skipper, you 'ave fouled the *Nelson's* starboard bower, and for that, atop your other high crimes and misdemeanors, I don't doubt you can be drawn and quartered. There's the anchor buoy right alongside."

"Good gawd!" the patient Mate suddenly recalled, "and those hooks weigh twenty tons!"

So we knocked out a shackle pin, buoyed and let slip the anchor and its shot of chain, expecting to get it on the morrow. Then, sailing briskly, with the tide helping, we made quick work of the mile or two to Cowes.

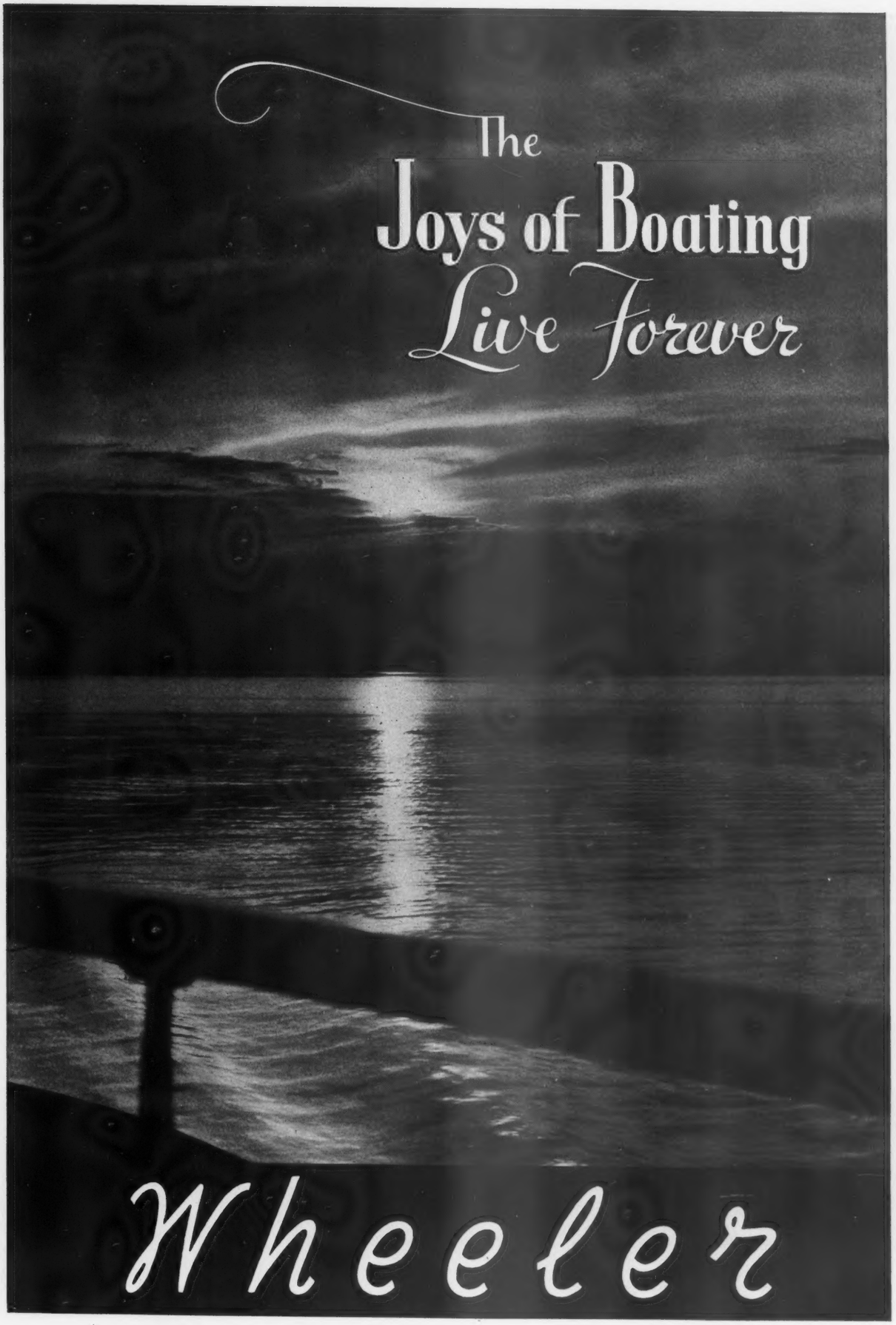
"Let go!" I sang out wearily but triumphantly, shooting the ship into wind and tide and running forward to give a hand getting in the mainsail.

WHETHER the anchor hit a patch of weed or whether it somehow fouled in falling I neither know or care, but something happened and the schooner gained sternway. The bosun slacked away chain but still the anchor failed to grab. And now, out of the darkness, there appeared astern the anchor light and the sharp bow of a 100-foot, high speed, cruising yacht. Quick work with the wheel would throw us clear. Unhappily, the excited lad who first got to the wheel spun it the wrong way before he realized his error and rectified it. Instead of missing the cruiser completely, we backed down onto her, taking on our quarter a glancing blow which gouged out several inches of stout oak rub strake and doubtless sent a horrific shock through the light steel vessel. Her owner and his guests, in stunning pyjamas and nightclothes, and her crew in not much of anything except surprise and profanity, poured onto her decks in confusion. As for me, I had lost the last trace of discipline and was broadcasting a lurid opinion of Cowes, its King, Harbormaster, tugs, roadstead, tides etc., etc. to the world. This eruption of frightened and innocent people alongside — for we were sliding along past the sides of the (fortunately) very sleek craft — interrupted my invective and Perkins swears that my shift to profound and abject apologies took place with a speed unmatched in history.

The rising sun disclosed the *Nelson* getting under way and we jumped into our boats with the expectation of getting our anchor when it came up with the *Nelson's*. But the anchor never came up and, furthermore, the *Nelson's* grinding cable severed our buoy rope so that our hook and its expensive shot of chain was gone beyond retrieving.

That afternoon my trail led to the office of a Southern Railway official back in Portsmouth. He was a friendly soul and an understanding yachtsman to boot. After a few moments of phoning and conferences out of my hearing, he returned.

"You've fallen into the maw of corporation practices," he said. "Our claim against *Wander Bird* was entered as a matter of routine by the *Whippingham's* master (who doubtless figured you were well insured) who was in trouble himself, as you know so well. The claim went right to our legal department and, if only the Bank Holiday had not intervened, we could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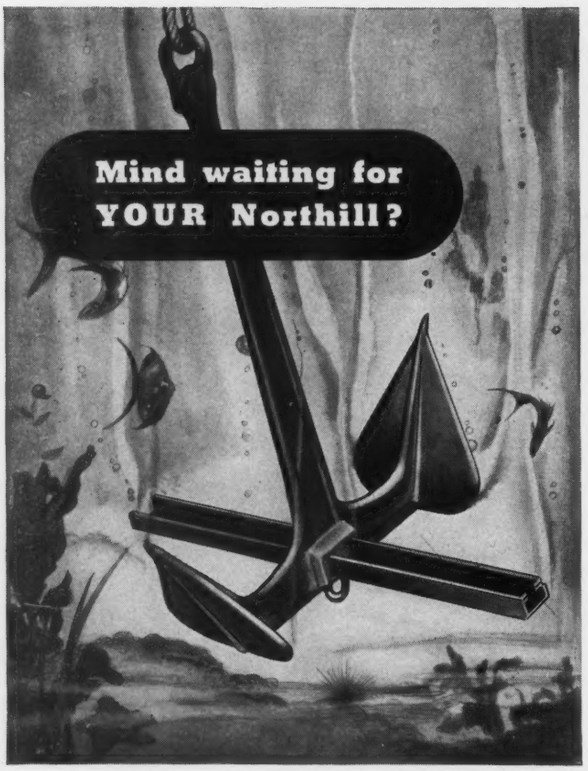

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Visit your Ship Chandler or Marine Supply Dealer. It will pay you to ask his advice on keeping your boat in good condition. You'll find, too, that he still has many needed items for your boat.

have stopped it before it was too late, but now — well, I'll see what can be done."

He came back before long, smiling. "I've persuaded the Railway Company to waive its salvage claim, for the sake of international amity," he said, "but, unfortunately, the crew of the *Whippingham* have a claim for salvage and that must be met. If you can take care of that we'll call it quits. It amounts to only about one hundred pounds."

THAT evening we had a conference in *Wander Bird's* main cabin with all hands present. "So I've got to raise five hundred dollars," I wound up my story. "I haven't got it, either here or at home, but I might be able to raise it by selling some gear. I do not feel that you fellows are under any obligation whatever but, if your experience aboard and your feeling for the ship and for me are as sound and valuable to you as I'd like to have them, then, maybe, you'll feel — some or all of you — that you want to help solve this problem by contributing some cash. We need three hundred dollars beyond what I have left. Talk it over and let me know how you feel about it. I'll leave you to your discussion."

The discussion below was brief. One after another of the boys came up on deck, each with virtually the same story. "This is all I have left, Skipper, but you can have it." Others supplemented their contributions with "and I'll wire home to the old man if this isn't enough. This jam certainly isn't your fault." It gave me a choky feeling in my throat.

"There are your hundred pounds," I said, dumping a heap of coins and bills on the railwayman's desk early next morning. He counted the odd assortment of coins, doubtless wondering at it, and wrote out a receipt. "All claims of the Southern Railway Company against the American schooner *Wander Bird* have been paid in full this day," it read.

"I'll phone London now so you'll be cleared by the time you get back to Cowes," he said. "Fair winds!"

"Rig ship for sea," I wired ahead to Cowes. "We're squared away at last."

Foresail and mainsail were set and the anchor hove short when I got aboard, but Bailiff Bill was still with us even though his "doccaments" had been torn off the mast by my jubilant sailors. He was still there at three that afternoon, when the Admiralty Court in London closed. No clearance had arrived. At four, we relaunched a dory and I stormed ashore and caught the friendly railroad man on the phone. "You should have been cleared hours ago," he protested. "I suggest you call our solicitors direct and see what is causing the delay."

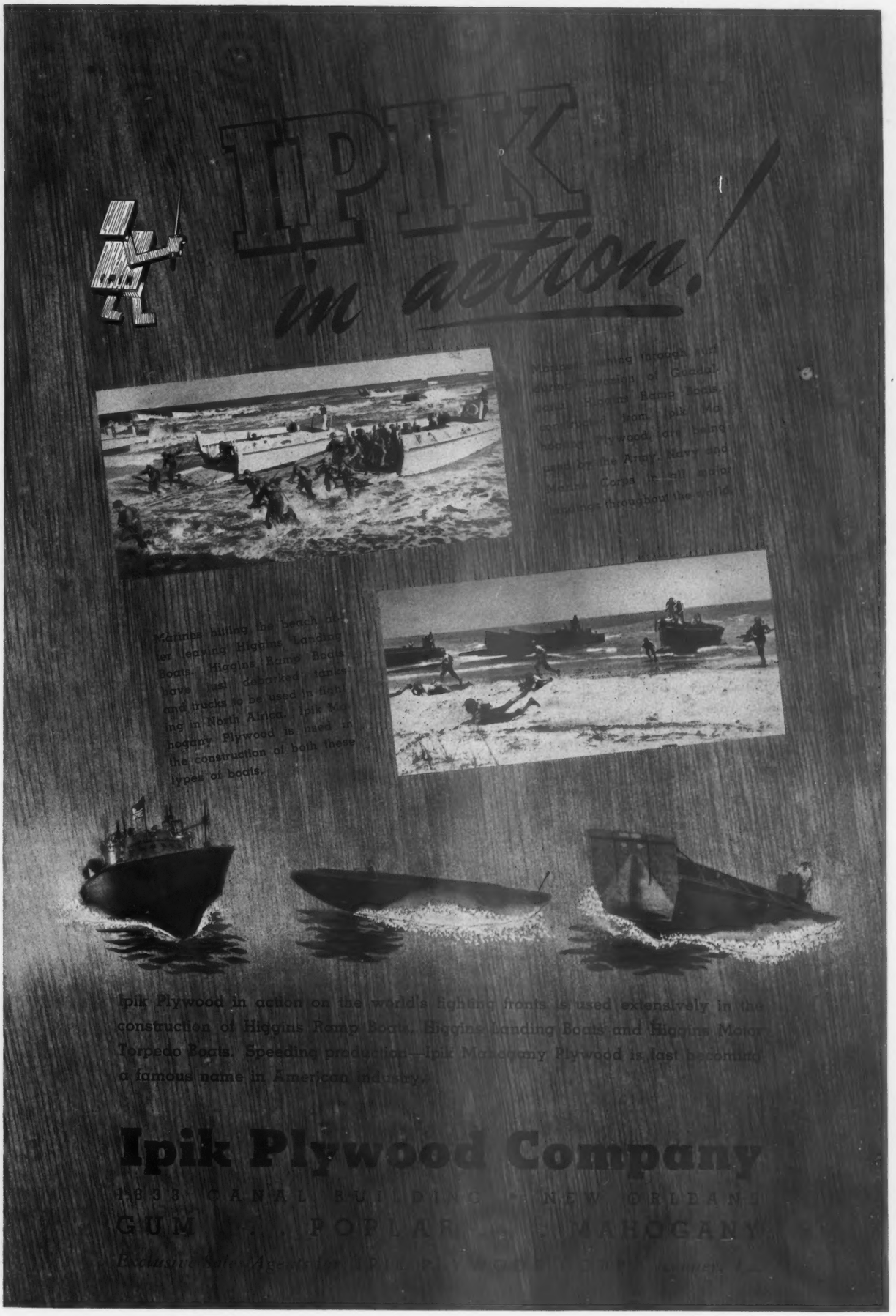
SO I called London, got the solicitors. Yes, they'd heard from the company and yes, they'd be pleased to release us — *but* someone in the office had made a mistake, it seems, and had forgotten to include in the salvage bill a little item of twenty pounds. "For court fees, you know," the polished voice explained, "and the bailiff's wages."

"That's just too bad," I replied ungently, "but those who make mistakes in this world should pay for them. I've got a bit of paper here, signed and stamped, that says that *all* claims against me have been paid and I'm damned if I'll pay another copper penny if I have to stay in England the rest of my life to fight the issue. I want that clearance and right now!"

Twenty minutes later, the blue Customs launch pulled alongside to clear the ship. We said an affectionate farewell to Bailiff Bill and sailed away to Holland, a free ship at last.

Come to think of it, though, there was an amusing sequel to this chapter of misadventures.

I had written a number of indignant letters to the *Times* and to various British officials whom I'd come to know one place and another and, several months later, I broke my vow never to return to Cowes until there was a new Harbormaster there. (I *had* to go somewhere that I could buy sea stores on credit and I also wanted badly to get another Royal Squadron overcoat, red-lined, warm and handsome, from Morgan, the tailors). Old Harry Speed, the Cowes boatman who used to keep such a fatherly eye on American yachtsmen and who had always called me, in paternal fashion, by my first name, mystified me at first sight by hailing me loudly with "Mighty pleased to see you back, *Colonel* Tompkins." I figured the old man's mind must be slipping until he led me ashore, introducing me proudly to all and sundry with "Look 'ere, Bill (or Tom or Ned or whatever), meet my old friend, Colonel Tompkins. 'E's the bloke what got old One-Eye, our late, unlamented Harbormaster, fired. You know those letters in the *Times?* This 'ere is the gentleman wot wrote 'em, my old friend, Colonel Tompkins!"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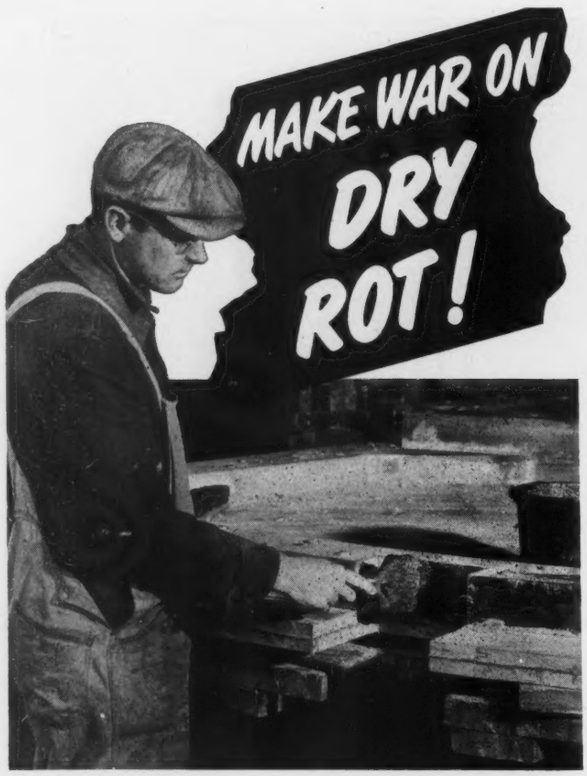

The proper use of INTERTOX WOOD PRESERVATIVE (Copper Naphthanate) will positively prevent dry rot. When a boat is building, before any paint priming has been done, is the time to do the job. Then INTERTOX, applied with a brush or by dipping, will effectively seal the fibres against the moisture which carries the spores of mildew and dry rot. The metallic poisons of INTERTOX will likewise destroy eggs and larvae of wood eating insects. Used for the Army, Navy and Coast Guard.

TOO LATE,

when the knife goes in

There is no way to repair dry rot. When once tough wood fibres change into a spongy mass there is nothing to do but replace it. The time to prevent dry rot is when a boat is building. Send for circular.

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AGENTS IN EVERY IMPORTANT PORT

THE POST-WAR SMALL BOAT

(Continued from page 47)

are so permanent and indestructible. When the curing of the resin is complete, the veneers and lumber parts are all bonded together in one continuous piece of plywood. This hull is then removed from the mould and finished up.

Each individual veneer having been easily bent over the mould to approximately its final shape before being pressed and bonded means that practically no bending stresses are developed. Consequently, there is no tendency for the final piece to flatten out; rather, the tendency is for the piece to hold its bent shape. If flattened out, it tries to spring back to its moulded curve. Because the material has all of the strength advantages of plywood over lumber, and because there is no internal bending stress, the material need only be strong enough to withstand the stresses of use rather than these plus internal stress as well. Consequently, the skin of a moulded plywood hull may be much thinner than a lumber hull and somewhat thinner than a bent plywood hull. For this reason, and because no frames are needed to hold it bent into shape and consequently no fastenings to hold the planks to the frames or the frames to the keel, a large percentage — as much as 50 per cent in some cases — of total weight of the hull may be saved.

So, now, for the first time we have departed from the practices of Noah. Although still using the traditional material, wood, we are no longer hewing and bending and fastening it; we are moulding it to shape. It is now a homogeneous material with flaws removed. Its strength is equal in all directions, its swelling and shrinking are greatly reduced, and it is formed to shapes larger than any single piece of lumber or flat plywood, with no internal stresses. It is like a piece of metal which has been cast in a mould rather than bent.

THE reincarnation of wood does not stop here. The United States Forest Products Laboratory has developed a process of impregnating veneers with a special resin before assembling. The resin cures at the same time that the veneers are bonded together. This resin, which has penetrated the walls of the wood fiber, prevents the fiber from absorbing any but a small amount of moisture. Hence the finished plywood is further stabilized against swelling and shrinking when exposed to changes in moisture conditions. The initial stabilization achieved in plywood by crossbanding is the result of each veneer resisting the swelling or shrinking of the next. The resistance naturally puts a stress on the glue line and on the structure of the wood. However, by actually preventing the moisture from penetrating the fiber, the swelling is eliminated instead of restrained or resisted. Unfortunately, the addition of the resins developed so far adds considerable weight and leaves the wood harder and more brittle. The added weight is about as much as that of the moisture that would otherwise be absorbed if used in a boat hull. It may have some value in retarding absorption in the inner plies if the outer plies alone are impregnated. By the same token, it will retard drying, keeping a hull at a more constant moisture content though heavier than a dry one. Such a treatment will undoubtedly reduce abrasion of the outer plies. Little has been done as yet with impregnated veneer in boat work. However, one special moulded plywood boat being built for the Engineer Corps has impregnated face veneers and the results will be watched with interest. Wood so treated has been termed "Impreg" by the Forest Products Laboratory.

IF veneer impregnated with this special resin is assembled into plywood, pressed and cured under unusually high pressure, the wood compresses and becomes much more dense and hard. This really is a new material and is not to be thought of in terms of wood. It is more like a wood-fiber-filled plastic. The strength direction may be controlled by crossbanding and the strength per square inch of the material increases in about direct proportion to the density so it retains some of wood's fine strength-weight ratio. This material is referred to as "Compreg" by the Forest Products Laboratory where it, too, was developed. It possesses interesting possibilities for the boating field which must wait for development. It will be excellent for knees, breasthooks, partners, and to reinforce many local areas subject to high concentrated loads. It is hard and takes a high polish or can be given a permanent color throughout by the addition of a dye to the resin. It should make fine centerboards, rudders and fittings of some types such as cleats. It can be moulded into or bonded onto moulded plywood in the original moulding process to form high strength, or abrasion resistant, areas, and the density and strength may be varied throughout the same piece.

Compreg must be made in costly, high pressure, presses between heated steel plates or dies. The pressures possible in the moulded plywood processes are not high enough to form Compreg or to make moulded Compreg but, with the inevitable refinement of both processes, we may see something like moulded Compreg hulls in the not-too-distant future. So

steps three and four in the reincarnation of wood change its properties entirely and open such wide and unexplored fields that for the rest of this discussion we will confine ourselves to the proven possibilities offered by steps one and two.

Association with the aviation industry is giving the small boat builder a fresh view of his age-old problems, and the great swing to moulded plywood in aircraft construction is stimulating the development of these processes. "Stressed skin construction" is a term used in aircraft work to describe that type of construction used in our present metal and plywood planes in which the skin or covering of a wing, fuselage or other part carries at least part of the stress imposed on that part in flight. This type of construction is contrasted with the earlier type, in which a frame of wood or metal carried all of the load and was covered by a fabric skin which carried none. A boat has always been a stressed skin structure although bending stresses, the one-directional strength of lumber planking, and the caulked plank seams, have made it rather an inefficient one.

THE ultimate in a stressed skin structure is, of course, one in which all of the load is carried in the skin and therefore requires no framework at all. This is called "monocoque" construction and is seldom obtained in a metal airplane because with metal a lighter structure of the necessary strength can usually be made by using some ribs or frame and a thin metal skin. It can be more nearly achieved by using plywood for a skin rather than metal. The reason for this is wood's low density and high weight-strength ratio. Per unit of volume, plywood is lighter than aluminum alloy. A piece of plywood 12 inches square, with the same weight and strength of a piece of aluminum alloy 12 inches square, would be much thicker than the alloy. If we stand two such pieces on edge and exert a force downward on the opposite edge, the aluminum will buckle and refuse to take the load before the plywood does. This is not because the aluminum has less compressive strength nor because the aluminum fails in compression; it is because the aluminum is so much thinner than the wood that it lacks the necessary stiffness to bear the full load which its strength would permit. The plywood, being thicker and stiffer although of the same weight and strength, will carry a load more nearly approaching its ultimate strength before buckling. To make the aluminum take the same load as plywood it would be necessary to put a stiffening rib on it which, of course, increases the weight. Therefore, more compressive load per pound of weight can be carried in a plywood skin than a metal one, and few or lighter frame members can be used.

THIS is a broad and general statement and applies only within certain limits, particularly of size. Compressive strength is only one of many factors involved in either an airplane or a boat, but the same principle of stiffness explains to a certain extent why metal hulls, even of light weight alloys, have not shown any great weight saving or found much favor in small boat construction. A steel hull, of weight comparable to a wood, or a moulded plywood hull, would be of such thin material that it would be full of dents and require many stiffening members to prevent buckling. Large boat hulls and airplanes are entirely different, for in them other strength requirements are such that the various members necessarily have thickness great enough to give the desired stiffness. It is quite conceivable that, as airplane size increases, the light weight metals will lose importance or give way to high strength steel as in large ships; for this reason, moulded plywood will probably never compete successfully with metal in larger boats.

A small boat differs from an airplane for, while the latter is subject to great stress in flight, it is completely immersed in its medium — the air — and is not subject to the normal misuse a boat receives. It is not left at a mooring where motion of the water's surface and agitation from the wake of the harbor's high speed field keeps the hull constantly working and the gear frequently slamming to and fro. It is not run up on a beach where rocks can poke at its skin, nor is it expected to take in stride an occasional grounding under full sail. An airplane receives entirely different care. While amply strong to stand the stresses of flight, a plane wouldn't fly far after going through a jam at the lee mark or barging a starting line with a tough competitor just to leeward.

In a small boat, it is practical to use a purely monocoque structure of moulded plywood. The strength of the material is such that it can carry the stresses of normal use in thin sections; so thin, in fact, that abuse rather than use becomes the controlling factor. The hull skin must be thick enough to stand accidental blows and continual twists. It must also be thick enough and stiff enough to be convincing to the general public. If it will do these things, it will more than amply handle the general forces imposed by its intended load and use. This applies except for local stresses set up by such things as motors, or by spars and stays in a sail boat. Even in these cases, much of the concentrated load may be most efficiently carried by reinforcements or by thickening of the skin itself in that area only.

(To be continued)

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BLOCKS, JUST BLOCKS

(Continued from page 44)

Blocks are designated as single, double, triple, etc., depending on the number of sheaves. Fittings, such as shackles, hooks, links, etc., are known as "front" or "side." A front fitting is one which lies in the same plane as that of the rope passing through the block; side fittings lie at right angles to the rope. The double block illustrated is equipped with a front shackle. Shackles may be "upset" or reversed — that is, their pins may come on the end away from the block and not as shown above. This arrangement is necessary where the block is to be secured to a fitting whose hole is too small to take the eye of the shackle — a chain plate, for instance. The variety of blocks available and their possible combinations, make the choosing of a proper block list a matter for an experienced person.

A becket is a fitting formed by allowing the ends of the block's straps to extend beyond the shell. Through the straps a small bolt is passed and on the latter a suitable thimble is fitted. The purpose of a becket is to provide means for securing the standing part of the tackle to the block by an eye splice around the thimble.

In ordering blocks, it is necessary to specify the size of rope with which it will be used; the size of the block (length of its shell); material (ash, lignum-vitae, bronze); whether single, double, etc.; kind of fitting wanted, i.e., front shackle, upset side shackle, front hook, etc.; whether a becket is wanted; whether it is intended for wire rope and for what purpose it is to be used (main halliard, jib sheet, etc.).

The following table gives the sizes recommended by the manufacturers:

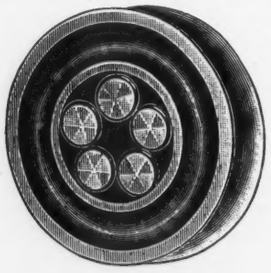
Size of block (length of shell)	*Diameter of rope*
2½"	5/16"
3	3/8
3½	7/16
4	½
4½	9/16
5	5/8
6	¾

The above sizes are for manila rope. Wire rope takes a special sheave.

In purchasing blocks, always remember that rope swells when wet and allow plenty of space so that it will run freely under all conditions. Otherwise you will learn from bitter experience the reason for the old seaman's curse, "Light and variable head winds to you; large ropes and small blocks!"

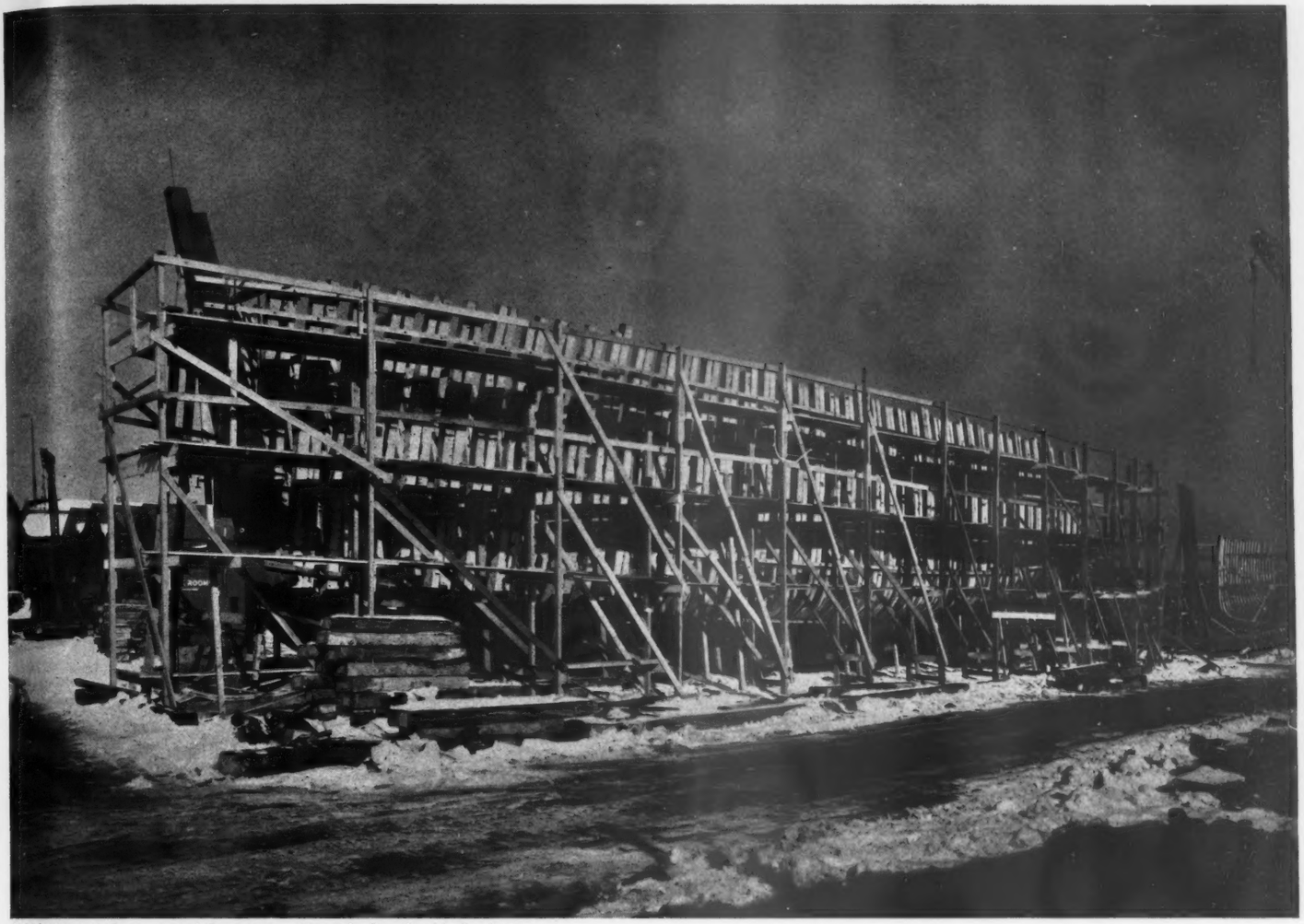
Bronze blocks require practically no care, other than oiling at frequent intervals and polishing, if your taste runs that way. Blocks with wooden shells, however, entirely aside from the appearance angle, should be kept well varnished to protect the wood from the elements.

Really well-kept wooden blocks should be taken apart once a year and given a thorough overhauling. To do this, the metal caps must be taken off, the pins pushed out, taking care not to damage their ends, and the sheaves removed and cleaned in kerosene. While the block is disassembled



The roller bushing, often called the patent bushing, dates back at least to 1794! A sketch of it appears in Steel's "Elements and Practices of Rigging and Seamanship" which was published in that year. Here is a modern version of the device

is the time to remove the varnish and refinish. Use varnish remover and clean up the block with steel wool, and don't forget, after using remover, to wipe all wooden surfaces with turps or gasoline before applying varnish, otherwise you will surely have trouble with the new finish. In putting on your new varnish, take care that none of it collects in lumps in the mortises as this might prevent the sheaves from rotating freely when reassembled, and would not only reduce the efficiency of the block but would also cause wear on your rope. Before putting the block back together again, coat all pins and rollers with a light cup grease. This is the kind of work that can be done in the long winter evenings, when the wind howls around the chimney and the snow lies knee deep in the boat yard; but, come summer, when the skies are blue and the wind blows fresh and warm from the sea, when the sun on the wavelets glistens like diamonds — then, my friend, when you tail onto the main sheet and she comes to you with a gentle purr — you will reap the reward of a good job well done.



140′ Wood Cargo and Passenger Vessels for the U. S. Army

IN THE CITY ISLAND YACHT YARD TRADITION

We are constructing for the Army the biggest vessels ever built on City Island. But we just finished and delivered to the Navy forty 33′ plane rearming boats. This shows that we can build, store, and care for the biggest yachts that may come to us when the war is won.

MINNEFORD YACHT YARD, INC.

CITY ISLAND, NEW YORK

33′ Plane Rearming Boats after a four-at-once launching

BURGER BOATS

Help Keep the Sea Lanes Open

Every War Bond you buy brings a minesweeper or subchaser nearer to active duty. Every War Bond you buy now brings Victory closer – the time when these war savings may be turned into a Burger boat for *You.*

BURGER BOAT COMPANY
MANITOWOC · WISCONSIN

JOES REVERSE and REDUCTION GEARS

TRANSMITTING POWER ON THE SEVEN SEAS

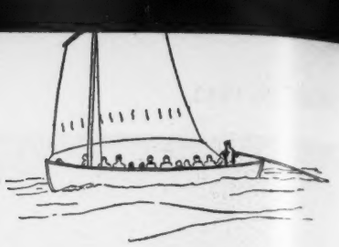
Where the Navy fights, Joes Gears fight. In Lieut. Bulkeley's dangerously overloaded P. T. Boats, they withstood unmerciful abuse without a hitch. Many types of Navy craft now on the seven seas rely on the stamina of Joes famous Gears.

Joes Rev & Red'n Gears on Packard 1200 HP P.T. engine.

SNOW-NABSTEDT GEAR CORP.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

TORPEDOED!

(Continued from page 35)



for us that a spare white duck sail was also aboard. We had twelve oars, a canvas sea anchor, six double woolen blankets, a splash canvas for the bow, a compass, storm lantern, flares and a gun for firing them, first aid kit, sail repair kit and a good supply of spare lines. All of this was securely fastened down under the thwarts. Our provisions were enough to maintain life for a full boat load of 40 persons for 30 days, and we had in addition the breaker of water and the extra provision container salvaged from the stove boat.

When the sun rose on our first day afloat, we found ourselves in a heavy sea with a strong wind blowing from the NE. The first half of that day was spent attempting to pick up the life raft which we had cut loose the evening before, but without success. We were drifting faster than the life raft and our sea anchor appeared only to keep the bow into the wind, not to check our drift. Attempts to row against the wind to get back to the raft proved useless and, no doubt, the Captain desired to conserve our strength against the possible long voyage ahead, so we reluctantly abandoned our attempt to get back to her. Occasionally, we sighted the raft for a brief moment when both she and our boat happened to reach the crest of a wave at the same time, but she was then some distance off and well to windward of us. I caught glimpses of the yellow distress flag waving from her small mast. Soon after noon, we lost sight of the raft and we continued to drift before the wind, using three oars on the starboard side, ready to give way when the boat fell off broadside to a heavy sea.

MANY were so violently ill this first day that they sat motionless, uninterested in their surrounding, indifferent to the prospects of a long sea voyage. The Captain took a roll call while the second officer wrote down our names. Then the Captain made a short speech in which he said: "I need not remind you of the grave position in which we find ourselves. In the course of time, our ship will be missed and a patrol sent to find us; until then, make the most of it, you're not lost yet."

During the confusion immediately following the torpedoing, the 35 survivors tumbled into the small boat as best they could, and there was danger of our capsizing. Within a few minutes, some order was established and it remained the duty of the officer on watch to keep the boat trimmed. The seas, for the most part, broke over the port bow and those of us who sat on that side of the boat received frequent wettings.

The Captain and his three officers took up quarters in the stern. Each officer stood a four-hour watch, taking turns on the steering oar with one of the seamen, while the Captain remained on call all of the time. Those not on watch attempted to snatch a few minutes' sleep under the stern seat. A lookout was maintained throughout the day and he stood up against the small mast. A sailor kept watch beside the sail and willing hands helped him lower or hoist according to the order from the officer on watch. The food and water breakers were securely lashed amidships.

At ten o'clock in the morning and again at four in the afternoon, we received our meager rations. During the voyage, the provisions were under the watchful eye of the chief steward, who measured out the three ounces of water into a tin cup and passed them along to the others, with two whole wheat biscuits and a square of chocolate or a half-tin of pemmican. This was a specially prepared concentrated food containing raisins, nuts and pork fat. The woman passenger was usually served first but, to her credit, she did not ask for special favors and, indeed, there was always something of a contest among the men, each of whom watched for an opportunity to help her and contribute to her comfort.

TEMPERS were short during those trying days. There were some trifling discreditable incidents. However, it is pleasanter to record the many worthy incidents which prove that the ordinary American seaman has "what it takes" in a difficult situation. For instance, there was Cortez, the Puerto Rican whom we rescued from the stove life boat. One morning, Paul, the eight-year-old son of one of the missionaries, began crying for water. Cortez immediately told the Captain to give the boy his ration of water. The Captain explained that every man would receive an equal share and that no exceptions could be made unless the boy was sick. But each man could do whatever he wished with his own water ration. "Give it to Paul, I'm not thirsty today," was Cortez' reply.

On the morning of the second day the mast was rigged and a small sail laced to a yard was set. Before being torpedoed, every few days charts of our then immediate vicinity were replaced in each life boat in watertight containers; these proved most valuable. One officer managed to save his sextant but for several days the sky was overcast at noon and he was unable to shoot the sun. When the torpedo struck we were some 400 miles from the nearest land. As our rudder had been broken clear off while we lay alongside the submarine, a makeshift rudder was fashioned from one of the oars, and the officers stood watches with one seaman on the steering oar. When a

Your third "E" makes you think!

WHEN you get your first Navy "E" you're pretty damn proud. When your second comes along you're still prouder—and maybe a little bit smug. But when the third "E" arrives you begin to realize that it's not entirely a matter of your own grand gang of skillful, patriotic workers. There's something more—much more!

With the arrival of our third "E" we are more aware than ever that production of "E" merit is not wholly born in our plant nor wholly due to our organization. The "E" rating is attained through the finest kind of team-work between the men who build ships and the Naval officers and government officials with whom we work from start to finish of a contract.

When you're working with men who know their business from stem to stern-post, who recognize good work and are determined to have it, who are fair, just, efficient and cooperative, you're inspired to give the best you have; to do all—and more—than they expect of you.

During the many months Gibbs has been busy on war contracts we have received the "E" three times for meritorious production.

But we know that the credit is not all ours. Although Gibbs men and women receive the public recognition, our organization is only a part of the team.

In acknowledgment of the debt of appreciation we owe to the many Naval officers and civilian officials of our government we pay sincere tribute to them. Their helpful cooperation has been our constant inspiration to achieve greater production of ships. Their quiet, effective but nevertheless brilliant work is a mighty force in the war effort.

Under their leadership the Gibbs organization, to the last man has tried to do its job and do it well. But the recognition granted us has not made us forget that we are only part of the team. This realization spurs us steadily forward in an effort to build better and faster than ever before.

BUY WAR BONDS!

Gibbs Gas Engine Co., 4 Flagler St., Jacksonville, Florida

GIBBS

OUR PRIVILEGE

NOW

is to have our facilities devoted to building boats for the armed Services

AFTER VICTORY

we shall resume our work of building fine custom yachts and stock cruisers

FAIR HAVEN YACHT WORKS

on the beautiful Shrewsbury River between Red Bank, New Jersey and Sandy Hook

FAIR HAVEN, NEW JERSEY

DEFENSE COMES FIRST

A-E-CO

supports this demand with all its facilities to supply

A-E-CO

Marine Deck Auxiliaries for our Navy and Merchant Marine

AMERICAN ENGINEERING COMPANY

Philadelphia, Pa.

Official U. S. Navy Photo

After the attack, a life boat flies a distress signal

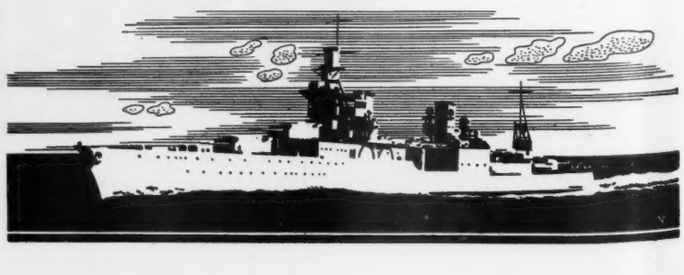
particularly heavy sea was running, we others took turns at the oars in readiness to swing the boat into any large waves which threatened to break sidewise into her. On the third night, the wind increased and blew hard, it rained constantly, with a high wind, and on several occasions we feared that our boat would be capsized in the heavy sea on our quarter. Luckily, Captain Smith had served in sail and the boat was handled well at all times.

On the night of the eighth day after our torpedoing, a lighthouse was sighted in the distance and we lowered the sail and lay becalmed for the remainder of the night. We set it again when the morning breeze came and all that day tacked toward the land. As the day wore on, it was apparent that at least another night would have to be spent in the boat. At sundown, we were sailing along the weather side of the island, looking for a cove in which to beach our boat, but found no opening through the coral reef which surrounds the island on the weather, or Atlantic, side. Soon after dark, we sent up several rockets and flares but, although we were only two or three miles off the lighthouse, no boat came to our assistance.

As DAWN came on the tenth day, we lowered the sail and began the hard work of rowing for the land. Even with two men to an oar, I found myself extremely weak and, after ten minutes, I could hardly remain upright on the thwart. Towards eight o'clock, a fast naval torpedo boat could be seen putting out from the land. She bore down on us at an alarming speed, swinging at the last moment and stopping her engines. We were rescued. There was a scramble up the rope ladder to the rescue boat, cigarettes all round and a fast trip down the coast to the harbor. We stumbled as we attempted to walk ashore and many had to be assisted by the members of the St. John's Ambulance Society, who were at the wharf to meet us. Under their excellent care, we were given a shower, shave, haircut and the first solid food for ten days.

Our last glimpse of number two life boat as she drifted astern, almost swamped, made us conclude that this boat had been lost. However, we later learned that this boat, under the command of the first officer, had made land after drifting and sailing eight and a half days. He had managed to beach her with six seamen aboard.

The fate of the nine survivors on the life raft was less fortunate. This raft drifted for several days before being sighted by a Spanish oil tanker. The nine survivors were taken aboard the tanker and, later, interned for the duration of the war. This raft carried six young naval gunners, many of whom were less than twenty years of age.



DISTRIBUTION BOX BOATS

Designed and Built for the U. S. Army by the

Luders Marine Construction Co., Stamford, Conn.

A NICE AFTERNOON SAIL

(Continued from page 37)

proper race of it. The *Cecilie's* master was almost in despair for, if he failed to win, it meant a loss of profit to the ship as well as a blow to his pride. Having made several previous passages, he was familiar with these waters and so he took a rather precarious short cut round "The Althorps," cutting off several miles. This little trick put him in the lead again and he clinched his claim to the loading berth by letting go his anchor just seven minutes before the *Beatrice* brought up. It was an extraordinary race when you take everything into consideration; to start off scratch, to carry a hard easterly wind for three days and nights along the edge of the "Roaring Forties" with their usual prevailing westerlies, and to sail nearly 700 miles to finish with a few minutes between the two ships.

\+ + +

"There's romance in sail," concluded the pilot, then added hurriedly, as memories of his apprenticeship recurred to him, "I'm told!"

THE END

THE ARMY'S NAVY

(Continued from page 33)

Within this unit there are three sections which are of particular interest: Operations, Planning and Inspections.

The Planning Section receives requisitions and requests from the field for all harbor boats and inter-island vessels for either the Services of Supply, Air Corps or the Artillery; it keeps a careful record of all boats by the stations to which they are assigned; it determines their suitability for the service for which they have been requested; when necessary, it orders their transfer and requests the acquisition of new or used vessels. It is this latter activity which is one of the most important functions of the entire Division. The Inspection Section, as its name indicates, inspects all harbor boats and inter-island vessels, checks personnel to determine its efficiency, and recommends any changes in personnel or any transfer of boats.

The function of the Maintenance and Repair Branch is primarily the maintenance of all vessels of the Army Transport Service, including those classed as harbor boats. This service also supervises the activities of the TC's field inspectors (whose duties are identical to those of the Navy's Supervisors of Shipbuilding). There is also the Used Boats and Surveying Section (a unit of the Procurement Branch), whose function it is to conduct surveys on all used vessels as required and to locate vessels of all types that have possibilities for future use. This Branch also has the responsibility of recommending any and all alterations and supervising such changes as are necessary to fit the vessel for its assigned task.

When one considers the infinite variety of Army craft which are designed and built by the office of the Assistant Chief of Transportation for Supply, and reconstructed and operated by the Water Division, there can be little question but what the marine activities of the TC constitute one of the largest boatbuilding and operation programs in the world today.

\+ + +

There is more of a story than meets the eye behind the construction and maintenance of this vast Army Fleet but, like all "behind the scenes" records of this war, it is one that must await the peace for its telling. This is the story of the design and development of new and radical types of hulls and engines, of the rapid training of Army personnel for diversified maritime duties, of transportation problems as unique as shipping freight cars and engines by water and sending seagoing vessels by land, and of the hun-

One of Paul Brigg's "swamp gliders", designed for rescue work in inaccessible swamp areas. They are driven by air propellers

VENTNOR — long builders of World Record racing boats — are now building World Freedom military boats. Important among the many types of craft for the Army, Navy and Coast Guard, is the 83-foot Army Aircraft Rescue Boat illustrated above. Ready for her errands of mercy she is able to go to sea on a moment's notice in any kind of weather. She is fitted to provide almost any kind of medical assistance to injured flyers.

VENTNOR BOAT WORKS, Inc.

Pioneer Builders and Designers of World-Record-Holding Race Boats

West Atlantic City, New Jersey

Sounds strange, doesn't it? But it's true — we *could* build you a brand new 21-year-old Universal Motor.

Because of a far-sighted policy adopted many years ago — that of always maintaining complete stocks of repair parts for all Universal models — such a motor could be built.

Although such a motor might never be assembled, it illustrates how this policy helps guard your Universal against early obsolescence.

Owners of Universal 100% Marine Motors today find this unusual service of particular benefit. Since new motors are not available for the duration, new motor performance can still be yours.

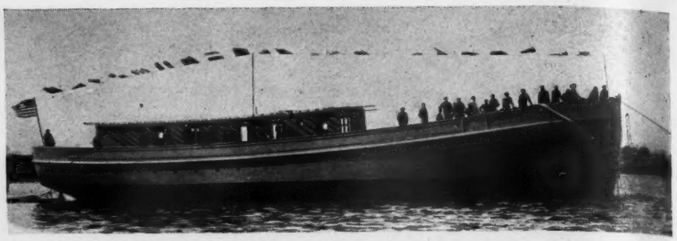
Universal Motor Co.

Universal 100% MARINE

KEEP BUYING U. S. WAR BONDS

312 Universal Drive, Oshkosh, Wisconsin ★ 44 Warren St., New York City, N. Y.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF 100% MARINE MOTORS



Shortly after the launching of one of the Army's 115' freight boats at the yard of M. M. Davis & Son

dred and one other details which constitute the complex operational problems of modern warfare.

Take, for example, the employment of outboard motors for military use. "To many Americans," reports Captain Carl H. Clement of the Corps of Engineers, "the outboard motor is a familiar type of sports equipment. It has been developed from a small relatively heavy motor to one of high horse power and light weight, suitable not only for speedy sports operation but for racing. The outboard motor was not used for military purposes prior to 1936. At that time, the Corps of Engineers introduced it as the best mechanical possibility for use with bridging equipment." In the six years that have followed, the outboard has become one of the principal propulsion units for use with small Army craft of all kinds. They have proved invaluable in that they replace cumbersome oars, increase speed of production, and make it possible to operate ferries under their own power. They are also used to push skiffs, barges or landing craft on the rivers of the Middle West, the harbors of North Africa or the bays of South Pacific islands. As a result, outboard motors have now been developed in every size, shape and form — ranging from the smallest unit to special heavy type goliaths which suggest the creative dreaming of a Jules Verne.

At the outset of its boatbuilding program, the Army realized that it was essential that it set up regional supervisory offices similar in operation to those operated by the Navy. Today, there are five such offices, each directed by a Procurement Zone officer. It is their duty to direct and supervise all construction or conversion within their particular zone, and to be intimately familiar with every phase of the constructional problems involved. On the West Coast and elsewhere, the Army Transport Service has established a special "section" to handle matters of marine design, procurement and construction. These and similar regional offices have done wonders in expediting production and uncovering the roots of delays and production difficulties.

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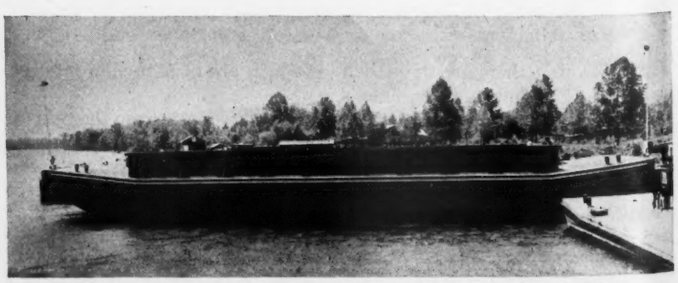
How is a soldier trained to be a sailor or, to put it another way, where does the Army obtain the trained personnel to operate their many vessels?

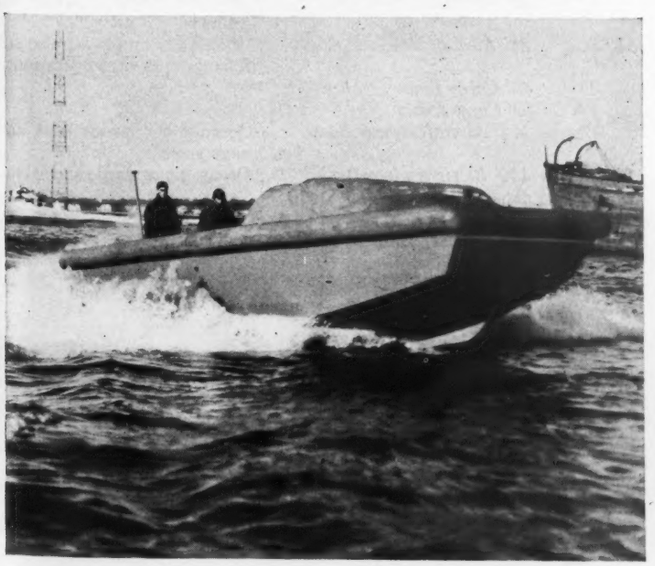
Simply stated, the Army trains its own crews: from deck hand to captain, from target boat skipper to the operator of a swamp glider. Each Corps has its own particular system which is based on the characteristics of the service in question and the training facilities which are at hand.

The Water Division of the Transportation Corps has a school at Norfolk, Va., and there the crews of Army transports go through a rigorous training before they are assigned to a ship. At present, harbor personnel is obtained at the principal ports of embarkation, but the TC is now perfecting plans for a maritime school which will be under the direction of the Corps' Training Division. Both the Engineers and the Coast Artillery select men on the basis of fitness and aptitude, and follow the simple but practical system of starting a man at the bottom. Both Corps, however, plan to establish Boat Operating Companies in the near future.

An invaluable supplement to the training courses given by these various Corps are those schools which have been established by commercial yards and engine builders. One of the best known — and one which is in many ways unique — is the Higgins Boat Operators School at New Orleans, La., which is maintained by Higgins Industries, Inc. Here, under the direction



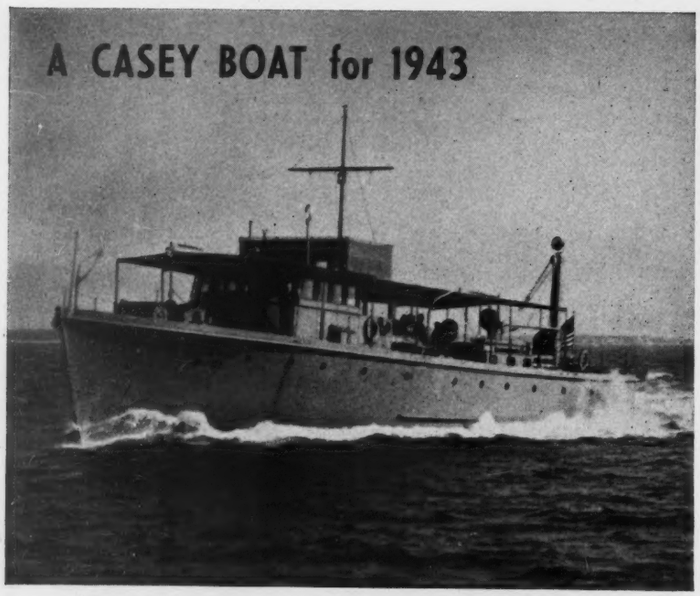
The Army employs countless barges. This 110' steel utility carrier was constructed by the Equitable Equipment Co.



Palmer Scott and Company take this opportunity to publicly thank our employees for their hard work which made our production record sufficiently outstanding to receive the Army-Navy "E". We wish also to thank the business houses that cooperated with us so well in keeping a sufficient flow of materials so that our production never has been held up at any time.

Left — *One of the many 33' Navy Plane Rearming Boats we have built.* Center — *A standard 38' Coast Guard Picket Boat, a type of which we have built several groups.* Top — *Some of our 40' Army Motor Sailers leaving for an unknown destination.*

Palmer Scott & Co., Inc.
NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS



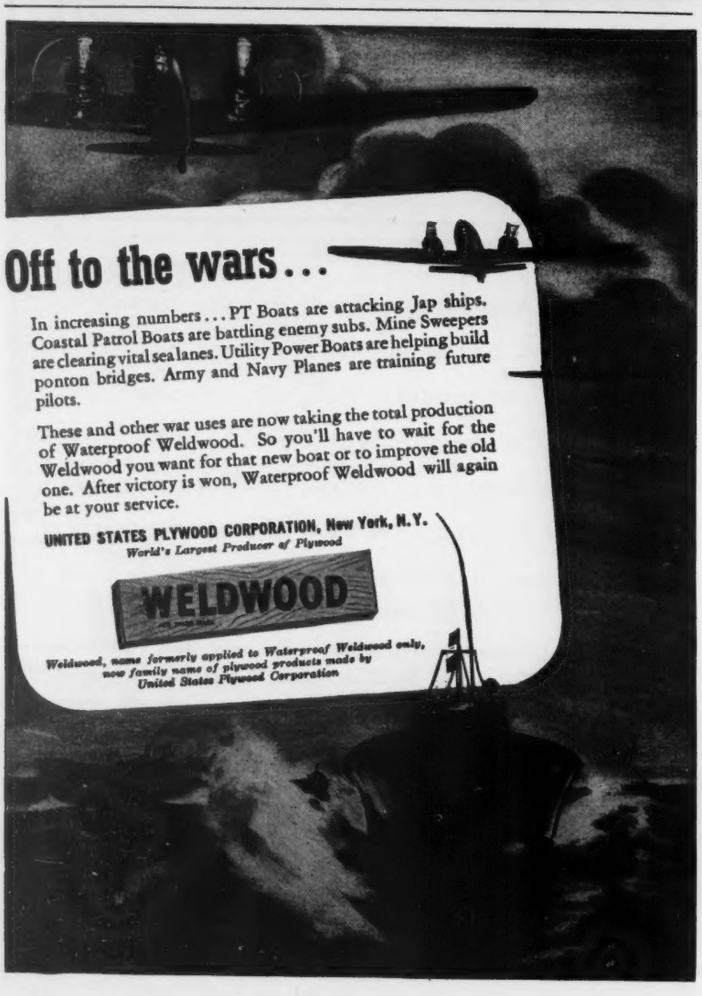
THE ARMY "HAS A HEART"

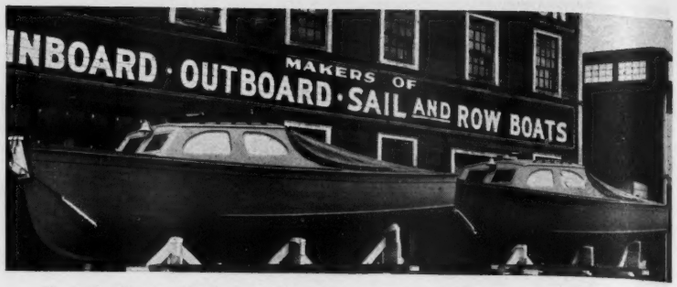
And so we are building 104′ Army Aircraft Rescue Boats in record time. Fast, these Casey boats rush hospital facilities far out to sea when brave flyers need assistance. Into them goes all the skilled workmanship that for years has enabled us to say of our auxiliaries:

"CASEY BOATS ARE RARELY OFFERED FOR SALE — THEY SELL THEMSELVES"

When Victory is won, we hope that one of the first new CASEY auxiliaries to have her keel laid may be yours. Meanwhile . . . . buy U. S. War Bonds and Stamps.

CASEY BOAT BUILDING COMPANY, INC.
Fairhaven, Massachusetts


Off to the wars . . .
In increasing numbers . . . PT Boats are attacking Jap ships. Coastal Patrol Boats are battling enemy subs. Mine Sweepers are clearing vital sea lanes. Utility Power Boats are helping build ponton bridges. Army and Navy Planes are training future pilots.
These and other war uses are now taking the total production of Waterproof Weldwood. So you'll have to wait for the Weldwood you want for that new boat or to improve the old one. After victory is won, Waterproof Weldwood will again be at your service.
UNITED STATES PLYWOOD CORPORATION, New York, N.Y.
World's Largest Producer of Plywood
WELDWOOD
Weldwood, name formerly applied to Waterproof Weldwood only, now family name of plywood products made by United States Plywood Corporation



Boats by the carload; 24′ plane retrieving boats by Dunphy Boat Corp.

of experienced military, naval, and civilian experts, both officers and enlisted men attached to the Engineers Amphibian Command are given a rigorous course of sprouts. A diploma from this institution confirms expertness in beach head busting, building engine parts with a few tin cans and a pair of tin shears, celestial navigation, tactics, boat handling and other associated nautical talents.

Other phases of instructional courses for the Army's "sailors" are covered by schools maintained by manufacturers, such as Gray and Hall-Scott.

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This, then, is the "Army's Navy," a rugged and workaday fleet designed to perform a thousand tasks both in home waters and on the far reaches of the seven seas. Like Topsy, it has come of age almost overnight, but its growth has been both ordered and well planned. It is no small feat to design, construct and put into operation so vast a fleet in so short a time, and it bespeaks the efficiency and ingenuity of a Service of which every citizen is justifiably proud.

Speaking of seagoing soldiers, no less than General Patton once made a 9000-mile cruise in a second hand 40-footer, finishing in Hawaii. So don't be surprised if you see a general's uniform on the bridge of a businesslike craft in gray paint for, although he isn't in the Navy, you can rest assured that he probably swings a mean sextant!

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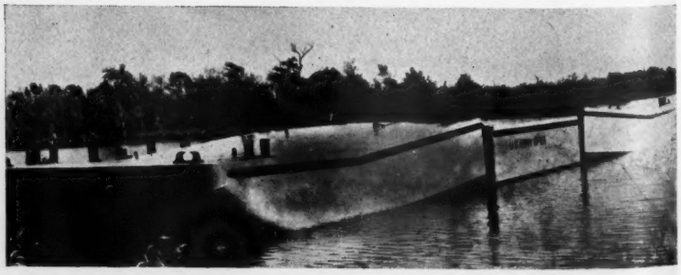
Ships and Small Craft of the United States Army

Excluding numerous types of experimental vessels, utility craft and others which, for reasons of military security, are on a "restricted list," the following tabulation is representative of Army Craft and reveals a fleet of imposing variety and functional utility:

ARMY AIR FORCE VESSELS

Designation	*Boat*	*Purpose*
SG	*16′ Swamp Gliders*	Rescue boat for operation in swampy areas.
J	*22′ Aircraft Rescue Boats*	Shallow draft boats for home stations.
	22′ Utility Boats	
	24′ Plane Retrieving Yawls	
MT	*26′ Towboats*	Employed by several Corps.
J	*36′ Aircraft Rescue Boats*	Overseas rescue boat.
SJ	*37′ Anti-Submarine Boats*	Anti-submarine patrol.
P	*42′ Aircraft Rescue Boats*	Rescue and minor salvage work at airfields.
P	*83′ Aircraft Rescue Boats*	Offshore rescue boat; also suitable for minor salvage operations.
T	*65′ Cargo Boats*	
FA	*99′ Cargo Boats*	
P	*104′ Aircraft Rescue Boats*	Ocean-going rescue boat and salvage vessel.
HA	*150′ Retrievers* (steel)	Ocean-going rescue and salvage.
	60′–63′ Barges (knockdown)	
	120′ Barges	
	180′ Barges (self-propelled)	



Some of the Army's 110′ barges are made in three sections to facilitate shipment. (Equitable Equipment Co.)

ARMY E NAVY

TUGS FOR THE ARMY

One of 56 Vessels

Delivered in '42

Levingston Shipbuilding

COMPANY

ORANGE TEXAS

65′ U. S. Army Cargo Boat

OUR MANY YEARS of experience in building the finest of yachts is the background of our ability to turn out boats built to the high standards required in these times, such as Army Cargo boats and 42′ Army Aircraft Rescue boats now under construction.

STURGEON BAY BOAT WORKS

Palmer Johnson, Manager

STURGEON BAY WISCONSIN

"GONE TO WAR!"

Like thousands of others, your pleasure boat has probably gone to war . . . proudly transformed with war-paint and guns! No doubt you, as a power or sailboat owner, have used W-C "Dependable" Fittings and Hardware, and know from experience the value of the W-C mark. And so you have recognized the importance of each detail in the overall performance of your craft.

Today, the hundreds and hundreds of new war boats which are fast multiplying America's sea power must be fitted to the same high standard of quality and dependability you have always insisted upon. That, too, is the measure of wartime performance! And to that end, Wilcox-Crittenden is devoting every effort—grateful to old friends for their patience—grateful for this opportunity to serve again in the cause of world democracy!

KEEP ON BUYING U. S. WAR BONDS

Wilcox, Crittenden & Co., Inc.

Manufacturers of "Dependable" Marine Hardware

Since 1847

10 South Main Street

MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT

SAMDS

One of the Transportation Corps' 46′ wooden towboats ready for launching at the Northeast Shipbuilding Co.

Coast Artillery

Designation	*Boat*	*Purpose*
M	*26′ Mine Yawls*	Utility service in mine field task force; also serves as tug.
J	*26′ Whale Boats*	Utility service in mine fields; miscellaneous service duties.
SJ	*37′ Anti-Submarine Boats* (same type of vessel employed by Air Forces)	Anti-submarine patrol.
	40′ Barrage Balloon Boats	
	52′ Barrage Balloon Barges	
BK	*60′–63′ Barges* (knockdown)	
L	*64′ Distribution Box Boats*	Mine planting and tending cable laying in mine fields.
MP	*188′ Mine Planters*	Mine planting and tending inshore.

Corps of Engineers

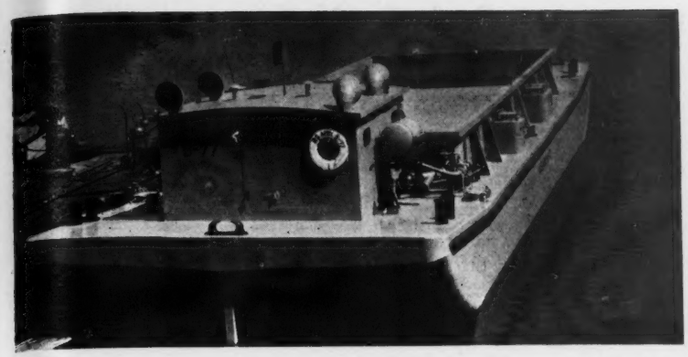
	13′ 6″ Assault Boats	
	13′–16′ Pontoon Boats	
	16′ 8″ Storm Boats	
AC	*42′ Command Boats*	Control boat for combat and training.
BCS	*45′ Barges* (steel) (Same type of vessels employed by Services of Supply)	For use overseas and in territorial possessions.
BK	*60′–63′ Barges* (knockdown)	For use overseas and in territorial possessions.
B	*110′ Barges* (steel) (Same type of vessels employed by Services of Supply)	Harbor lighters for use overseas.
BD	*110′ Crane Barges* (60-ton)	For use in domestic harbors.

Plus numerous types of amphibious troop and tank landing barges.

Transportation Corps (Services of Supply)

Designation	*Boat*
T	*65′ Cargo Boats*
FP	*115′ Cargo Boats*
FP	*136′ Cargo Boats*
FP	*168′ Cargo Boats*
	35′ Tugs (wood)
	45′ Tugs (wood)
	46′ Tugs (wood)
	47′ Tugs (wood)
	50′ Tugs (steel)
ST	*74′ Tugs* (steel)
	82′ Tugs
ST	*85′ Tugs* (steel)
MT	*102′–107′ Tugs*

Storm boats on the "production line" at the Minnetonka Boat Works



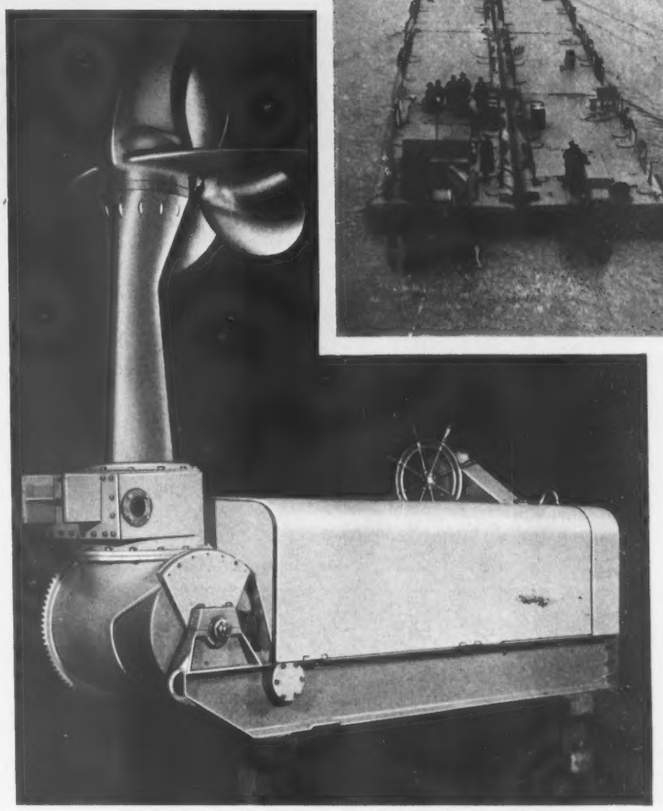
Barges such as the Equitable-built "B 77" have enormous carrying capacity

LT	*123' Tugs* (steel) *126' Tugs* (wood) *60'–63' Barges* (knockdown) *120' – 130' – 203' Barges* *210' Tank Barges*	
Y	*162' – 180' Barges* (self-propelled-oil and gas)	
BCS	*45' Barges* (steel) (Same type of vessels employed by Engineers Corps)	For use overseas and in territorial possessions.
BK	*60'–63' Barges* (knockdown) (Same type of vessels employed by Engineers Corps)	For use in territorial possessions and overseas.
BSP	*105'–176' Self-Propelled Barges*	For fuel transport and cargo lighterage.
BG	*110' Tank Barges* (steel) (Same type of vessels employed by Air Corps)	Waterway transportation of fuel.
BC	*110' Barges* (Same type of vessels employed by Engineers Corps)	For use as cargo lighters overseas.
BC	*110' Barges* (steel) (Same type of vessels employed by Engineers Corps)	For use as cargo lighters.
BD	*110' Crane Barges* (60-ton) *120' Crane Barges* (30-ton) *140' Crane Barges* (100-ton) (Same type of vessels employed by Engineers Corps and others)	For all types of service in overseas theatres of operations.
Y	*176' Self-Propelled Barges* (Same type of vessels employed by Air Corps)	For fuel transport and cargo lighterage.
BCL	*220' Barges* (steel) (Same type of vessels employed by Engineers and Air Corps)	For waterway transport of fuel.
BG	*220' Tank Barges* (steel) (Same type of vessels employed by Air Corps)	Waterway transportation of fuel.
ST	*74' Tugs* (steel) (Same type of vessels employed by Air Corps)	For barges and gasoline barges.
ST	*85' Tugs* (steel) (Same type of vessels employed by Air Forces)	For barges and gasoline barges.
LT	*149' Tugs* (steel)	Ocean-going tugs; for home and overseas harbors.

Miscellaneous Craft

12'–22' Dories	Employed by numerous Corps.
12'–28' Life boats	Employed by the Transportation Corps.
18'–23' Workboats	Employed by the Transportation and Engineers Corps.
16' Motor Skiffs	Employed by Coast Artillery Command at outlying bases.
27' "Eureka" type Patrol Boats	Employed by the Army Air Forces in overseas theatres, the Transportation Corps and various defense commands.
27' "Eureka" type Fire Boats	Employed by Transportation Corps at overseas ports of discharge.
40' Launches	Employed by the Coast Artillery, Army Air Forces, Transportation Corps and various defense commands.
42' (J) Patrol Boats	Employed by the Coast Artillery, Transportation Corps and Army Air Forces.
50' Patrol Boats	Employed by the Coast Artillery, Transportation Corps and Army Air Forces.
60' (Q) Launches	For harbor use by Transportation Corps and the defense commands of the Coast Artillery.

FOR THE ARMY



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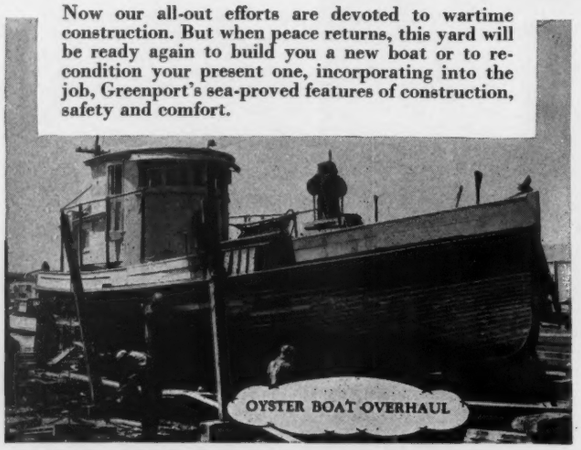

THE Greenport BASIN & CONSTRUCTION COMPANY
Greenport, Long Island, N.Y.

Books for Yachtsmen

(Continued from page 64)

WINGS OVER AMERICA

By Harry Bruno

(Robert McBride & Company, New York, $3.00)

▶ This book is a brilliant contribution to the history of aviation. It is all-embracing, giving a panorama of American air achievement, from the work done by the Wright brothers at Kittyhawk to the bombing of Tokyo by Jimmy Doolittle. The author is well known to American yachtsmen since he has handled public relations for the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers for many years and has served on many regatta committees running motor boat races.

To a certain extent, the book humanizes aviation by sketching personal histories of the men who have made American aviation great. Bruno was himself a pioneer in aviation. At 17, he built and flew the world's smallest monoplane glider; in World War I, he served in the Royal Canadian Flying Corps. In 1921, he made the first circumnavigation of the Great Lakes in a flying boat and received the Glidden Trophy in recognition of that feat. Readers of YACHTING may remember his article describing the trip. Particularly timely is the narration of the events leading up to and including General William Mitchell's tragic court martial, the result of his fight for air preparedness.

What particularly struck this reviewer were the many interesting sidelights on some of the aviation pioneers: such as the fact that the Wright brothers were scientists and carried on research with a wind tunnel and that Lincoln Beechy, best known as a stunt flyer, was actually a scientific pilot and was the first man to learn how to bring a plane out of a spin.

The book pays tribute to the first commercial airline which operated from the United States to a foreign port, namely, the Aeromarine Airways which operated from New York to Key West and from Key West to Havana and Bimini. This line was the forerunner of Pan American Airways; its chief pilot was the same Ed Musick who was Pan American's well-known skipper. The author praises the work of Inglis M. Uppercu, who financed Aeromarine Airways. He, too, was one of aviation's pioneers.

Mr. Bruno describes the first transcontinental non-stop flight, by Lieutenants Kelly and MacCreedy, and the operations of the early sky writers. He gives many interesting details of the Lindbergh flight and also pays tribute to the women pioneers in aviation, such as Catherine Stinson and Amelia Earhart.

C. K.

DESTROYER FROM AMERICA

By John Fernald

(The Macmillan Co., New York, $1.75)

▶ Here is one of the best of the current crop of books on the war at sea. The author is a yachtsman and a veteran of the gallant evacuation of the British Expeditionary Force at Dunkirk. This book, however, is about those early days of the still-raging Battle of the Atlantic. As a Reservist in the Royal Navy, Lieut. Fernald was assigned as navigator to one of the fifty destroyers we turned over to Great Britain in the destroyers-for-bases deal.

When the *Porchester* sailed from a Canadian port early in 1941, bound for England, she carried as oddly assorted crew as you could find anywhere — London bank messengers, window dressers, farm hands, bricklayers. They soon got their bearings on the 25-year-old ship, for her afterguard were old hands at the business. Take the skipper, for instance. He was a topnotcher, particularly good in tight pinches. There was one thing he could not understand, however: just why yachtsmen, like his navigator, were so fond of the sea. (He had to admit, though, that his navigator knew his stars and how to work out an accurate intercept.)

The chief engineer was a crackerjack, too, despite his weak stomach and his cliches. The way he was able to keep *Porchester's* machinery going was nothing short of miraculous. Maybe those cliches — "Where's there play, there's hell to pay" or "Valves tight, all's right" — had something to do with his success. The chief bo'sun's mate was just the sort of tough customer you would expect him to be. In time, he molded his men into a smooth-working team that came out on top.

Porchester's job was convoying, which meant little rest for all hands, and even less shore leave. Yet, strangely enough, little that was spectacular happened to her for seven long months. Then what all had been waiting and training for came: she got her first sub and her first Nazi plane. The author's buildup to this climax is reminiscent of Conrad. Like that great writer of sea yarns, Lieut. Fernald possesses a deep feeling for the sea and the men who brave its dangers.

Too bad that "Destroyer from America" is but 155 pages long.

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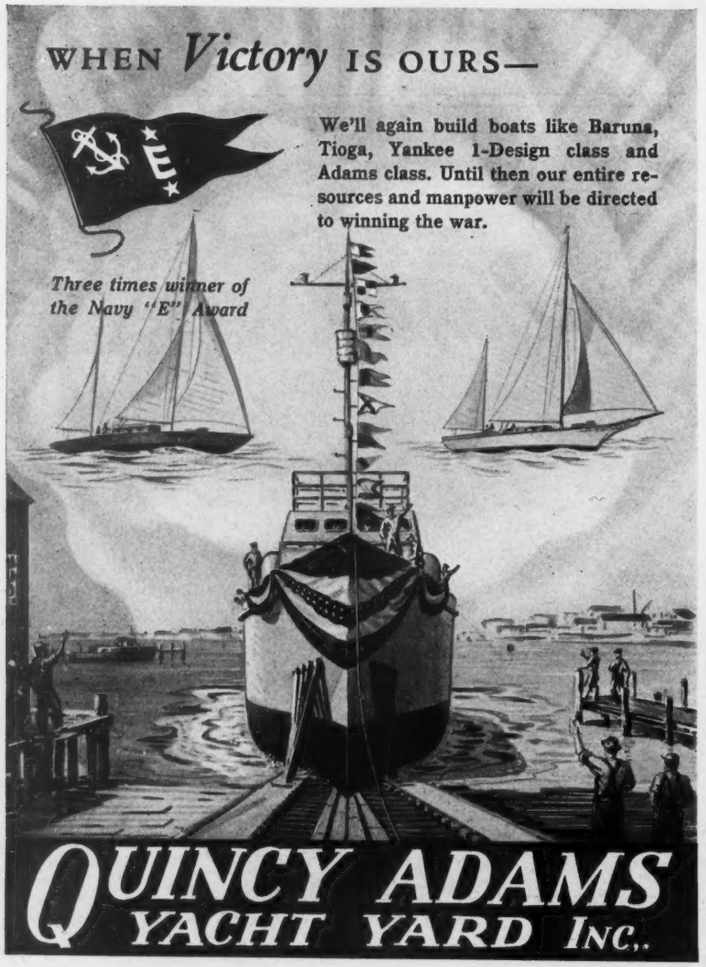
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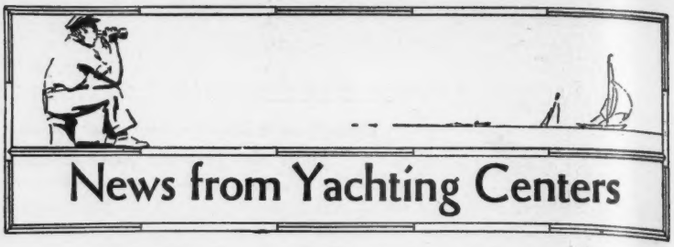

News from Yachting Centers

CHESAPEAKE BAY ACTIVITIES

By Bugeye Bill

▶ *Narada*, Class B cutter well known on the Chesapeake, has been sunk while on patrol off the East Coast. So far as is known, she becomes the first Bay member of the Corsair Fleet to go down while on active duty. According to word that Lieut. Col. L. Corrin Strong, her owner, received from the Navy, she was rammed by a larger combat vessel and sank a short time later. All hands were saved. The accident occurred late in December.

The cutter, a 47-footer designed by Phil Rhodes, was built by the M. M. Davis yard at Solomons, Md., in 1936. Under Skipper Strong's clever hand, *Narada* scored many a win in Bay regattas and long distance races. She was seen at nearly all of the bigger events each season.

When the Coast Guard instituted its offshore patrol, *Narada* was one of the first yachts to go into service. She entered last spring. Strong is ex-commodore of the Gibson Island Y.S. and ex-president of the Chesapeake Bay Y.R.A. He is now assigned to the Army's Service of Supply in Washington. *Narada* is going to be missed on the Bay after the war.

▶ The Capital Y.C., in Washington, has elected Walter H. Smith commodore to succeed E. Hillman Willis. The latter is now a lieutenant in the Navy. The new commodore has served three years under Willis as vice commodore and has been a C.Y.C. member nine years. He is a member of the Potomac River Power Squadron and has been active in the Coast Guard Auxiliary. His cruiser is the 38′ *Jouet III*.

Jack Stone, relatively a newcomer to yachting and a cruising-sailing enthusiast, has been elected vice commodore. During the winter he purchased the ex-Burmuda yacht *Valkyrie*, a 47′ cutter. He formerly owned the old New York "30" *Young Miss*. J. B. Sellars was reëlected secretary-treasurer. Members of the board are Richard S. Doyle, Earl D. Baker and Daniel H. Fowler.

▶ Officers of the Annapolis Y.C. were given a vote of confidence at their annual meeting in January, and virtually the entire slate was reëlected. For his fifth term, P. H. ("Pete") Magruder was named commodore.

Other officers are: Lawrence Thompson, vice commodore; J. N. Wilson, rear commodore; W. G. Sullivan, fleet captain; J. C. Flood, secretary, and Dashiel Leteunau, treasurer. Members of the Board of Governors are Morris Gilmore, H. S. Strange and W. G. Stromeyer.

Commodore Magruder reports a continued interest in yachting at the Maryland capital, with club membership now at a new high of 525. The club plans to go ahead with its spring series of sail races about May 1st, and its regatta on July 10th and 11th.

▶ Dinghy sailors, who have been holding a series of Frostbite races in Washington, off the Capital Y.C., finally hit a Sunday with freezing temperatures and high winds early last month. Ten Penguin dinghies competed in a three-race series that day and, when it was over, two masts had gone by the board and two sailors from a third boat were dunked.

The Army, Navy and Coast Guard did a sort of triple play in rescuing the wet pair. Two Army Air Force officers, who had their Penguin's mast snapped between races, went to the rescue in a small row boat powered with an outboard. The Coast Guard came in to lend assistance with a patrol craft. The outboard was loaned by a naval officer.

Winner that day was Robert McKean, a former dinghy sailor at Larchmont, N. Y. Len Penso, sailing Ralph Youngs' *Seabiscuit*, was second, and Jack Reckord's *Sidecar* was third. Reckord has been commuting from Baltimore by train, leaving his boat at the Capital Y.C.

▶ The Hampton Y.C., at Hampton, Va., has decided not to plan a regatta this year. The event is usually held over the Fourth of July and, before the war, the cruising fleet raced down from the upper Bay that week-end for the Virginia Cruising Cup. The club is situated in the vital Norfolk-Hampton Roads area and, accordingly, its activities are necessarily limited.

▶ Discussions are now going on between the Maryland Y.C., Baltimore Y.C. and the Sparrows Point Y.C. over a proposal to hold a joint regatta this year at one of the three clubs.

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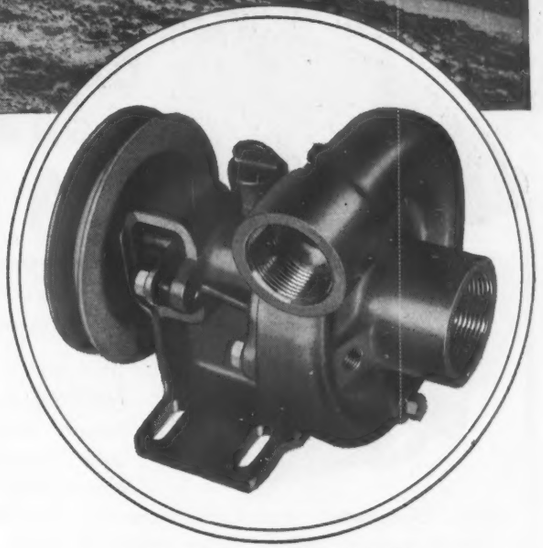

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NARRAGANSETT BAY GOSSIP

By Jeff Davis (Old Doc)

▶ You know (this isn't supposed to be news, it's gossipy opinion), I think it's a darned shame the way the Power Squadron treats the women. The men will take them sailing, cruising, let them keep the cabin picked up and shipshape, cook, wash the dishes, and even write stories about cruising and what not for the yachting magazines (good stories, too), let them have by-lines using their first names — "by Petunia Flowerpot," for instance, without the head of the family getting any of the credit, but they won't let the women join the Power Squadron, even if they pass the elementary piloting examination with better marks than any of the men in the class.

Something ought to be done about this. I'll bet that, if Susan B. Anthony, Carrie Nation, Margaret Foley and some more of those pioneeresses were alive, they'd raise hell until they got equal suffrage for women afloat.

▶ Here the Narragansett Bay Power Squadron has been giving lectures and demonstrations all winter and, when they were all done, two women who never missed a meeting, took the examination with their husbands and 44 other men, passed right up at the top of the scoreboard, and all they got to show for it was a diploma, and a good time at the dinner where the men got their certificates, their names in the paper and the right to fly the flag on their boats.

Some day the men are going to be sorry. Their wives will get welding jobs in shipyards and join the Ship Builders Union, where they'll get recognition, and leave the men to wash their own dishes.

Incidentally, the new members brought 24 boats into the Squadron's fleet, about half sail and half power.

▶ Leon E. Nickerson and Stanley G. Cady, having asked to be retired as Commander and Vice Commander of the Edgewood Flotilla of the Coast Guard Auxiliary, Charles J. McKenna was elected commander, R. Russell Boss vice commander and John Waite junior commander. Commander McKenna appointed Junior Commander Waite secretary, Murray S. Upham treasurer, Edward B. Tiffany operations officer and Oscar E. Charpentier procurement officer. Capt. Otto Seidner, of the Rhode Island District, was the installing officer. He also installed Alfred S. Simons, Thomas J. Sullivan and Chester Salisbury, reëlected commander, vice commander and junior commander of the Pawtuxet Flotilla.

▶ The Rhode Island Division has been split into two sections with Jack McDevitt as captain, Vincent Bereaud vice captain and Dr. Russell R. Hunt as junior captain of Section B.

▶ The Narragansett Bay Indian Class Association has elected Jeanne Scattergood president, R. Russell Boss secretary-treasurer and John Richardson, Burton Raymond and Anthony Waller to complete the board of directors. More than half of last year's Indian skippers are in the Coast Guard, so it will be up to the younger brothers, if any, or the dads, to keep the Indians on the warpath next summer.

▶ Sidney B. Blaisdell has bought the 28′ over all auxiliary sloop *Pirate* from James Hammond, of Marblehead. As she has canvas, he will probably be able to get her from Marblehead to Providence in the spring.

▶ We had snow. Much snow. Heavy, wet snow that stayed where it landed. The sloop *Manatauqua*, moored for the winter in Wickford Harbor with no cover over her cockpit, had a busted scupper pipe. The snow filled her cockpit and piled high on deck, putting her down until the break in the pipe was below the water level. Fortunately, it wasn't too deep, so that the top of her coaming was just out of water at low tide. Paule Loring, the instigator of the volunteer fireboat fleet, got alongside with his *Nehi III* and pumped faster than the scupper let it in, and up *Manatauqua* came.

▶ About this school scheme, teaching the high school boys seamanship: he hasn't got much recognition but George F. McCahey, instructor in science at the Hope High School, Providence, and commodore of the Oakland Beach B.C., has been doing that for the last three years. He has taken a bunch of the older boys out in his boat over week-ends, taught them boat handling, sailing, rescue work, about the compass and the elements of navigation, how to use the rifle, and several other things. Twenty of his boys are in the Coast Guard, all with ratings, eight have gone to the Coast Guard Academy, four to the Merchant Marine school, six have shipped in the merchant service, and about 80 have enlisted in the Navy. He has 35 of the present class working with him now.

▶ At Wickford, Paule Loring has a class of ten boys learning the elements of seamanship and boat handling, and is getting considerable help from the local fishermen as well as from the Naval training school at Quonset Point.

The attractive home of the Michigan City Yacht Club

LAKE MICHIGAN BREEZES

By Warren T. Davis

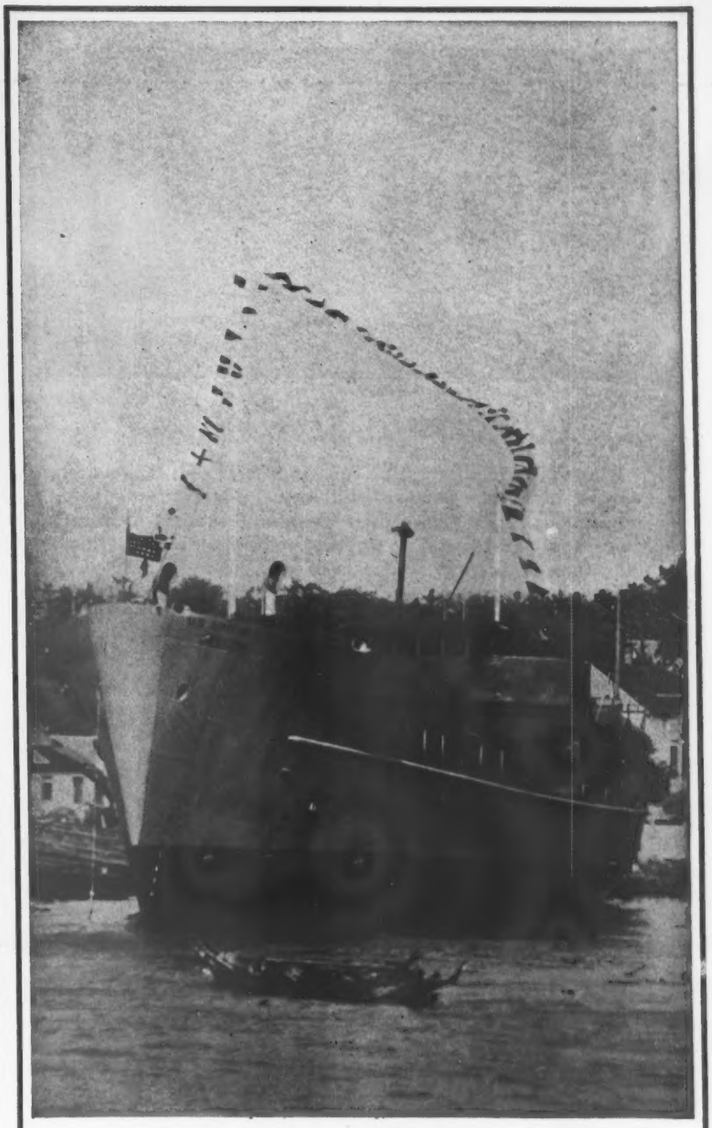
▶ Michigan City has long been an important port to lower-end-of-the-lake yachtsmen. For more than fifty years there has been an annual race from Chicago to Michigan City and for many years it has been one of the stopover spots in the annual triangular race held over the Labor Day week end. To sail and power men it has been an ideal port of call for short cruises out of Chicago. Just when yachtsmen first started to visit this best of northern Indiana harbors for yachts, I don't know, but, back in 1836, the Federal Government took action to improve the mouth of Trail Creek so that shipping could use it. One hundred years later, in 1936, the present yacht basin was dredged and the entrance gap improved. With about 12′ of water in the northern side and about 8′ to the south, there is ample depth for most yachts. This basin is exceptionally well protected from the weather. To the south is a city park in which is the Michigan City Y.C.

▶ For several years a yacht club with a waiting list has been something of a novelty, but the Michigan City Y.C. has quite a number waiting admission. Founded only a few years ago (1933), the club has built and furnished an especially attractive home which is largely paid for. A great deal of the work on this house was done by the members. H. W. Frey, now in the Navy, was commodore for the first three years of the club's life. The present commodore, T. M. Blackwood, says that 6903 hours of actual labor were donated by the members. They started with an old house which, in the course of the reconditioning and enlarging, had to be raised to allow for an excavation for the tap room. In the process of building a locker room, a wall was just about completed when some energetic souls started to fill in outside, with the result that the whole wall collapsed. In spite of all, our heroes opened the clubhouse in its entirety for the first time in May, 1941.

▶ Sixty-three yachts make up the fleet here, 48 sail and 15 power. Special stress is placed on National One Design sail boats and racing in this class is hot. Weekly handicap races for all yachts are held during the season and about every sailing craft participates. In 1942, the club race to New Buffalo was taken by Lowell Dowdell, in *Vanity*, and the Dunes Park race was won by J. H. Gardner, in *Zaz-Girl*. The power boat men had a cruise in 1942 to South Haven, Michigan, in conjunction with the Spring Lake and Muskegon boys and the U. S. Coast Guard Auxiliary. E. G. Browne is Commander of the local Coast Guard Auxiliary unit. Twenty-three members are in the armed forces. A monthly news letter, known as the "Windjammer," is issued by the club. A mass power boat cruise, with the Southern Shore Y.C., is projected in '43.

▶ The Chicago Corinthian Y.C. has as Commander of its Flotilla 3, Division 1, William L. Richards. Thomas G. Richards, who was commander of this Flotilla and also Captain of Division 1, is now Commodore of the Chicago District.

▶ The Great Lakes Cruising Club has started its fifth navigation school (sixteen weeks of Piloting, Dead Reckoning and Celestial) with over 200 men enrolled; of these men, more than half are in service uniforms. All told, this club has graduated more than 500 men from its various classes since they were started in the fall of 1941, and more than 200 of these have since won commissions in Navy or Army.



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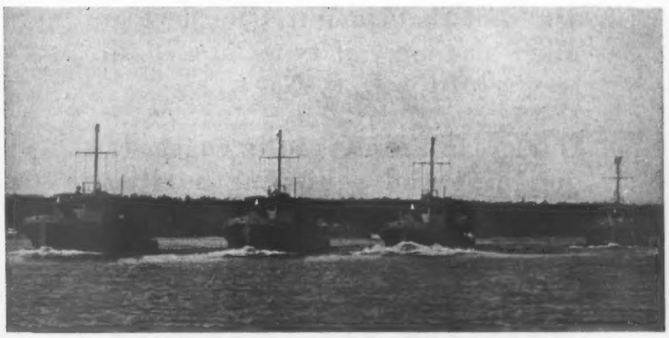

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BUY WAR BONDS

FROM SAN FRANCISCO BAY

By Jesse L. Carr, M.D.

▶ As the prospects for the coming yachting season alternately brighten and dim out, plans go on in preparation for the coming season. The Pacific Inter-Club Yacht Association delegates met in February. On the agenda were proposals to limit the meetings of the Inter-Club delegates to three during 1943, and to have them in a central location near San Francisco because of gasoline rationing. It is problematical whether or not a full-sized annual year book can be issued but, in conferences with Larry Knight, it has been suggested that at least some form of attenuated year book be printed. This should incorporate transfers of ownership and include the new owners of craft listed about San Francisco Bay, not only for the benefit of the owners themselves but to aid in identification by the Coast Guard. Other yachting publications which will be maintained during the year are the "Main Sheet," which is published by the St. Francis Y.C., and the "Flying Jib," the house organ of the Richmond Y.C. The maintenance of this latter journal is especially noteworthy and commendable, inasmuch as this eight- to twelve-page monthly has been continually issued without interruption even after the Richmond Y.C. lost its housing facilities and meeting place to the war effort.

▶ The annual meeting of the St. Francis Y.C. was held recently, as scheduled and, while the attendance was rather small, the enthusiasm and prospective listed activities of the club indicate an active season, although much of it may be off the water. Ash Stow was speaker of the evening. The St. Francis Y.C. lists ten of its boats among those on emergency patrol for the Navy.

▶ At the Richmond Y.C., arrangements have been made to hold monthly club meetings in the Richmond City Hall and recent advices indicate that its suit against the Government for condemnation proceedings will be actually in court soon. The Richmond Y.C. opened the 1943 season with a seamen's banquet held after the monthly meeting where, it will be recalled, George Schulz distinguished himself by swallowing half-a-dozen extra large raw oysters at once.

▶ Robert Potter, owner and skipper of the *Bairn* and a member of the Corinthian Y.C., is also suddenly absent from San Francisco, having been called to duty by the merchant marine aboard a Victory ship. He is now in a convoy somewhere far to the west of here. The *Bairn* is laid up for the duration.

MASSACHUSETTS BAY FLASHES

By Ed Earle

▶ Navy and Coast Guard officers were on deck as all the members in Service who could make it were present for the 77th annual meeting of the Boston Y.C. at the Rowe's Wharf Station. It was a bright spot in the bleak doldrums of a wartime winter. Richard Dale McMullan was elected commodore to succeed Lieut. Don Gardner, U.S.C.G.R., now on duty at an advanced Atlantic Base, hunting Axis subs. Don attended the meeting to swing the gavel and his departing words were: "I'll see you again when little boats sail again for pleasure."

The other Boston Y.C. flag officers for 1943 include Vice Commodore Marquis S. Smith, Rear Commodore Robert E. Dillon, Secretary Blake H. Cooley and Treasurer E. Ober Pride, who succeeds Lieut.-Commander Schuyler Dillon, U.S.N.R. Harold T. N. Smith, commodore of Coast Guard Auxiliary, was reëlected chairman of the race committee. Lieut.-Commander "Burt" MacInnis, U.S.N.R., former head of the race committee, was one of the active service coterie, able to make the rendezvous. Capt. "Bob" Bartlett, veteran Arctic explorer, was the guest speaker with movies and hair-hoisting yarns of the Far North.

The club, despite some 60 or more members in the Service, plans to carry on an active season and keep things rolling until the War Pennant is hauled down.

▶ As things shape up at present, racing at Marblehead will equal and be run along the same lines as last season. At the annual meeting of the Corinthian Y.C., Commodore Frederick J. Shepard, Jr., was reëlected. The other 1943 officers include Vice Commodore George M. Stevens, Rear Commodore Richard D. Seamans, Secretary Myron R. Hutchinson and Treasurer Frank J. McManus.

▶ Coast Guard regulations and war conditions permitting, the Quincy Bay Race Week Association plans to hold its annual sailing series in Quincy Bay during July. It will be at least a two-day series with July 4th and 5th tentatively named. The annual meeting included delegates from the Quincy,

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A Simple Method for Offshore Navigation, by George N. Wallace. A quick, reliable method of finding your position by celestial observation. $1.00

Manual of Celestial Navigation, by Arthur A. Ageton. A new method of working sights, faster than the author's well known *H.O. 211* but which can be used in conjunction with it, is here printed with the *H.O. 211* tables. Assumed position and dead reckoning position navigation in one volume. $1.85

Harvey Pocket Observatory. A star-finding instrument that actually points them out. Fully described by "Beachcomber" in the December issue. $15.00

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Coastwise Navigator, by Capt. Warwick M. Tompkins. Covers with utmost simplicity the many problems of the coastwise navigator, or pilot. $2.00

Piloting, Seamanship and Small Boat Handling, by Charles F. Chapman. New 1942 edition of this classic text for beginners. Used in the Power Squadron's elementary classes all over the country. 320 pages, amply illustrated. $2.50

Seamanship Below Deck, by Ruth Brindze. All the problems of living well on a small boat — even to the keeping of a dog. "The best book a yachtsman could possibly buy." $2.50

Compass Deviation Card, by G. Jackson. Compass rose for recording your deviation on all headings. String pivoted at center makes it a course protractor as well. Full directions. $.50

The Sailor's Guide. Fine for neophytes of Sea Scout age, this card wheel gadget shows knots, various rigs, compass points, ships' time, storm warnings. Described by "Beachcomber" in the December issue. Full color. $1.00

Encyclopedia of Knots and Fancy Rope Work, by Raoul Graumont and John Hensel. The same fascinating volume that sold for $10.00 when first published. Enlarged and revised. $5.00

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Yacht Cruising, by Claud Worth. Uffa Fox says, "If all the guides, manuals and cruising books of every sort were swept away, *Yacht Cruising* would still provide reasonably complete instruction for the amateur sailor." $7.50

The Cruising Manual, by Gerry Mefferd. Most helpful to those who are just completing their first season or two of cruising. Illustrated. $3.00

Learning to Cruise, by H. A. Calahan. A fine book for the beginner, with much for old hands. Illustrated. $2.50

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The A B C of Boat Sailing, by Herbert L. Stone, Editor of YACHTING. An excellent book for the beginner with many maneuvers illustrated with diagrams. $2.00

Sailing Made Easy — Told in Pictures, by Rufus G. Smith. A photo-and-caption book with remarkable, specially-taken, series pictures illustrating each step. The best way we know of to learn to sail without such an experienced skipper at your side. $3.50

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Yankee Stargazer, by Robert Elton Berry. A fine biography of Nathaniel Bowditch. A *must* addition to every nautical shelf of books. Illustrated. $2.50

The History of American Sailing Ships, by Howard I. Chapelle. A classic of marine archaeology which should be in the library of every lover of boats or model builder. Illustrated. $10.00

Traditions and Memories of American Yachting, by William P. Stephens. Reminiscences of the author's seventy years of association with yachting, designing and building. Delightful reading, the volume is most interesting. $3.00

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Admiral of the Ocean Sea, by Samuel Eliot Morison. A life of Columbus by a skilled historian who retraced his voyages in small boats. One-volume edition. $3.50. Two volumes, boxed, with additional material and navigation notes. $10.00

ATTENTION, BOAT AND SHIP YARDS

A number of yards have found it profitable to establish reference libraries of books on boat designing and building for their workers. While a few such books are listed above, there are a number of others for which there is not room on this page. We shall be glad to supply lists and prices on request.

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The Cruise of "Diablesse," by Frederic A. Fenger. A cruise from Boston to the West Indies and South America. $2.50

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The Ship's Husband, by H. A. Calahan. One of the author's best books. Covers the care of the boat both in the water and laid up for the winter. $3.00

MISCELLANEOUS

Fighting Fleets, by Critchell Rimington. Introduction by Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, Jr., U.S.N., Retired. "A Survey of the Navies of the World," this book is along the lines of the famous "Jane's." Best on the U.S. Navy. Includes naval aircraft. Copiously illustrated. $3.00

The Galley Guide, by Alex. W. Moffat. Recipes for shipboard from the simplest rough weather breakfast to course dinners, and drinks. No technical terms to confuse the amateur cook. $2.00

Glossary of Sea Terms, by Gershom Bradford. This book is regarded as an indispensable encyclopaedia of the sea. New enlarged edition. Illus. $3.50

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Meteorology for Ship and Aircraft Operation, by Peter Kraght, Senior Meteorologist, American Airlines, Inc. Convenient pocket size, but this fine book's nearly 400 pages cover all essential weather data in easily understood language. Indexed and illustrated. $3.00

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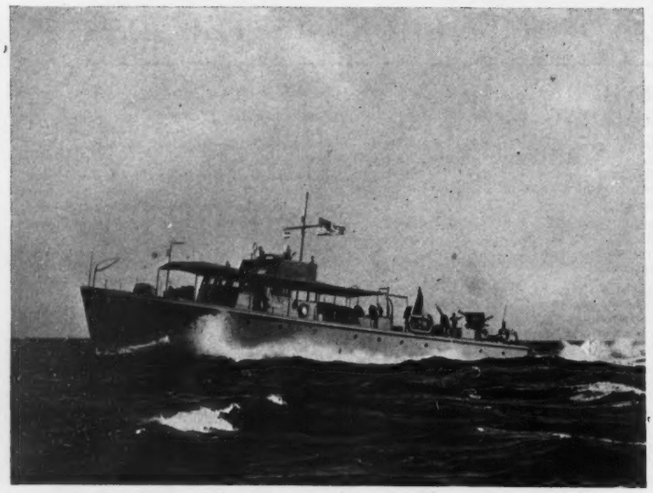

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Wollaston, Squantum, Merrymount and Town River Y.C. The reëlected officers for 1943 include President Paul C. Ryan, Quincy Y.C.; Vice President Manuel M. Prada, Squantum Y.C.; Treasurer Commodore Kenneth Yoerger, Town River Y.C.; and Secretary Thomas Sheehan, Squantum Y.C.

▶ The 59′ 6″ over all auxiliary yawl *Onkahya*, formerly owned by Pemberton Whitcomb, of New York and Cotuit, has been sold to Stanley W. Ferguson, of Boston and Pocasset, through the office of Eldredge-McInnis, Inc. Mr. Ferguson, ex-commodore of the New England Regatta Association and treasurer of the A.P.B.A., will change her name to *Trim Five*. This same office reports that two new 75′ draggers from its boards, similar to Capt. Ike Norton's *Catherine & Mary*, are being built at the Lemos' yard, Riverside, R. I., for a Boston client. In addition, two 73′ draggers of the same general character are being started for American interests just outside Montreal, P. Q.

▶ The coveted Army-Navy "E" Pennant has been awarded to the James E. Graves Boat Yard, Inc., Marblehead, for excellence in turning out Coast Guard picket boats. Old Marblehead always has had sailors and boatbuilders from the start of the Navy and the Marine Corps.

LAKE ONTARIO NEWS

By W. Peck Farley

▶ Despite the ban on pleasure driving, plans are being made by most of the clubs around Rochester for an active, though curtailed, season. As one member of the Newport Y.C. expressed it: good old Yankee ingenuity will find a way to get sailors to their boats.

▶ The Canandaigua Y.C. has elected the following officers for 1943: Commodore, Carl Hunt; vice commander, William Place; rear commander, James Douglas.

▶ The Rochester C.C. held a board meeting recently to discuss plans for the coming season. Among the Canoe Club members in service are: Don Franham, Signal Corps; LeMoyne Wheeler, Lieut., j.g. and Bud Allyn in the Navy.

▶ The Nine Mile Point Y.C. elected the following to office recently: Fleet captain, Chet Miller; assistant fleet captain, Jack Moxon; secretary, George Kircher; treasurer, Jack Moxon; three year member of the board, Fred Yackel; two year member, Bill Grabbenstetter; and one year member, Walter Rocheville.

▶ The Newport Y.C. had a good turnout for the January meeting at which time it was decided to go ahead with regular plans for the summer, limiting racing to Sundays due to the many who will be working Saturdays.

Among the men in service are: Bob Hoffman, Bill Briscoe, George Hartleben, Alan Dailey, and "Cap" Swanson.

▶ The Rochester Temporary Coast Guard Reserve now numbers 27 members. They have offered the Government the use of boats for temporary assignments and there will be a government inspection of these boats in the spring to determine their suitability. Larry Miller, of the T. C. G. R., is with the Civilian Pilot Training in Rochester and Lieut. Herb Bristol, ex junior commander, is with the Army Engineer Amphibian Command.

▶ Harold L. Field has been elected to the national board of governors of the U. S. Power Squadron.

Thirty men recently passed the exam in elementary piloting, boosting the Rochester Power Squadron to 133 members. Forty applications have been received for the advanced piloting course and twenty for the new signalling course.

▶ Elementary and advanced piloting courses continue in Newark where enterprising instructors have set up a room with all the necessary gadgets to demonstrate essential points to a class of approximately 30 students.

▶ Bob Gordon, vice commodore of the Rochester Y.C., recently sold his N.Y. 32 *Vitesse* which will probably go to Cleveland.

Bill Barrows, who sold his yawl *Petrel*, has bought Eddie Rosenberg's yawl *Azura*.

Craig Smith, former skipper of *Maromar*, now a lieutenant in the Navy, is in command of a division of P.T. boats "somewhere at sea."

Jeff Dale is in search of a new crew for his Star, *Greta*. His daughter and first rate crew Loie has joined the Waves.

Official U. S. Navy Photo

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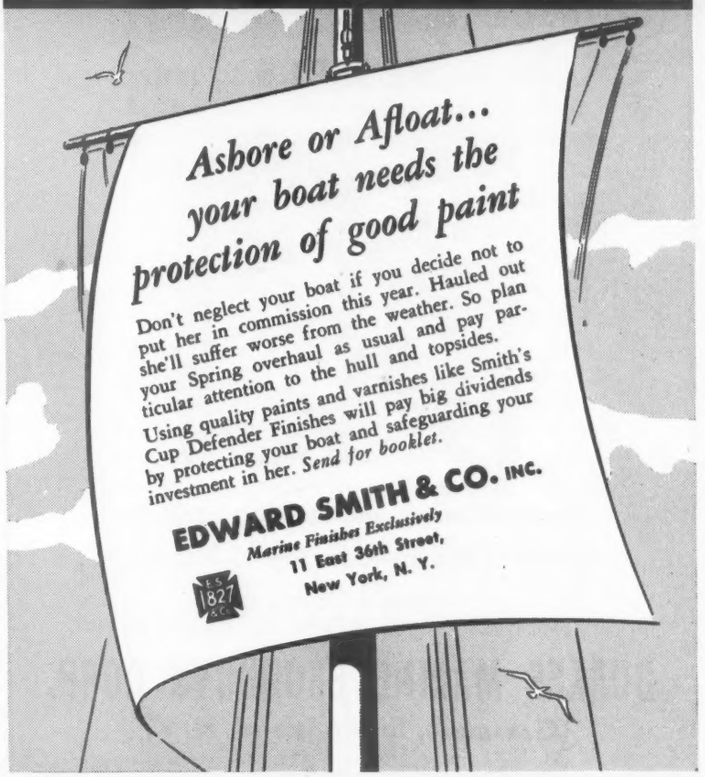

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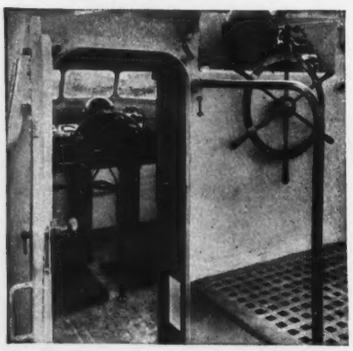

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MAINE COAST NOTES

By Lawrence B. Getchell

▶ Another of Maine "die-hardest" yachtsmen has just come to light in a letter from Miss Cynthia Jones, of Bangor, a member of the Bucks Harbor Y.C. Miss Jones submits to wit: "John F. Cole, of Somerville, Mass., and Bucks Harbor, left for his winter home in November. His beautiful yawl *Quill II* was the last of our fleet to go into winter quarters. *Quill II*, with her frequent short cruises last summer, brought vicarious pleasure to more than one coast-bound sailor. Also, she carried off first prize in Bucks Harbor's only open handicap race of the season. Mr. Cole is a long-time member of the Cruising Club of America."

In another letter concerning her club's plans for the coming season, Miss Jones writes: "Although our sailing will be more curtailed, we do intend to keep our clubhouse open and a fire in the fireplace for all hardy skippers stopping in next summer."

That news is good to have, for the little harbor at South Brooksville is one of this coast's best and most popular stopping places for yachtsmen cruising these waters. Many a wet and chilly sailor has toasted his toes before a crackling blaze in that big stone fireplace in Bucks Harbor's cozy clubhouse — and felt grateful for the privilege. Skoal, B.H.Y.C.!

▶ Frank Sample's distinctive page in January YACHTING put Boothbay Harbor on the shipbuilding map. That colorful piece caused a whole cycle of vibrations due to the fact that its words so well exemplify the reason Maine-built ships are the cream of the war production crop. Vessels for war purposes built here are turned out with a singular pride of craftsmanship that marks them as the work of shipbuilders. They're not just produced. They are ship-built. There's a "deal o' difference!"

▶ Word has been received that Fred F. Pendleton, Wiscasset's seventy-year-old ex-builder of yachts, has resigned as master-builder with the Casco Shipbuilding Corp., of Freeport, where five 750-ton wooden barges are under construction. Mr. Pendleton came out of retirement last June.

▶ Chester L. Churchill, new president of the South Portland Shipbuilding Corp., recently announced the appointment of Walter L. Green as vice president and general manager of this prominent shipyard. Mr. Green comes to Maine from the State of Washington where he was vice president of the Seattle-Tacoma Shipbuilding Corp. He served for several years as engineering manager of the Luckenbach Steamship Co., and he is a former vice president of the American Bureau of Shipping.

During the last few days of January, South Portland launched three Liberty Ships sponsored by school scrap drive champions from three New England States. The youngsters from Connecticut named their ship *Noah Webster*, while students from Rhode Island and Massachusetts christened theirs *Walter E. Ranger* and *Daniel Webster*, respectively.

▶ Definite date for the launching of the first wooden barge built in Maine for the Maritime Commission was publicly announced on February 2nd by Cary W. Bok, vice president of the Camden Shipbuilding & Marine Railways Co., of Camden. The date was February 8th, and the affair was scheduled to be a double launching, with Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt sponsoring the 750-ton barge *Pine Tree* and Mrs. Helen S. Price of Bath sponsoring *APc 62*.

FLORIDA TRADE WINDS

By Vivyan Hall

▶ Shipbuilding has become the major industry of the southeastern states, according to figures released by the sixth federal reserve district. This business which, as late as 1940, employed 7,481 men, now employs over 150,000 and is increasing daily. Ship contracts granted through September last exceeded $1,000,000,000 or 56 per cent of all supply contracts in the area. Of the states included, Florida has 37 yards, most of them small; Louisiana, 15, with some pretty big ones; Alabama, 7; Mississippi, 6; Georgia, 4; and Tennessee, of all places, 3.

▶ The Huckins Yacht Corp., at Jacksonville, is working around the clock on an order for eight of the 72′ PT boats. Also at Jacksonville, the Arlington Shipbuilding and Engineering Corp. is building six 65′ tugs, and the Eastport Marine Construction Co. is going ahead on an order for fifty 169′ barges. It is expected that similar barges, capable of carrying 6000 barrels of petroleum products, will be built by other yards in Miami and Melbourne for the Army Engineers. The Melbourne Boat Basin is bidding on these barges which are planned for river and canal transportation but are too big for the canal across Florida from Fort Myers to Stuart. The machine shop in this Melbourne yard has been so busy repairing construction equip-

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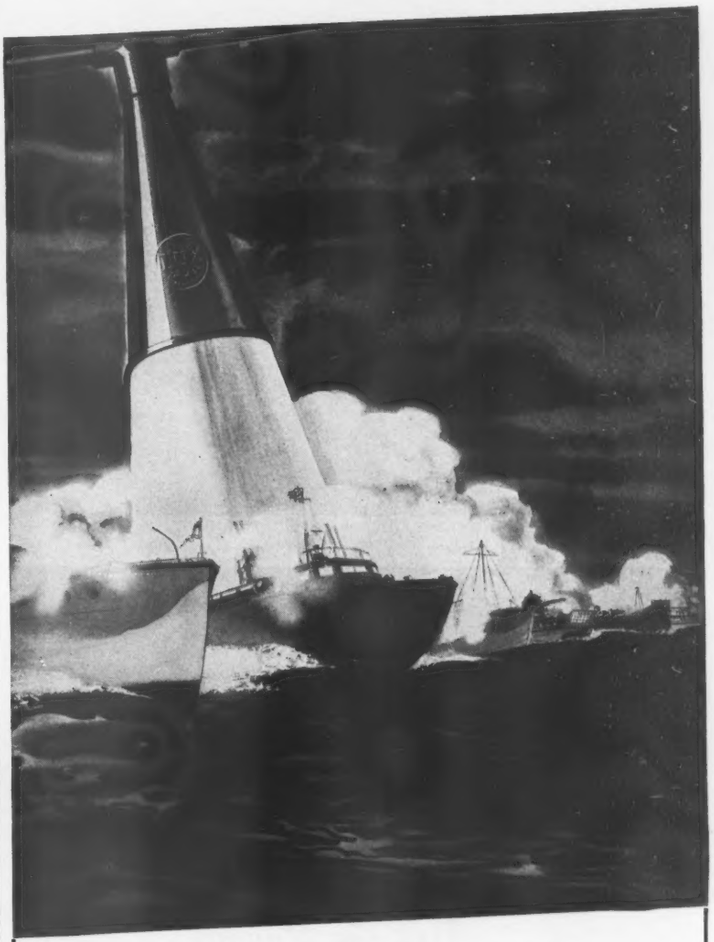

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ment for the new Naval air stations at Melbourne and Banana River that Lawrence Allen, the owner, has added 400 feet additional space. The J. A. Jones Construction Co., of Panama City, is taking over the management of the Liberty ship program at the Brunswick Marine Construction Corp. This adds 30 to the 33 Liberty ships they are already taking care of.

▶ A. P. Green, of Mexico, Missouri, whose houseboat *Josephine* flies the burgee of the Biscayne Bay Y.C., where he cruises in happier days, has been making firebrick and refractory materials for lining boilers in Liberty ships. His company has now received the "M" award. Stanley Hunt, Chris-Craft distributor for Florida, is now an Army lieutenant just back from North Africa and operations officer in the Harbor Boat Branch of Transportation, in Washington. William B. Hurst, of Baltimore, who landed the outstanding blue marlin in the 1936 fishing tournament, is a lieutenant in the Naval Air Force and is going through the aerial navigation course at the University of Miami. William B. Dodge, of dinghy fame, is reported basing with an inshore patrol vessel at Port Everglades. Woodward Rich, of Baltimore, who used to race in *Stormy Weather* with William Labrot, is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the Coast Guard and is training at the sub-chaser school in Miami. In the class with him are Edgard DuPrey, who raced in Dudley Sharp's *Gulf Stream*, and Bernard Clark of Detroit, who used to crew aboard Herman Petzold's *Josephine II*.

▶ Lieutenant Colonel H. H. (Jack) Jacobs, who raced Comets on the Potomac and is now on duty at Fort Lauderdale, has been taking honors in the Lauderdale Y.C. Sunday dinghy series. J. E. Russell, after experimenting for some months with a Penguin, came back to clean up the crowd in Class X. Dr. R. W. Burch, Ray Wheeler and John Hansen are all coming on fast. Over a hundred members of the Army, Navy, Marines and Coast Guard have been taken in by the St. Petersburg Y.C. on new service memberships. Coast Guard Auxiliary patrols and classes in navigation, seamanship and signalling go on steadily. The Junior, and Girls sailing groups keep the club's Fish Class sloops busy. J. K. Clemmer is the new commodore of the Key West Y.C.

▶ A new Coast Guard Auxiliary flotilla has been organized at Sanford, on the St. Johns River, with Alfred W. Lee as commander; Francis E. Roumillat, vice commander; and Herbert F. Neiswander, junior commander. The Palatka flotilla, under the direction of Commander Newell B. Davis, is maintaining an active patrol of that portion of the St. Johns River. The Auxiliary at Mt. Dora, on one of the inland lakes, is coöperating with the Army Air Force for rescue and salvage work. Commander Frank Van Anden, of the New Smyrna flotilla, has a group of the local high school boys lined up in a signalling class. Lieutenant (j.g.) A. E. Hittepole has been named Captain of the Port at Fort Pierce, and Ensign J. C. Dickinson at St. Marks.

WEST COAST BUBBLES

By Kent Hitchcock

▶ Winter sailing activity in Southern California has been confined, for the most part, to week-end dinghy racing. Annual elections and presentation parties are over for another year.

▶ Herb Hadfield, veteran outboard racing driver, has joined the Air Force Motion Picture Unit. Herb has held National, Pacific Coast and Southern California Championships and has been a consistent performer for many years. His 19 years of service with Hollywood motion picture studios will stand him in good stead.

▶ Jimmy Michaels, who has sailed everything from a Star to a Honolulu Racer, is an ensign in the Navy, in command of a sub-chaser.

▶ Commodore J. Otto Crocker, of the San Diego P.B.C., is just plain Private Crocker now. Otto is the electrical wizard who dreamed up and built the photoelectric timer that has been such a notable success in speed boat regattas during the last five years. He is training with a special unit of the forces which has use for his mastery of electricity and fine machinery.

▶ Kenneth Watts has locked up his sailmaking business for the duration and is on active duty with the Navy as lieutenant (j.g.).

▶ Lieutenant Thomas Turner, in charge of the Coast Guard base at Balboa, is also carrying two full stripes. The Balboa base will soon move to fine new quarters on Collins Island, turned over to the Coast Guard by James Cagney.

▶ Speed boat pilots have enlisted by the drove. Ensign Bob Stack, who drove his *Thunderbird* to many victories, is in training at Pensacola. Perry

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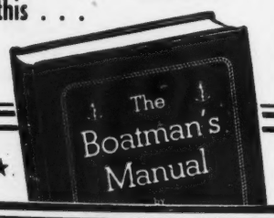

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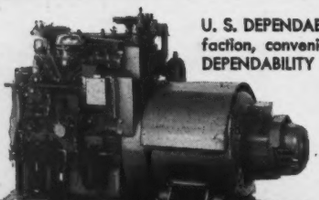

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Peron and Joe del Beato, Class C hydroplane pilots, are in the Army. Homer Farnemen, owner of *So What*, is on duty with the U.S.C.G.R.

▶ Month by month, familiar names in the world of yachting are added to the sizable list already building ships for Uncle Sam. Newcomers this month are:

The Robert V. Staats Co., of Newport Harbor. Associated with veteran broker Bob Staats are his brother R. C. Staats; F. Roy Greenleaf, of Newport; and Vernon Britton, of Lido Isle. Wm. ("Bill") Provis, well-known boatbuilder, is construction superintendent for the new firm and T. Weston Jay, who closed up his Balboa Marine Hardware for the duration, is purchasing agent. Staats is already under way on the first order of 45′ picket boats. The yard has a fine stretch of waterfront on the Hiway Channel.

▶ The Victory Shipbuilding Corp., a new firm at Newport, has taken over and improved the Beecher Boat Works. Officers of the firm are: President, Ray V. Marshall, of Balboa Island; vice president, A. M. Shaw, of Los Angeles; and secretary, Frank S. Wade, of Newport.

▶ The A. M. Rambo Co., of Newport Harbor, has been reorganized under the name of the North American Shipbuilding Corp. Officers are: George H. Stricker, president; W. C. Prewitt, vice president; and A. M. Rambo, secretary-treasurer. The firm has expanded its plant facilities and property to a considerable extent and is mass producing the 35′ ARB's for the Navy.

▶ Don Pederson, builder of Flatties and Vikings at his Viking Port before war days, is constructing training boats for the Coast Guard.

▶ The latest builder to jump into the defense picture is Niles Lowman, who made an enviable reputation for construction of fine fishing craft and fast cruisers. Lowman has enlarged his plant on Harbor Boulevard.

▶ Hubbard's South Coast Co. has added new laurels to its record of achievement with its second Army-Navy E Pennant. Conversions, YMS's and 45′ ARB's, built under its first contracts, have long been in active service with the Navy. More YMS's, the new PC's, 63′ ARB's and 45′ picket boats are rolling off the line in a constant stream.

▶ The Ackerman Boat Co., at Newport, is putting the finishing touches to its first Lease-Lend contract of 72-footers and is laying down another class. This firm has just completed a large electrical vertical lift for launching.

▶ The Peytons will soon be delivering 110′ sub-chasers and are laying down several smaller classes.

▶ Fellows and Stewart, at Terminal Island, have the rest of the sub-chaser builders dizzy with their construction speed and have been able to maintain much needed repair facilities for essential tugs, work boats and craft of the Coast Guard fleet.

▶ Garbutt and Walsh, at Los Angeles Harbor, are giving all of the small craft builders a mark to shoot at with their assembly line construction of 100 high speed seaplane tenders.

▶ The Rados Brothers are maintaining a rigid schedule on MTB's and sub-chasers at their Harbor Boat Works, San Pedro.

▶ Yacht Club savings by substitution of parchment scrolls in lieu of the usual trophies for small boat events were turned over to the Red Cross recently at Newport Harbor. The Balboa Y.C. turned in a check for $200 and the Newport Harbor Y.C. presented $250 to the fund.

▶ It is reported that Lieutenant Wesley D. Smith, of the Coast Guard, has sold his Ten-Metre *Sally* to George Fisher, of Los Angeles.

▶ Fred Brewer, well-known naval architect, is associated with the South Coast Co. in the Engineering Department. Fred, who had practically retired before the war, bears his 75 years lightly on his return to service.

▶ H. W. Rohl's 135′ schooner *Vega* and Lewis Stone's 85′ schooner *Pilgrim* are in service with the Coast Guard.

▶ Harold Johnson, propeller wizard from Newport Harbor, is working for Uncle Sam at the Engineer Amphibian Command base at Osterville, Mass. He says that landing operations and ice play the devil with propellers and he is now convinced that the California climate is really mild.

▶ The California Speedboat Association, of Oakland, suspended activity for the duration and invested the building fund in the finest security on any market today, a $500 War Bond.

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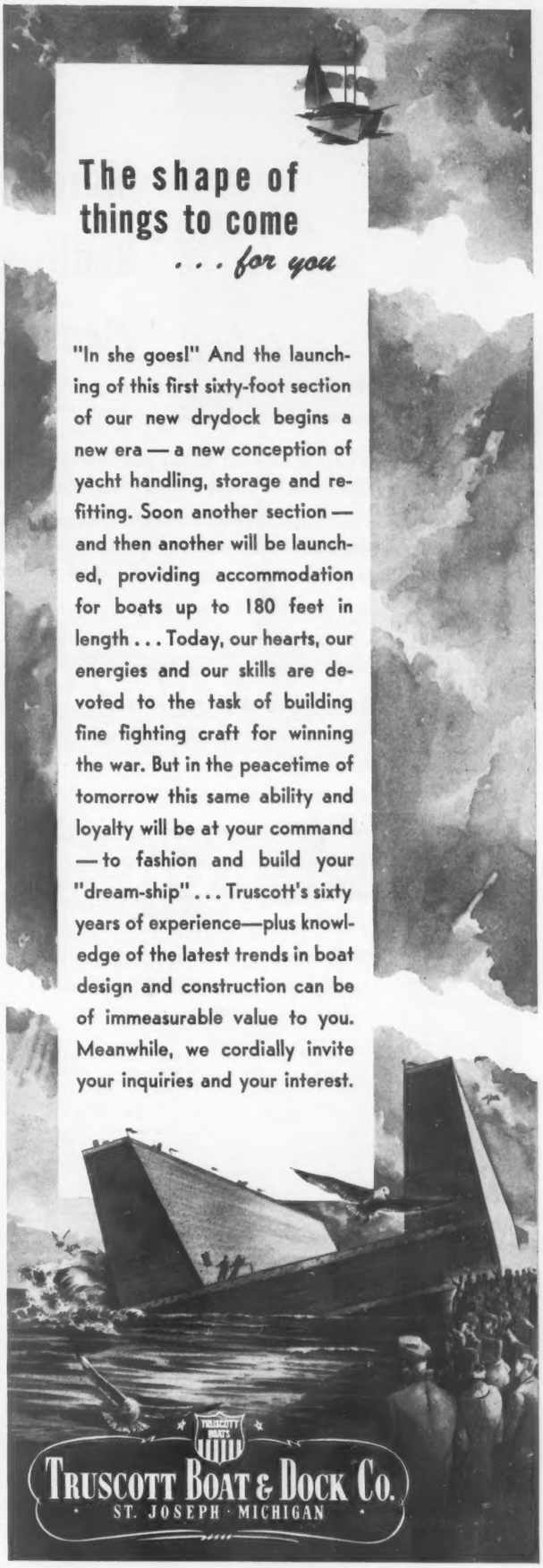

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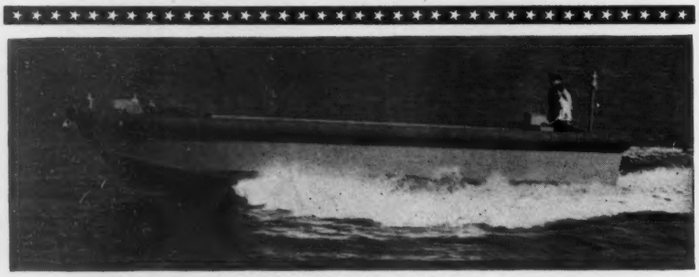

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THE SOUTH SHORE OF LAKE ERIE

By John G. Robinson

▶ The Erie Y.C., Erie, Pa., has elected the following officers for 1943: Commodore, N. A. Parker; vice commodore, Andy Shafer; rear commodore, R. B. Schlaudecker, II; fleet captain, Lieut. Mort Graham (on active service); acting fleet captain, Wm. Prehler.

Vice Commodore Andy Shafer is chairman of the race committee for the eighth successive year. He will be assisted by Byron Cooley and Duke Jerrell with Lieut. Comdr. M. A. Mangan and Lieut. M. E. Graham as honorary members. Grace Graham will act as clerk. Board of Directors consists of the flag officers and Eben Gunnison, M. A. Bauman, Past Commodore Van Cleve, C. Krug and Ed Brang.

▶ Lee Bracken is commodore of the Port Clinton Y.C. for 1943, with R. C. Schaper, vice commodore; William Allan, rear commodore; and T. P. Finefrock, secretary.

For the past two years, the sailors of the club have had their own organization called the "Sailing Club." It remains active throughout the winter. A separate small sailing clubhouse is planned for the yacht club grounds. Members are spending Sundays tearing down a two-story house and plan to use the material to erect their new clubhouse.

Members of the club in service include: Jack Welty, U.S.N.; Howard French, U.S.A.; Capt. Oliver True, U.S.A.; Lieut. Robert Crawford, Engineer Amphibian Command; Dick Sprenger, U.S.M.C. and Bob Holzhauer, U.S.A.

▶ Commodore Milton N. Gallup, of Cleveland, 1943 I.L.Y.A. commodore, paid his official visit to the Sandusky Y.C. at the February meeting, accompanied by Commodore Wilbur J. Wright who showed movies of last year's regatta at Put-in-Bay.

Commodore James F. Flynn has announced his committees for 1943.

▶ Members of the Mentor Harbor Y.C., the majority of whom are Clevelanders, are concerned over the problem of getting out to their club, which is some 26 miles east of Cleveland, next summer. The latest game is a new one called "Wrestling with Restrictions."

Dick Newpher, Interlake Class sailor, chairman of the sail race committee for 1943, is hard at work on his 1943 schedule. Present indications are that all classes will have about the same number of events as last year.

▶ The Vermilion Y.C. is another out-of-town club worrying about transportation. However, Vermilion, 35 miles west of Cleveland, is on a main highway and can be reached by rail or bus.

At the annual meeting, the directors elected William H. Miller, of Pittsburgh, as 1943 commodore. He was commodore in 1937 and 1938, and has a summer home at Vermilion Lagoons. Dr. Roscoe Miller, of Cleveland, first vice commodore in 1942, was reëlected, with Arthur J. Laws, second vice commodore and Hanford A. Garver, rear commodore. W. C. Hodgdon, who has been executive secretary-treasurer for the past two years, was elected secretary-treasurer. Capt. Ransom G. Miller, 1942 second vice commodore, now in the Army, was elected honorary vice commodore and C.B.M. Robert K. Laughlin, U.S.C.G.R., 1941 rear commodore, was made honorary rear commodore.

▶ The Lakeside Y.C. is the only Cleveland yacht club which operates on a 24-hour basis. Summer and winter, and almost every evening, one will find many members attending either a club or a Coast Guard Auxiliary meeting.

▶ Paul R. Gartland, sail race committee chairman, has announced the sail yacht schedule for next season. Tuning up races for Stars and Nationals will be held May 23rd and 30th with the first race of the club championship season scheduled for June 6th. Races will continue from that date each Sunday morning throughout the season until September 19th, except July 18th and August 22nd. Scoring in the club championships will be based on a minimum of eight completed races.

▶ Ted D. Mahoney, leading Star Class skipper of the Edgewater Y.C., was elected commodore of that club at the annual meeting. Albert Jones was chosen vice commodore and Louis Sadowsky, rear commodore; Al Bubel, treasurer; E. Kramer, secretary; L. MacMillan, power boat measurer; Al Falk, sail boat measurer and Dr. H. Davis, fleet surgeon. Leo Beauregard, 1942 commodore, was voted a life membership.

▶ Toledo Activities: Carl Kuhlman is commodore of the Toledo Y.C. for 1943, with Fred Temple, Eight-Metre Class skipper, as vice commodore; Wayne Vosper, rear commodore; Tom Heywood, recording secretary; Ralph Miller, treasurer and George Fell, financial secretary.

The Maumee River Y.C., of Toledo, has the following officers for 1943:

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Commodore, Tom Flagler; vice commodore, Frank Butler; rear commodore, Frank Heyne; recording secretary, Carl Warnke; treasurer, H. J. Peterman; financial secretary, Barton Mather.

Bayview Y.C., of Toledo, has the following officers: Commodore, Wm. J. Glass; vice commodore, Elmer E. Ledford; rear commodore, James E. Nagle; recording secretary, Harold F. Steger; treasurer, Fred Miller; financial secretary, Wm. R. Goepf.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST CAT'S-PAWS

By Ray Krantz

▶ With almost monotonous regularity, ships and boats for the Army and Navy are sliding down the ways of Pacific Northwest shipyards. At Tacoma Boat Building Co., on February 6th, the mine sweeper *YMS-245* went overboard. Another YMS launching was on January 26th when Associated Shipbuilders' Lake Union plant launched *YMS-289*. Another late January launching was *YMS-275*, by the Bellingham Marine Railway and Boat Building Co. This yard also launched on January 24th, a salvage vessel of the BARS class for the British Navy.

Salute, a steel mine sweeper 180′ long, went overboard on February 6th at Winslow Marine Railway and Shipbuilding Co., Winslow. The Harbor Island plant of Associated Shipbuilders held a double launching January 25th, two steel mine sweepers for the British Navy, H.M.S. *Cynthia* and H.M.S. *Elfreda*.

▶ On February 8th, Olson and Winge Marine Works launched another 50′ patrol boat for the Coast Guard, and an identical boat was given her first dip February 6th at Barbee Marine Yards. On February 4th and 5th, the Jensen Motorboat Corp., Seattle, launched four 50-footers for the Coast Guard.

▶ *Pauline*, and *Mabel*, two new 36′ utility boats with Chrysler Crowns for power, were commissioned early in February by the Puget Sound Bridge and Dredging Co., Seattle. They are destined for Alaskan service.

▶ The Queen City Y.C., Seattle, on February 13th held a cruise to Port Madison, with Edwin Monk's summer residence the rendezvous. Twenty boats joined the cruise, which was in the nature of a "pat-on-the-back" for the crew members of the club's Coast Guard Auxiliary fleet. Arrangements were made by Russell Rathbone, Elwood Stone, Burt Marshall, Russ Fleischer, and Tony Sulak, commodore.

▶ When the Alaska Spruce Log Program division of the U. S. Forestry Department wanted a trio of small boats "but quick," O. H. ("Doc") Freeman, of Fremont Boat Market, was helpful. He supplied *Sudan*, a 42′ cruiser with a Chrysler Royal Eight, a 38′ tug with Chrysler Crown, and *Taco*, a 30′ tug, also with a Crown. *Sudan* will be a general purpose boat and the two tugs will act as camp tenders, in Southeastern Alaska.

▶ Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 24 notes: Dr. Ray Schutt, Bremerton, has joined the flotilla with his newly acquired 43′ cruiser *Vivienne* which he recently bought from E. R. Raphael. L. G. Prendergast has bought the cruiser *Shearwater* from Ray Krueger, and Peter Higgins now owns the cruiser *Robbie*, her ex-owner being L. A. Robinson.

▶ Harry A. Lynn, Kennewick, has acquired the 30′ Grandy cruiser *Soup*, from Gardner Gamwell, Seattle Y.C. In another sale, William Warren, Seattle, sold the 35′ auxiliary cutter *Watauga* to Ted Jacobsen, Seattle. Roy W. Corbett, of Marina Mart, handled both sales.

▶ New construction notes: Grandy Boat Co., having launched eight 50′ patrol boats for the Coast Guard, now swings into production on a group of 36′ tunnel stern tugs of Coolidge design for the Army. Washington Boat Works, with the ways cleared of twelve Coast Guard 50-footers, is building a series of 45′ crash boats for the Navy, and 34 surf drill boats for the Maritime Commission. Jensen Motorboat Corp., having launched a group of 50-footers for the Coast Guard, now tackles a group of small tugs for the Army, and three fishing boats. "Vic" Franck's Boat Co., with seven 65′ freight boats in the water for the Army, was due to start launching the first of a series of 40′ motor-sailers for the Army by the middle of February. Motor Boat Marina, still at work on a large number of 26′ mine yawls for the Army, will build a series of 40′ motor-sailers for the Army when the shops are cleared of present construction. N. J. Blanchard Boat Co, finishing a group of 65′ freight boats for the Army, soon will start 45′ picket boats for the Navy. Shain Manufacturing Co., has twelve Coast Guard 50's in the water and several motor ferryboats building.

▶ *FP-29*, a new 114′ passenger and freight vessel for the U. S. Army, was launched January 3rd by the Petrich Shipbuilding Corp.'s new yard at

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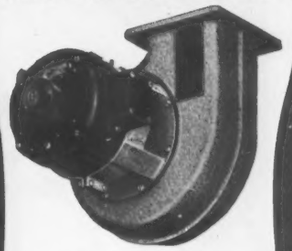

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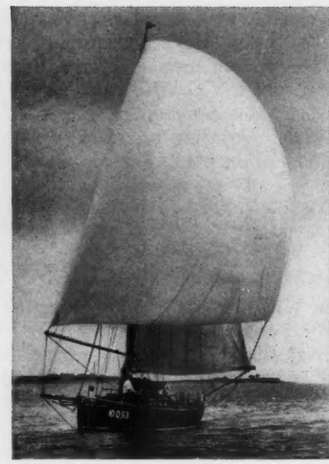

Nylon Fabric for Sails

This photograph, showing spinnaker of Nylon fabric, illustrates the adaptability of Nylon for light sails. Further research in cooperation with the Nylon Division of E. I. duPont de Nemours and Company, Incorporated, is now in progress for use in brighter days ahead.

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Tacoma. Owners of the new yard also operate the Western Boat Building Co., Tacoma, where Navy vessels are now being fabricated.

▶ *Cat's-paws:* Tacoma Boat Building Co., Tacoma, builders of YMS mine sweepers for the Navy as well as YP and AMc conversions for the same service, received the Army-Navy "E" in December. . . . Capt. C. B. Warren, Seattle Y.C., has been elected president of the Merchants' Exchange, Seattle, marine information service group. . . . Bellingham Marine Railway and Shipbuilding Co., already possessor of the Navy "E," has received a renewal star from the Navy. . . . The J. M. Martinac Shipbuilding Corp., Tacoma, will build wooden tugs for the Navy when YMS sweeper work is out of the yard. . . . Ballinger Boat Works, Kirkland, has started to deliver the first of an order of 68 picket boats of the 38′ class to the Coast Guard. . . . Prothero and McDonald, Seattle, will build a group of shallow draft tugs for the Army.

LONG ISLAND SOUNDINGS

By Starboard Tack

▶ If the enthusiasm and aggressiveness which has been displayed by those yachting organizations which have held New York meetings since the turn of the year can be considered a yardstick, then Long Island Sound sailors may rest assured that the war has done anything but dampen enthusiasm. It would appear that each class is trying to outdo the other in terms of amending regulations to permit maximum participation with a minimum of complication. This is a healthy and sensible move, and one which is certain to benefit the sport — both during the coming summer and in the post-war period to come.

As yet, it is too early to make any final prediction as to the gas situation (in so far as allowances for pleasure boats are concerned), but yachtsmen both on the Sound and elsewhere can be assured that the Government is going to do its best. Forward-looking yacht clubs are already preparing circulars explaining how members may get to their club by train or bus — and the club which cannot be reached by some sort of public vehicle will be the exception. The Coast Guard has given no reason to believe that operation regulations will be any different from last summer. The principal problem facing the yards is man power (and an expected scarcity of materials), but both of those difficulties can usually be solved by perspiration and ingenuity. Brokers herald the coming spring by acknowledging the increasing number of inquiries from prospective buyers, nearly all of whom are in search of boats under 40′ o.a. But such craft are scarce, so it behooves the determined buyer to get a move on. Yes sir, come Hitler and High Taxes, it's time to think about taking off that winter cover!

▶ The big news in the Coastwise Cruiser Class is the possibility of improving the rig by adding a bowsprit and headstay for carrying light headsails. Although such a move has been voted on favorably, the alteration remains optional for the coming season. . . . The New York Y.C. was the scene of the presentation of seven swords to outstanding Midshipmen of the current graduating class of the USS *Prairie State*. . . . The annual dinner of the North American Yacht Racing Union, held at the New York Y.C. on February 10th, saw an enthusiastic gathering of racing notables. . . . The first general assembly of the officers and members of the Coast Guard Auxiliary (3rd Naval District) was in the form of a mammoth dinner at the Hotel Astor on February 26th. The Chief Director, the Assistant Chief Director, the District Coast Guard Officer, Vice Admiral R. R. Waesche, USCG, and Rear Admiral Stanley V. Parker, were among the many promi-

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nent guests. To say it was a success is putting it mildly. . . . Although the national championship regatta will not be held in 1943, Comet Class yacht racing will be continued with regional and district regattas. The entire 1942 slate of the Comet Class Yacht Racing Association was unanimously re-elected at the recent dinner at the New York Y.C. . . . The New York Power Squadron is sponsoring a class in mechanical instruction. Information regarding it may be obtained by writing Otis G. Fales, 19 Rector Street, N. Y. . . . Jack Sutphen's *Rum Dum*, with three second places and two thirds in the final of a five-race program, won the midwinter Frostbite dinghy series of the Larchmont Y.C.

▶ The annual meeting of the North American Yacht Racing Union, held at the New York Yacht Club on February 10th, was attended by representatives of eastern clubs only, due to restrictions on travel. Clinton H. Crane, of New York, was reëlected president for the coming year. Others chosen were: Thomas K. Wade, of the Lake Y.R.A., first vice president; Theodore M. Dunlap, of the Lake Michigan Y.A., second vice president; Arthur Besse, Southern Massachusetts Y.R.A., treasurer; and George E. Roosevelt, of the New York Y.C., secretary. Henry A. Morss, Jr., of Marblehead, was elected to the executive committee. Stuart Haldorn, of San Francisco, W. L. Stewart, Jr., of the Southern California Y.A., Robert W. Wayland, of the Chesapeake Bay Y.R.A., and A. F. Wakefield, of the Inter-Lake Y.A., were reëlected members of the committee.

Two new members of the appeals committee were chosen: J. Amory Jeffries, of the Eastern Y.C., Marblehead, and George Nichols, of the New York Y.C.

According to reports from three member associations, yatching, though greatly curtailed, is aiding the war effort. The Lake Michigan Y.A., for example, has been working with the Navy in furnishing member's yachts for use in training naval personnel.

WITH THE U. S. COAST GUARD AUXILIARY

(Continued from page 57)

work of the Auxiliary and have also been of considerable assistance in connection with office work. Some are now undergoing training that will lead to commissions in the WAVES or SPARS, and they will find that their CGA work has given them an invaluable background.

From Milton A. Booth, Commander of the Fifth Division, Second Flotilla (Fond du Lac, Wis.) comes word of feminine activities in that area:

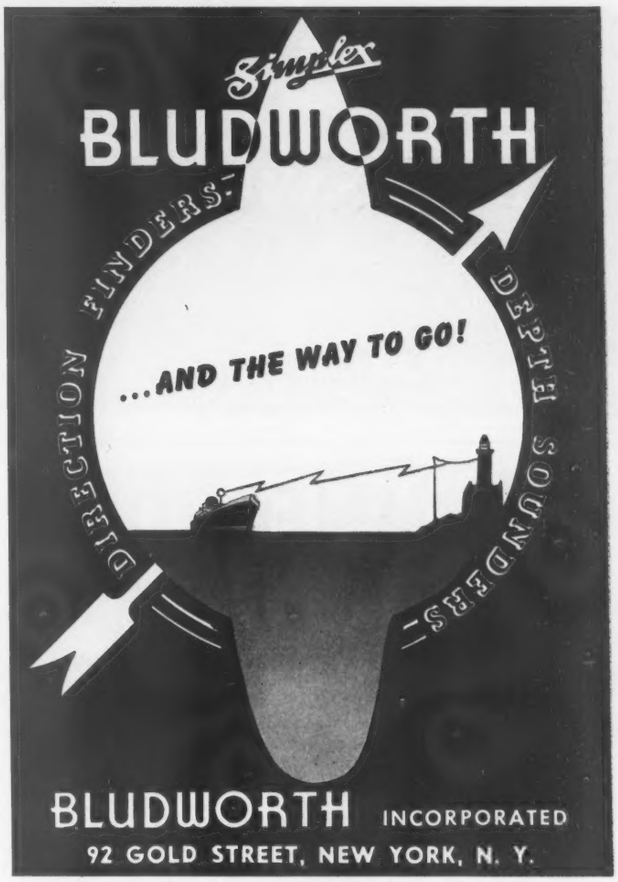
"The training in the handling of small boats, which women who live in the Winnebago lake area are receiving as members of the CGA, may some day be of service in the event of an emergency or possible disaster.

"Some of these women can handle a boat as well as any man," he said. "It's just as important for them to know how to bring back their vessels in case of an emergency as it is for the men. Eventually, we may be able even to use them for patrol work. They can run a boat around the harbor.

"The women who have come into the program within the last year are the wives and friends of men in the Auxiliary.

"A common interest is shared by the men and women who report weekly and bi-weekly for instruction in the flotillas that have been set up in Neenah-Menasha, Appleton, Fond du Lac, Oshkosh and New London. The women not only all love the water and boating, but for entrance into the auxiliary must own at least one per cent interest in a boat. Many of the women have boats of their own."

And from Lieut. Jonah Jones, Jr., USCGR, Director of Auxiliary in the Eleventh Naval District, comes word that they are in the process of organizing a flotilla which will be exclusively for the women boat owners!



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Ackerman Boat Co. of Newport Beach, Cal., is the builder of these 72' launches which are being constructed for the British Navy under a Lend-Lease contract

NEWS OF THE INDUSTRY

BUILDING THE "ARMY'S NAVY"

▶ M. M. Davis & Son, of Solomons, Maryland, have been exclusively engaged for the past year in building for the "Army's Navy." This old yard, established in 1875 on the shores of Chesapeake Bay, has long been noted not only for its commercial boats, but also for its yachts. Its most recent winner was *White Cloud*, owned by Charles Sorensen, of the Ford Motor Co., which last summer won the Detroit-Mackinac race.

During the past twelve months M. M. Davis & Son have launched a fleet of 65' freight boats for the Transportation Corps, and last month launched their first 114' freight boats. All these boats are of extra heavy construction. Much new equipment has been added to the yard to handle heavy timbers, including railways and electric cranes.

George H. Townsend, known in both motor boat and sailing circles, is owner and president of M. M. Davis & Son, Inc.; Barnes Fusly is vice president and general superintendent; John Ericson is production manager; and C. L. Brooks is secretary and treasurer.

Mr. Townsend served three terms as president of the American Power Boat Association and twice won the famous Gold Cup, driving his 400 hp. speed boat *Greenwich Folly*, defeating such veterans as Gar Wood, Horace Dodge, Caleb Bragg, Bill Horn, James H. R. Cromwell and others. In Italy, driving John Wanamaker's Gold Cup racer *Louisa*, he defeated Prince Carlos Ruspoli, Count Theo Rossi and other European drivers.

JOHN TRUMPY & SONS, INC.

▶ John Trumpy, Sr., who has been associated with the Mathis Yacht Building Co. from the time of its founding in 1909 — first as vice president and naval architect, and now as its president — has announced a change in corporate title to John Trumpy & Sons, Inc.

This change is the natural result of the developments of recent years and the broadening of the scope of the organization since it has transferred its activities from Camden to the new and much larger plant at Gloucester City, N. J. All of the facilities of the yard are going into Navy production.

In November, 1942, the company's Navy "E" flag was changed to the Army-Navy "E" and the star was added to show that, during the six months since the first award was received, this company had maintained its high record of production excellence. There has been no change in the personnel which made this remarkable record possible, except for the natural increase in working force. The officers of John Trumpy & Sons, Inc., will be the same as those formerly of Mathis Yacht Building Co.: John Trumpy, Sr., president; John Trumpy, Jr., vice president; W. F. Eddleman, secretary and treasurer; and D. W. Batezel, general superintendent.

ON THE PRODUCTION LINE

▶ Kelvin & Wilfrid O. White Co. has recently received the Maritime Commission's "M" pennant for production excellence. . . . The Consolidated Shipbuilding Corp. has been awarded a second star to affix to its Navy "E" pennant. . . . A streamlined, between-shifts, ceremony marked the presentation of the Army-Navy "E" award to the Cummins Engine Co. of Columbus, Indiana. . . . The Electronics Laboratories, Inc., manufacturers of electrical products, has also been awarded the Army-Navy "E."

William E. John and Associates, Rye, N. Y. recently launched *Q-1360*, a patrol boat for the British Navy built under a Lend-Lease contract. . . . The Bristol, Pa., plant of Rohm & Hass Company, whose research laboratories perfected the highly-transparent plastic used for turrets and cockpit covers of U. S. planes and warcraft, recently received the Army-Navy "E." . . . "I've heard that all this company needs is a 'blue print and a date'" said Captain Spencer S. Lewis, assistant commandant of the 13th Naval District, in awarding the Army-Navy "E" to the Webster-Brinkley Co., of Seattle, Wash. . . . Rogers Diesel and Aircraft Corp. has appointed Edward H. Davis as manager of its new Marine Division. This division will handle all of the company's marine business and will be composed of a sales engineering department, an application engineering department and an installation department.

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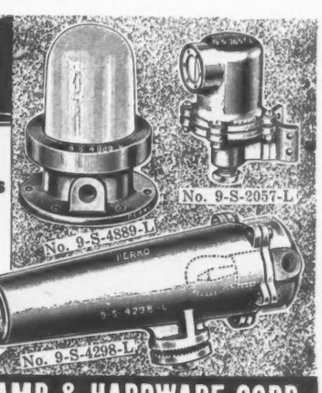

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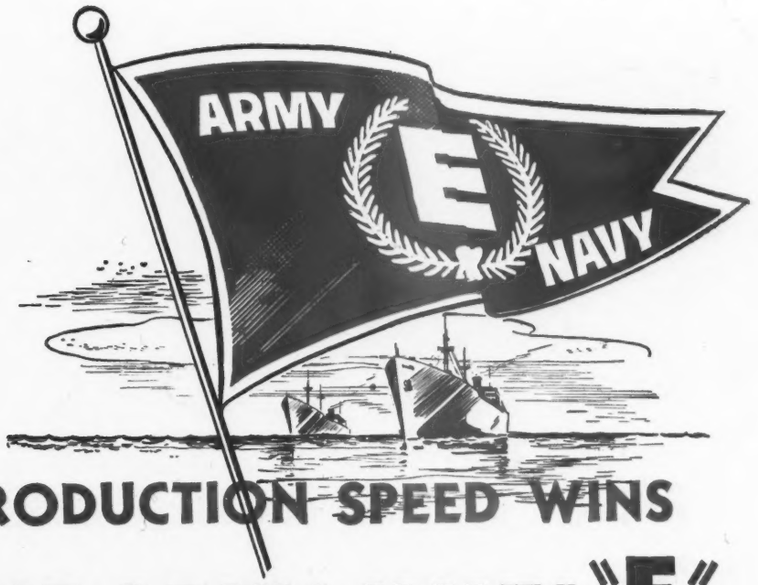

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